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Nov. 11, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Absurd Person Singular—A marvellous small comedy by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn, mostly about the horrors of marriage, though you scarcely notice. With Richard Kiley, Sandy Dennis, Larry Blyden, Geraldine Page, Tony Roberts, and Carole Shelley. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

All My Sons—Beatrice Straight and Hugh Marlowe in a revival of the Arthur Miller play. Gene Feist is the director. (Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Battle of Angels—Tennessee Williams' first produced play, which subsequently became "Orpheus Descending" and the film "The Fugitive Kind." (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 874-1080. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Beauty Part—A fine revival of S. J. Perelman's rich satire, directed by James Hammerstein. With Joseph Bova, Ron Faber, and Cynthia Harris. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

The Big Winner—David Opatoshu and Stan Porter in a Yiddish musical based on a 1922 play by Sholom Aleichem. The music is by Sol Kaplan, and Wolf Younin wrote the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Opatoshu. (Eden, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 260-5200. Wednesdays and Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 8:15; and Sundays at 6. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

Black Theatre Alliance—Opening performances of a five-week showcase (plays, musicals, vaudeville, and poetry readings) by twenty-nine groups. (Through Sunday, Dec. 8.) Wednesday evening, Nov. 6: Urban Arts Corps. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 7: Frank Silvera's Writers' Workshop. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 8: Vinie Burrows' one-woman show. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 9: Black Vibrations. . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Nov. 10: The Family. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 13: Afro-American Studio Theatre. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 14: Al Faun Theatrical Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 15: Cornbread Players. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 16: New Federal Theatre. (Harlem Cultural Center, Seventh Ave. between 137th and 138th Sts. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. For tickets, call 245-8125.)

Brief Lives—Roy Dotrice brings to joyous, cranky life that incomparably unreliable seventeenth-century antiquary, John Aubrey, and the set designer, Julia Trevelyan Oman, gives Mr. Dotrice chambers in Dirty Lane gloriously unfit for human habitation. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Candide—Harold Prince has turned the Bernstein-Wilbur musical of 1956 into a child's game that any number can play. The cast is young, merry, and companionable as it lopes around and through the audience. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Cat on a Hot Tin Roof—A splendid revival of the Tennessee Williams Deep South melodrama about sex, money, and family life. With Elizabeth Ashley and Fred Gwynne. Caroline McWilliams will fill in for Miss Ashley during the week starting Monday, Nov. 11. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Equity Library Theatre—Sandy Wilson's musical **The Boy Friend** will be the second in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Nov. 6. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 7, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 24. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

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Equus—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting dance of exploration through the mind of a boy who loves horses, worships the quality of "horseness," and commits a dreadful crime in the name of that worship. With Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Fire and Ice—Poems and a play by Robert Frost, interpreted and performed in dance, drama, and music by Jean Erdman and the Theatre of the Open Eye. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-3930. Monday, Nov. 11, at 7:30, and Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 2.)

Gypsy—Angela Lansbury does her best to humanize the bitchiest stage mother that ever lived, or perhaps never lived. The musical is fifteen years old but is still worth going to. Music by Jule Styne, lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, book and direction by Arthur Laurents. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-

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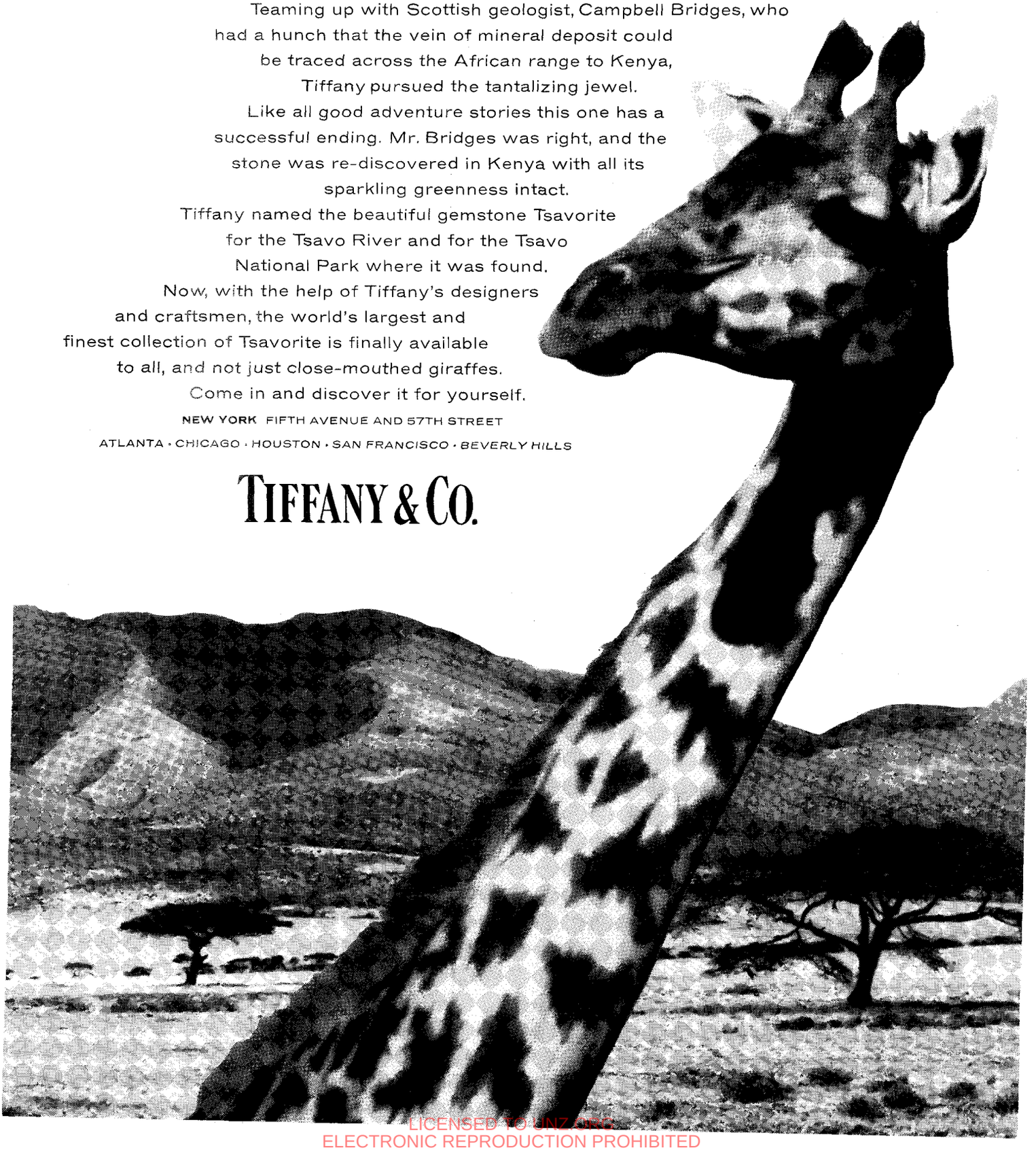

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, Nov. 30.)

Hothouse—A play by Megan Terry, directed by Rae Allen. (Chelsea Theatre Center, Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday at 2 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 10.)

The Last Days of British Honduras—A play by Ronald Tavel. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Mack & Mabel—A musical that purports to tell about the blighted romance between Mack Sennett and his great star, Mabel Normand. Robert Preston and Bernadette Peters play the principal roles in this cheery, rather simpleminded show. Music by Jerry Herman, direction by Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Magic Show—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning are worth going to see. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Nightly, except Sundays and Monday, Nov. 11, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Monday, Nov. 11.)

La Mama Experimental Theatre Club—A trilogy of plays conceived and directed by Andrei Serban, based on the originals of Sophocles, Euripides, and Seneca, in ancient Greek, Latin, and other languages. With music by Elizabeth Swados. **ELECTRA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN:** Thursday, Nov. 7; Saturday, Nov. 9; and Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16. . . . **MEDEA** and **ELECTRA:** Friday, Nov. 8, and Thursday, Nov. 14. . . . **MEDEA** and **THE TROJAN WOMEN:** Sunday, Nov. 10. (La Mama Annex, 66-68 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Evenings at 8. Closes Sunday, Nov. 24.)

The Measures Taken—Bertolt Brecht's play, translated by Eric Bentley. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Mert & Phil—Estelle Parsons and Michael Lombard work hard to make us like a thoroughly unlikable play, written by Anne Burr. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 2.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Tom Clancy superbly embody the bad news. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.)

Mourning Pictures—A play by Honor Moore, with music by Susan Ain. Leora Dana, Kathryn Walker, and Donald Symington head a cast directed by Kay Carney. Previews Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 7-9. Opens officially on Sunday, Nov. 10. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

My Fat Friend—A relentless sequence of jokes, which Lynn Redgrave and George Rose happily mistake for a play and throw their gifted selves into with surprisingly good results. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Naomi Court—Two bogus one-acters, by Michael Sawyer, about (a) a middle-aged spinster and (b) an aging homosexual, both of them tenants of an old brownstone that is about to be demolished. The first play is a fantasy and the second a thriller, and while each is at times insufferable—pat or condescending or hand-me-down—neither is boring. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. 249-9214. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The National Health—A superb play by Peter Nichols, about life and death in the men's ward of an English hospital. Contrary to what you might expect, the grim subject is

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made to yield much humor, and the large cast is exemplary. Directed by Arvin Brown. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

New Phoenix Repertory Company—The opening performances of a ten-week (through Saturday, Jan. 11) engagement of three plays. The first: Mary Ure and John McMartin in William Congreve's **LOVE FOR LOVE**, directed by Harold Prince. Previews through Saturday, Nov. 9. Opens officially on Monday, Nov. 11, and will run through Saturday, Nov. 30. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 6:20. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Over Here!—A big, foolish, and mysteriously charming musical, starring the Andrews Sisters. The time purports to be the Second World War and the scene the homefront, but don't you believe it. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Richard III—Michael Moriarty's cool, dead-eyed, delinquent Richard may not be entirely successful, theatrically speaking, but it is a fascinating characterization all the same. In spite of the presence of a number of good actors, the production could be a lot better. (Mitzi E. Newhouse Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. EN 2-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Scapino—Jim Dale and a dozen other able actors in an adaptation of Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin." The jokes were crude, boisterous, and hilarious in the seventeenth century, and they remain so today. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sherlock Holmes—The Royal Shakespeare Company in a play based on the 1899 Arthur Conan Doyle-William Gillette collaboration. John Wood has the title role. Frank Dunlop directed. Previews through Monday, Nov. 11. Opens officially on Tuesday, Nov. 12. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Thursday, Nov. 7, at 2.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD:** Previews Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3 and 8, and Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8. Opens officially on Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 6:45. Other performances Thursday and Friday, Nov. 14-15, at 8, and Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2:30. . . . **THE ISLAND:** Previews start Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8. Opens Sunday, Nov. 24. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

El Teatro Campesino—A group from California in "The Tent of the Underdogs," a play with music. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Mondays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Monday, Nov. 18.)

Thieves—Marlo Thomas gives a very attractive performance as a muddled young wife in this gag-ridden trifle of a comedy by Herb Gardner. The valiant direction is by Charles Grodin. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Tubstrip—A comedy by A. J. Kronengold. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 765-3886. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4.)

The Wager—Mark Medoff's sentimental farce, about a pair of graduate students and a professor and his pretty wife, is only rarely as funny or shrewd as it is meant to be, but it is well acted, under Anthony Perkins' direction. Kristoffer Tabori is good, in the leading role, and he is ably supported by Kenneth Gilman, John Heard, and Linda Cook. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,049 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **GOOD EVENING:** Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of skits as deft, daft, and laughable as they themselves are tall and short. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PIPPIN:** A great big gorgeous show, built upon a tiny and trivial book. The chief miracle worker is the director and choreographer Bob Fosse. With Ben Vereen, Michael Rupert, Eric Berry, and Patti Karr. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A musical distinguished for the intrepidity of the director and choreographer, Donald McKayle. The book is based on Lorraine Hansberry's "A Raisin in the Sun," which shows its years, but the large cast is superlative. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

American Mime Theatre—A company of eight in a program of old and new works, directed by Paul J. Curtis. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday through Saturday, Nov. 7-9, at 8.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Opening performances (tentative schedule) of an engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 16—Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," "Symphony in Three Movements," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Serenade," "Dybbuk Variations," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8: "Serenade," "Duo Concertant," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Tchaikovsky Concerto No. 2," divertimento from "Le Baiser de la Fée," "Scherzo Fantastique," and "Western Sym-

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phony."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 2: "Scotch Symphony," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: "Serenade," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "The Concert." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

Pennsylvania Ballet—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:30, and Sunday, Nov. 17, at 2: "Zig Zag," "American Rhapsody," "Serenade," and "The Moor's Pavane."...¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: "Solo for Voice 1," "Concerto Barocco," "Time Passed Summer," and "Grand Pas Espagnol."...¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8 (a benefit performance): "Don Quixote Pas de Deux" (with Mikhail Baryshnikov and Gelsey Kirkland), "Solo for Voice 1," "Concerto Barocco," and "Time Passed Summer." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Carolyn Brown—"House Party," choreographed by Miss Brown and danced by the Among Company. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at 8; and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2.)

Les Ballets Trockadero de Monte Carlo—"Go for Barocco" and other ballets. (Touchstone, 348 W. 14th St. 989-5240. Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, and Friday through Sunday, Nov. 15-17, at 8.)

José Limón Dance Company—Thursday, Nov. 14, and Monday, Nov. 18, at 8: "Quartet," "The Unsung," "Orfeo," and "The Moor's Pavane."...¶ Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 16-17, at 8: "La Malinche," "The Exiles," "Dances for Isadora," and "Night Spell." (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Jackie Cain and Roy Kral—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Singing together, beginning Monday, Nov. 11.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Ted Sturgis, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Beginning Monday, Nov. 11. Major Holley will replace Sturgis. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Weduesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Chico Hamilton—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, leading a quintet. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Freddie Hubbard—Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300). Trumpet, leading a combo, at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 12.

Elvin Jones—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Drums, leading a quintet nightly at ten, through Sunday, Nov. 10.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Mondays at ten.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, leading a trio, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to three....¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 13-14, from nine-thirty to two.

Cleo Laine and John Dankworth—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals and saxophone, respectively.

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At dinner and supper Mondays through Saturdays, beginning Monday, Nov. 11.

Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, with bassist Benny Moten, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Marian McPartland—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Piano, leading a trio, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Charles Mingus—Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120). Bass, leading a quintet, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, at ten....¶ Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Beginning Tuesday, Nov. 12, at ten.

Joe Newman—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Trumpet, leading a quartet, from nine-forty-five to three, beginning Wednesday, Nov. 13.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with a quartet. Fridays and Saturdays, from nine to one.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, Mondays through Saturdays, at ten and midnight.

Jimmy Rowles—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty, except Sundays.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

•

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Long and narrow, like the vessel it is intended to suggest, this seaworthy establishment has moved its bandstand from the bow to midship. The décor remains comfortably cluttered with fishing nets, hanging barrels, even a few fake fish dangling from the rafters, and portraits of sailing ships. The musical crew consists of the John Lewis Sound, a trio, which plays Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Dinner.

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home of the Grove Street Stompers, a go-get-'em Dixieland band composed of people who hold other jobs most of the time but who turn this little bar into a rollicking room Mondays between nine-fifteen and one. Tuesdays through Saturdays, pianist Mabel Godwin plays 1001 Songs Everyone Remembers. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—This appealing soul-food restaurant, with red tablecloths, white brick walls, and an amiable staff, features reliable, straight-ahead jazz. Bassist Buster Williams pilots a quartet through Saturday, Nov. 9. Monday and Tuesday, Nov. 11-12, saxophonist David Schnitter's quartet takes the stand. Trumpeter Joe Newman, an alumnus of the power-plant Basie band of two decades ago and the president of Jazz Interactions, a nonprofit musical-appreciation operation that reunited that still thundering assemblage for one night last week, arrives with his own quartet on Wednesday, Nov. 13. The action commences at nine-forty-five.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A goodly portion of the seating here—sometimes as much as fifty per cent and more—is reserved for and filled by record-company executives and staffers and other members of the music industry—an arrangement that helps fill up the house or sell out the shows and guarantees, at times, an ostentatiously and unspontaneously enthusiastic audience. Jerry Garcia and Merl Saunders will be causing quite a stir through Thursday, Nov. 7. (The twenty-two-hundred tickets that were placed on sale before their appearance was even advertised were sold out within three hours, causing, in the manager's words, "a mini-riot.") Friday through Sunday, Nov. 8-10, singer and guitarist John Hammond, who has studied and assumed the blues mannerisms of the Robert Johnson period, trades sets with a group called Asleep at the Wheel, which re-creates the country-swing, or Western-swing, styles that were first developed in the thirties and forties by fiddler Bob Wills and His Texas Playboys. (Wills, now nearly seventy and unable to play any longer, was then hailed as the Benny Goodman of Western swing.) Two very fine jazzmen change the pace, starting Tuesday, Nov. 12—Freddie Hubbard and John Klemmer and their bands. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Just next door to the local supermarket, this friendly, wood-panelled concern provides dinner, New Realist paintings, and the musical collaborations of pianist Jimmy Rowles, who plays with a singular harmonic sense and a near-Tatum-light touch, and bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. On Sundays, from nine to one, Jaki Byard, who plays with a confident feel for ragtime, stride, and more modern piano styles, has fun with bassist Major Holley, who sometimes sings along in a voice as deep as his instrument.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—An informal, agreeable second-story room that seats two hundred patrons and is decorated with photographs of Buddy Rich on the walls. The drummer himself is back on the bandstand, heading up his capable and rousing septet. Shows at ten and midnight. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—What might easily pass for a peaceable room of aging dignity, were it not for its spirited musical offerings. There are upholstered side chairs, love seats at tables, and a line of banquettes flanking pastel muralled walls. Singer and pianist Bobby Short and his loyal sidemen, drummer Dick Sheridan and bassist Beverly Peer, are here Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Colored glass and antique cooking tools ornament this often highly animated establishment. Ellis Larkins, a pianist of diffident strength and vast popularity, and his bassist, Benny Moten, play together from eight to one. On Sundays, Dick Hyman admirably presides over the keyboard. Dining.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—A warm and serene club (in spite of its tiny size and crowded conditions) with bamboo shades on the windows and on the softly colored lanterns that hang in its U-shaped quarters. A swinging threesome now dominates here: drummer Sonny Greer, Russell Procope on alto saxophone and clarinet, and stride pianist Brooks Kerr. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays and Tuesdays, the Lee Konitz trio performs from nine-thirty on, and Wednesdays through Saturdays from six to nine, singer and pianist Onzy Matthews presides over a quartet. Snacks.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—In its sleek, slick midtown home, with black-tied waiters, this club offers a somewhat formal setting for jazz. Singer Betty Carter indulges her jazz fantasies, supported by her trio, through Saturday, Nov. 9. Beginning Monday, Nov. 11, Jackie Cain and Roy Kral will sail and scat through some satisfying vocals. On Sundays, various musicians turn up. Music from eight-thirty to two Sundays through Thursdays, and nine-thirty to three-thirty Fridays and Saturdays.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—A dim den in which people drink, eat popcorn, throw darts, and listen to piano music. Lance Hayward, whose fastidious piano musings pour out into the street through an open doorway (weather permitting), is present every night but Wednesday. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. The hours run from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

No musical revolution here, and no sartorial one, either, but traditionalists can hear some healthy Dixieland when Roy Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Eddie Locke, Ted Sturgis, and Joe Muranyi cut loose. Bassist Major Holley relieves Ted Sturgis beginning Monday, Nov. 11. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Gene Roland's five-part combo takes over from eight until two.

Max's Kansas City, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Comedian and rock-star parodist Martin Mull moves in his living-room furniture for his stint Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 6-7. His cornball, Middle Western put-ons are sometimes overdone and can be tiresome; his best routine involves his audience's tapping coins on their tables to keep time to the swing music that he and his band play—the total effect being an audio Busby Berkeley extravaganza. On Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, the Mission Mountain Wood Band plugs in, and the next week—Wednesday through Saturday, Nov. 13-16—Quacky Duck, a rock outfit, will perform. Two shows nightly, except Sundays and Mondays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Tuesdays are set aside for newer talent. Drinks and snacks upstairs, where the shows are. Steaks, lobsters, and lasagne downstairs.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A Tudorish dining room and a bar that aspires to the nineteenth century with music that comes from much later eras. Keyboard sorceress Marian McPartland—she can take off on a Beatles' tune, and, before you know it, she's charging through a Two-Part Invention—is here with a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen until one. A Monday-night Dixieland band breaks loose from nine to twelve. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An upper-West Side restaurant that is positively prospering and that features hanging plants, butcher-block tables, director's chairs, and an enclosed sidewalk gallery. The atmosphere is generally relaxed, except for the supersonic-paced waitresses, who stampede past the bandstand into the kitchen. Wily drummer Chico Hamilton and his latest young, talented quintet work out Wednesdays through Saturdays. Sundays through Tuesdays, Esther Marrow sings impeccable rhythm-and-blues with her backing combo. Music from ten to three. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A cabaret intent on forming an up-to-date and liberated show-biz image. Singer Baby Jane Dexter alternates with comic Bruce Vilanch through Saturday, Nov. 9. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, Michael Federal, a pleasant enough singer of urbanized country-rock, comes in opposite Mirabai, another young singer. Singer Susan Taylor replaces Mirabai just for Saturday, Nov. 16. Shows at nine and midnight. On Sundays, at nine and eleven, Dolly Jonah, a veteran musical-comedy performer, takes the stage. She engagingly offers songs and patter with polish, wit, and personality—qualities that are lacking in many of the fledgling chanteuses who normally dominate these quarters. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, whose ways with popular songs have been admired and studied by practically every important singer from Frank Sinatra to Roberta Flack, delivers her recitatives from an armchair. Jimmy Lyon accompanies her at the piano Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—An unobtrusive entrance makes it easy to overlook this pleasant upper-West Side room of simple design. Chet Baker, still a fifties cool (but really hot) trumpeter and singer, works with a trio Mondays and Tuesdays. Vibraharpist David Friedman plays duets with David Samuels on marimba on Wednesday, Nov. 6, and on Thursday, Nov. 7, Friedman heads up a trio. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9, pianist Steve Elmer's trio is in evidence. Lee Konitz returns with his trio to perform Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 13-14. Friday and Saturday, Nov. 15-16, are reserved for saxophonist Peter Loeb and his quartet. Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma trade guitar solos on Sundays from nine to two. Snacks.

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Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Heavyweight, free-form music in a modest, spartan ground-floor SoHo loft. Flags and posters adorn the walls, and a quantity of orange-and-white parachute nylon billows from the ceiling. The musicians—drummer Rashied Ali, James Vass on alto and soprano saxophone and flute, Sonelius Smith on piano, and bassist Benny Wilson—play intense sets, each soloing for fifteen minutes and longer. Thursdays through Sundays from nine to three. Soul food and soft drinks.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Jazz has lately been revived at this downtown landmark. Harpist Daphne Hellman is joined by guitarist Mike Gari and bassist Lyn Christie on Thursdays from nine to midnight. Bassist Charles Mingus, whose role as dynamic musical innovator has lately evolved into that of inspirational musical presence, has charge of his quintet Friday and Saturday, Nov. 8-9. They begin at ten.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A reliable forty-year-old institution down a steeply staired entrance. Thunderbolt drummer Elvin Jones races with his quintet through Sunday, Nov. 10. On Tuesday, Nov. 12, the five-part Mingus group descends into the murky surroundings. Mondays are, as always, given over to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis big band. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Conversational evenings, amicable nights, and cooking typified by collard greens and black-eyed peas. Piano and bass are the instruments; Jill McManus and a bassist are the instrumentalists Thursdays through Sundays. Kenny Brawner and his bassist perform Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight. A glow inside, dark streets outside.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—The old hangout for beatniks and Columbia students is now a bricked-and-boarded cafeteria and music room. On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham on trombone and electric guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, and their quartet get together for swing sessions. Tiny Grimes, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist, frolics with bassist Ted Cromwell and drummer Ronnie Cole on Sonny Rollins' "St. Thomas," "Every Day (I Have the Blues)," right out of the Basie book, and "Tiny's Exercise," a tune that Grimes recorded in 1944, and which he lately had to relearn for a recording session and for these sets. Wednesdays and Thursdays. Sammy Price, king of the Charleston in the Southwest in the twenties, and claimant to the boogie-woogie-piano kingship here and now, fortunately came out of retirement recently. He works with a quartet on Fridays and Saturdays. When questioned about prospects for future recording dates, the sixty-six-year-old Price told Phil Schaap, on Schaap's jazz program on WKCR-FM, "I think the record companies realize, and the world at large realizes, that they should have asked me to come out of retirement before now. And, you know, I love music and I came out of retirement to play music, and I want it understood that I'm playing at the West End for money." On Sundays, the Mabel Godwin trio holds forth. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—Herb Winner's dance threesome spends Tuesdays through Saturdays in the **Café**, from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty. Pianist Steven Weltner prevails Sundays from eight-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from nine to twelve-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Jean-Paul Vignon will be dispensing songs in the **Persian Room** through Saturday, Nov. 9. On Monday, Nov. 11, Chris Connor will start vocalizing. Mondays through Thursdays at ten, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. The rest of the time, the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel provide dance music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **Plaza Restaurant**, violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein play from seven-thirty to ten-thirty, Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ There is piano-and-violin music by Jules Kuti and Ernest Schoen in the **Palm Court** Mondays through Fridays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, followed by pianist Ruth Andrews from nine-thirty to one. Violinist Sandu Marcu holds the floor Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight and Sundays from four to seven. Miss Andrews does a reprise Sunday nights from seven-thirty to midnight.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Singer Sally Kellerman is onstage at dinner and supper. Dance music commences at eight. Closed Sundays.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This spaceship moored high over midtown Manhattan is presenting harpist Eleanor Fell Tuesdays through Sundays, from seven to eleven.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—These nights, at dinner and supper, the **Maisonette** affords the songs of Freda Payne. On Monday, Nov. 11, the podium will be preëmpted by British jazz and pop singer Cleo Laine and saxophonist John Dankworth, in company with an orchestra. The dance music issues from the Anthony Terini trio. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Gladys Knight & the Pips are doing two turns an evening in the **Empire Room**. Dance tunes by Bob Rosengarden's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Addams—Cartoons and cover paintings from 1935 to the present; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 27. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William Bailey—Still-lifes and figures. Through Thursday, Nov. 14. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Bardazzi—Large, commanding abstract paintings, reminiscent of the Vorticists, and smaller, quieter collages with an Italian flavor. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Abstract brush drawings as well as oil-tempera and watercolor miniatures. Through Dec. 7. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alexander Calder—Three-legged, pumpkin-headed witches abound in this Halloween surprise that the sculptor has sprung on his fans. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Salvador Dali—Drawings, collages, lithographs, and etchings in the usual elegant groove. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Enrico Donati—Abstract forms, like fragments of ancient tablets, painted against vivid backgrounds in oil mixed with sand and powdered pigments. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lyonel Feininger (1871-1956)—Drawings and watercolors, most of them in his familiar taut, jackstraw line but a few in a looser vein, done in charcoal. Through Nov. 30. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claire Fejes—Genre paintings of Eskimo life and wild Alaskan landscapes, plus some Eskimo sculptures and artifacts. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Sante Graziani—One of the attractions in this exhibit of paintings is a wide-eyed George Washington beneath an Early American quilt, some patches of which are cloth, some meticulously rendered in acrylics. Through Nov. 27. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Gwathmey—The artist has shifted his attention from those cotton fields down home to urban blight, and his palette has taken on new color. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Nigel Hall—Aluminum wall pieces. Starts Sat-

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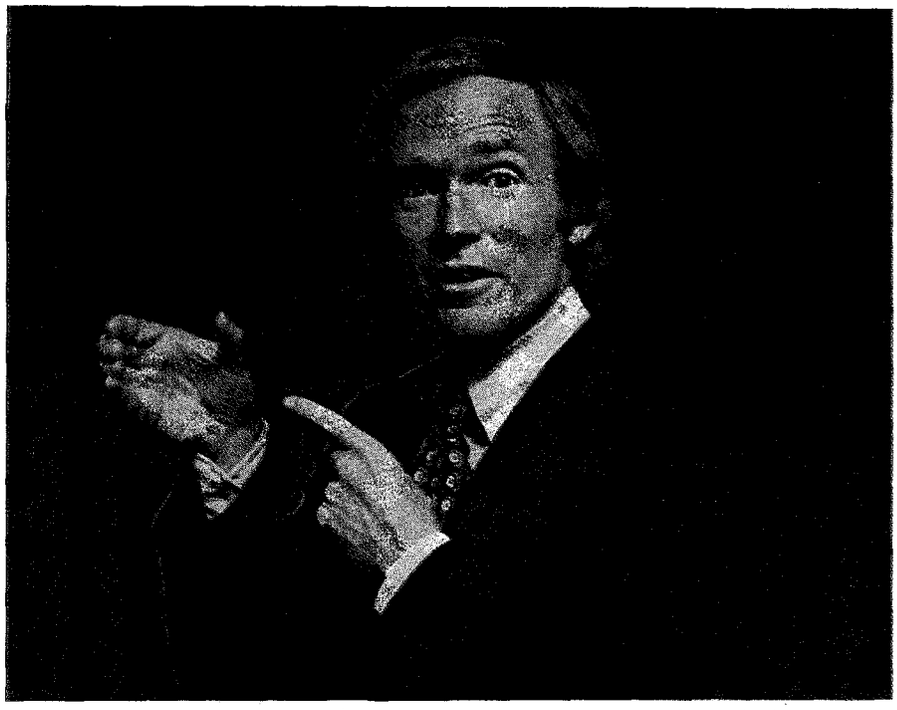
This scotch ad won't be interrupted by a commercial.

BY DICK CAVETT



I WISH PEOPLE would stop insisting that I reveal secret information that I do not possess.

I also wish they would stop insisting that I reveal secret information that I do possess.

Before I finish here, I hope you (and I) will know what I mean.

Almost weekly I am asked a question that, as we say in Nebraska, gets my goat. Ordinary people on the street grab me, spin me around and demand, "What is the secret of being a good conversationalist?" Others send a self-addressed airmail envelope, hoping for a snappy response by air.

More than once—twice in fact—editors of reputable magazines have asked me to write articles entitled, Dick Cavett Reveals the 10 Rules of Good Conversation.

When I ask how they know there are ten if they don't know what they are, they grin foolishly.

Truth is, I have never given any more thought to how to converse than I have to how those statues got on Easter Island.

(Actually, I have a theory on that, but no one cares. I think the statues were always there, and what appears to be an island was slid under them.)

Unhappily, people want to know more than just my alleged Secret of Talk. I am accused of hiding everything, of living a Garbo-like existence, beating a hasty retreat when spotted in public, and never speaking to strangers.

Horsefeathers! Or worse.

I am as gregarious as the next man.

And twice as gregarious as the next woman.

I mingle openly with the populace. Often I have struck up conversation with the lowliest fishmonger or honeydipper, accompanying him to the nearest pub and eventually to his Hogarthian abode where, in the company of his bawdy wife and callous friends, we roister til dawn. And without a thought as to what magic formula is keeping the talk lubricated.

Ask any lowly fishmonger or honeydipper.

In hopes of finally quelling the glut of letters that stuff my mailbox and clog my incinerator, all panting after the secret of gab (and any others I can spare) I sat down and wrote a book about myself. With a friend. We each wrote parts of it (they are clearly labeled).

I was surprised at how much I knew about myself, and floored at how much he knew.

The search for a clever title ended when in a moment of inspiration one of us came up with CAVETT. I forget which one of us thought of it, but I have a sickening feeling it was not him. He? Who(m)ever.

I only hope you can resist the temptation to judge my book by its title.

I also only hope no one has set too great a store by learning the most intimate details of my life.

Knowing them hasn't made me deliriously happy. Why should it you?

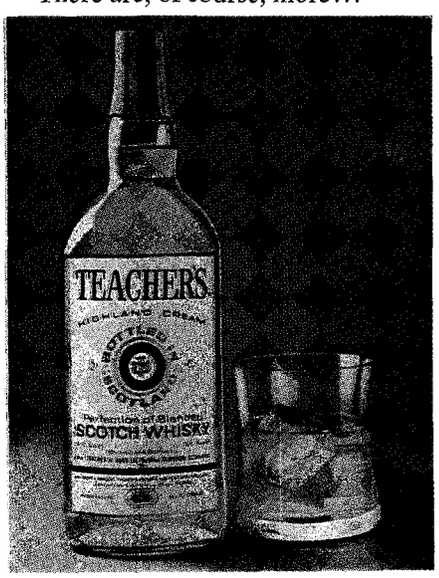
Cavett emptor, you might say.

As a bonus, I reveal in the book—at last—the 10 rules of good conversation.

How can I thank Teacher's Scotch for allowing me this space—uninterrupted by commercials—to put this matter to rest?

Perhaps by revealing the first rule here:—Try and have at least one language in common with the person to whom you are speaking.

There are, of course, more...



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

urday, Nov. 9. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Hirsch—Drawings in pen, charcoal, chalk, and pastel by this social realist. Through Friday, Nov. 15. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yvonne Jacquette—Lithographs hand-colored with pastels, watercolors, and gouache. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Alexander, 26 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Asger Jorn (1914-73)—Abstract paintings by one of the founders of the Cobra group. Through Nov. 30. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Knaths (1891-1971)—Paintings done between 1959 and 1971. Through Nov. 22. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 70th St. Closed Saturdays.)

Pierre Lesieur—Paintings and drawings by a French painter. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Roy Lichtenstein—"The Artist's Studio," a series of four large paintings, all heavily reliant on the benday process. Through Nov. 23. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Janet Liebowitz—Abstract oils. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Frank Lobdell—Abstract paintings and drawings by a Californian prominent since the fifties. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

John MacWhinnie—Figure paintings and landscapes. Through Nov. 21. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

René Magritte (1898-1967)—Oils by the Belgian Surrealist. Starts Friday, Nov. 8. (Davlyn, 975 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Alden Mason / Michael Beresford—Abstract Expressionist paintings. / Sculptures of bicycles and tricycles, which the viewers are requested not to ride. Through Nov. 30. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ann McCoy—Four large colored-pencil drawings, mostly of underwater scenery, plus a group of smaller ones. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Fourcade-Droll, 36 E. 75th St.)

Frank Metz—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Nov. 23. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Donn Moulton—Enormous lacquered fibreglass wall reliefs of apples. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Minoru Niizuma—Marble sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George Parrino—Abstractions based on the female figure. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Penney—Figurative, architectural, and landscape paintings, some done during travels in Greece and Italy and others in upstate New York. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Joseph Piccillo—Figurative drawings. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hector Poleo—A retrospective of paintings by a Venezuelan artist. Through Dec. 20. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

Larry Poons—Recent paintings. Through Nov. 20. (Knoedler Contemporary Art, 19 E. 70th St. Closed Mondays.)

Pierre Auguste Renoir (1841-1919)—A benefit showing of about sixty paintings on loan from museums and private collections. Through Nov. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Bevlyn Simson—Geometric paintings on shaped canvases. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Hyde Solomon—New Mexico and Maine are the subjects of these abstract landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

Yves Tanguy (1900-1955)—A benefit loan show of over fifty paintings by the French-American Surrealist. Starts Thursday, Nov. 7. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

Mark Tobey—Paintings. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

James Wyeth—Sixteen oils—portraits, landscapes, and paintings of animals—done from 1968 to the present. Starts Thursday, Nov. 7. (Kerr, 49 E. 82nd St.)

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Group Shows—At the **Far Gallery**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and graphics of animals or birds by such contemporary artists as John Groth and Jane Canfield, as well as by Audubon, Bierstadt, Bonheur, and others. Through Nov. 29. . . . **Graham**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Original drawings of early comic-strip characters—Winsor McCay's Little Nemo, Rudolph Dirks's Katzenjammer Kids, George McManus's Maggie and Jiggs, George Herriman's Krazy Kat, and Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Raydon**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures done by American artists of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries while living, travelling, or studying abroad. Artists included are Bierstadt, Prendergast, and Hiram Powers. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Samuels**, 18 E. 76th St.: A show of paintings, drawings, sculptures, French furniture, and other pieces, to complement the art dealers' exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. Through Nov. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **Weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Braque, Degas, Moore, and Manzú. Through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **Zierler**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Drawings by such Americans as Gorky, Pollock, Avery, and Pearlstein. Through Nov. 30. (Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Power Boothe—Large abstract paintings. Through Nov. 21. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Botkin—Semi-abstract collage paintings, primarily done with cloth. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Roberto Crippa—A retrospective of paintings by this Italian artist, who died in 1971. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Susan Eisler—Collage drawings, nearly all of them involving screening of various materials and gauges. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Robert Goodnough—New paintings, almost Japanese in composition, by this veteran New York artist. Through Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Hans Hofmann (1880-1966)—Architectural projects and other works on paper. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Juszczyk—Large canvases, divided vertically into panels of sombre, earthy colors; first one-man show in New York. Through Nov. 21. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Henry Pearson—Black ripples on a brown field, giving the effect of deep striations. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michelangelo Pistoletto—Twelve large panels and one environment, all silk screen on polished steel. Through Nov. 30. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Archie Rand—Abstract paintings with a shimmering, gold-flecked surface. Through Thursday, Nov. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Sivard—Decorative gouache paintings of street life in Portugal, Haiti, Cyprus, and France. Through Nov. 23. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Eric Sloane—Rural landscapes, mostly. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Jesús Rafael Soto—Recent wood and metal sculptures in a show of the artist's work running concurrently with one at the Guggenheim. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (René, 6 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Stefanelli—Acrylic paintings. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

George Sugarman—Polychromed metal sculptures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Kurt Trampedach—Paintings and sculptures by a Danish artist; first one-man show in New York. Starts Thursday, Nov. 7. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

David von Schlegell—Three new sculptures in steel and granite. Through Nov. 30. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Neil Welliver—Landscapes of Maine by a painterly realist. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

H. C. Westermann—New constructions and drawings. Through Nov. 30. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Group Shows—At the **Associated American Artists**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Thomas Hart Benton, Grant Wood, and Yasuo Kuniyoshi are three of the artists represented in a show of etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts. Through Nov. 27. . . . **Kennedy**, 20 E. 56th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by, among others, Prendergast, O'Keeffe, and Marin. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. . . . **Marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Realist drawings, mostly in pencil and all of top quality, by ten Spanish artists. Through Saturday, Nov. 9.

Sculpture—At **Lever House**, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St.: The thirty-seventh annual of the Sculptors Guild, this year honoring one of its founders, José de Creeft, and including work by him and by other members in a variety of styles and mediums. Through Nov. 17. (Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.). . . **Marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: Among the sculptors represented are James Rosati, David Smith, and Beverly Pepper. Through Saturday, Nov. 9.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Helmut Amann—Large, strident abstracts, resembling cross-sections of agate. Through Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Rachel bas-Cohain—Four large plasterboard constructions. Through Wednesday, Nov. 13. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Bell—Photo-realist paintings, mostly of outsize bubble-gum dispensers. Through Thursday, Nov. 14. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jeffrey Burtch—Sculptures in wood and stone. Through Nov. 20. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Closed Mondays.)

Carmen Cicero / Gary Hill—New abstract acrylics. / Wire sculptures. Through Wednesday, Nov. 13. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Jim Dine—Incisive, life-size drawings of familiar tools—hammers, saws, clippers—and a spirited full-length portrayal, in oil, of a crosscut saw. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

Tom Doyle / Stan Kaplan—Two large red oak sculptures. / Abstract ink-and-acrylic paintings. Through Nov. 20. (55 Mercer Street. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Greenberg / Robert Sievert—Rural scenes and rustic figures. / Views of the city, mostly. Through Thursday, Nov. 14. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Peter Hutchinson—Twenty-six pieces in a show called "Alphabet Series." Through Nov. 20. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Sol LeWitt—Wall drawings, incomplete open cubes, and other works. Through Nov. 20.

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(Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Vincent Longo—Paintings and drawings. Through Wednesday, Nov. 13. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Raffael—Large oil paintings inspired by rivers and creeks. Through Nov. 27. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Tim Scott—New work in Plexiglas and steel by the British sculptor. Starts Saturday, Nov. 9. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Joseph Shannon / William C. Maxwell—New abstract paintings. / Paintings and prints. Through Nov. 21. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Marina Stern / Louis Lieberman—Precisionist paintings, mostly of factory rooftops. / Wall sculptures. Through Nov. 22. (Yu, 393 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Lawrence Weiner—Two new Conceptualist notions, one dwelling on the printed word and the other, via videotape, on the spoken. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Rebecca Weisberg—Abstract Expressionist oil paintings of figures, watercolors of landscapes and seascapes, and faces done in oil on paper mounted sculpturally on Plexiglas stands. Through Nov. 23. (Aames, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Show—Paintings by Alan Cote, Harvey Quaytman, David Diao, and John Walker. Through Nov. 27. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

OTHER GALLERIES

José de Creeft—A retrospective of sculptures, paintings, and drawings to mark this artist's ninetieth birthday. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (New School Graduate Faculty Center, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Otello Guarducci—Sculptures in bronze and aluminum with nylon string, mounted on Lucite and marble bases. Through Dec. 6. (Touchstone, 37 E. 4th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

William Haendel / Lyle Light—Molded-paper reliefs. / Natural-wood sculptures with movable parts. Through Nov. 29. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Al Hirschfeld—A retrospective of more than five hundred drawings by the *Times'* theatrical caricaturist. Through Dec. 7. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

Oto Logo—Bronzes by a Yugoslavian sculptor; first one-man show here. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Dorsky, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.)

Group Show—Traditional African art—masks, figures, and so forth—from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through Feb. 1. (African-American Institute, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

George Alpert—New work. Through Dec. 3. (SoHo Photo, 30 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

P. H. Emerson (1856-1936)—Platinum prints and gravures. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Walker Evans—Work from all periods, including some vintage prints, by this well-known photographer. Through Nov. 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Marion Faller, Richard Levy, and Harvey Stein—Photographs. Starts Thursday, Nov. 7. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Lewis W. Hine (1874-1940)—Factory children and immigrants are two of the subjects of these photographs, taken between 1905 and 1932. Through Saturday, Nov. 16. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

Duane Michals / James Newberry—Images in sequence, with handwritten captions. / Nudes and landscapes. Through Saturday, Nov. 9.

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(Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ralph Steiner—A retrospective of the work of this seventy-five-year-old photographer. Through Saturday, Nov. 9. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Minor White—Photographs from 1939 to the present. Through Dec. 3. (Stieglitz, 30 W. 13th St. Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

Group Shows—At the **Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibition of photographs in which billboards and signs figure, by (among others) Atget, Evans, Lange, Cartier-Bresson, Brassaï, Abbott, Siskind, Frank, and Friedlander. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.). . . **Neikrug**, 224 E. 68th St.: Anthony Leale showing views of bicycle racers, plus eighteen other Italian photographers. Through Nov. 29. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Lithographs, etchings, and silk screens donated by such artists as Jasper Johns, Ellsworth Kelly, Robert Motherwell, and Saul Steinberg to endow a professorship at Columbia University in honor of art historian Meyer Schapiro. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ Italian Renaissance drawings from the Louvre by Raphael, Correggio, Michelangelo, and others. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ Works lent by art dealers from twelve countries, in addition to pieces owned by the museum and purchased from the art dealers Joseph and Ernest Brummer, in an exhibit aiming to point up the importance of dealers in the formation of museums and private collections. Through Jan. 5. . . . ¶ "The Belles Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry," an exhibit of the illuminated Book of Hours, the newly published facsimile of it, and color transparencies. Through Dec. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Drawings by German Expressionists, selected from the museum's collection. Through Sunday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A series of twenty-six oil paintings, each with an accompanying text, by a California artist called Jess. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Eight young artists, including Jan Dibbets and Dorothea Rockburne, from Europe, America, and Australia. Through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings and sculptures by the Russian-born artist Ilya Bolotowsky. Through Sunday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A retrospective of the Venezuelan artist Jesús Rafael Soto's works, including a new walk-through construction, made of plastic filaments. Starts Friday, Nov. 8. Starting Saturday, a complementary show will be at the René, 6 W. 57th St. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 11, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Paintings done during the last ten years by the first-generation Abstract Expressionist Richard Pousette-Dart. Starts Thursday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ A retrospective of Al Held's work, from early pigment paintings of the fifties to more recent geometric black-and-white canvases. Through Dec. 1. . . . ¶ A hundred years of American genre painting by seventy-one artists, including Krimmel, Eakins, Cassatt, Bellows, and Sloan. Through Sunday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ Fantasy paintings by Joan Moment, a young California artist who works on black latex. Through Dec. 1. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 11, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—This exhibition of contemporary portraiture includes paintings, sculptures, and silk screens by Alice Neel, Chuck Close, Marisol, Andy Warhol, and others. Starts Thursday, Nov. 7. (Mondays, except Nov. 11, through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Seventy-seven lithographs, etchings, and woodcuts from the twenties and thirties by Charles Sheeler, Rockwell Kent, Philip Evergood, and others. Through Jan. 19. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Monday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Photographs of African children and of children of African descent in the Caribbean, South America, and the United States. Through Dec. 31. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Monday, Nov. 11, from 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—About fifty works, mostly landscape paintings, by four Japanese painters who lived in the late eighteenth century. Through Dec. 1. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

China House, 125 E. 65th St.—Hand scrolls, hanging scrolls, album leaves, and fans, done in Suchou, China, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, from the John M. Crawford, Jr., collection. Through Jan. 26. (Mondays, except Nov. 11, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A superb exhibition of about eighty hooked rugs. Through Jan. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Creation in Clay," a show of pottery figure-sculptures from pre-Columbian Mexico and Peru, as well as Africa and New Guinea. Through Feb. 15. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—A show called "Toys from the Attic," of which the centerpiece is the ten-room, two-bath doll house designed in the twenties by Carrie Walter Stettheimer and decorated by William Zorach, Gaston Lachaise, Marcel Duchamp, Marguerite Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and other artist friends. Through Nov. 30. (Tuesdays, except Nov. 12, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, and Monday, Nov. 11, from 1 to 5.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The sixty-first annual exhibit of oils, watercolors, and sculptures by members of the Allied Artists of America, as well as by nonmembers. Through Nov. 17. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—A retrospective of drawings and paintings by Leonid, plus a selection of works by his fellow-Neo-Romantic artists, among them Christian Bérard, Eugene Berman, and Pavel Tchelitchew. Through Sunday, Nov. 10. . . . ¶ A potpourri of seldom shown minor treasures from the reserve vaults of fifteen institutions, including the Museum of Primitive Art, the Metropolitan, the New York Botanical Gardens, and the American Numismatic Society. Through Dec. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—More than four hundred paintings, drawings, and prints focussing on New York in the post-Revolutionary period when the society was founded by John Pintard. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit in honor of the hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Astor Library—part of *this* library since 1895—with some examples of its rarest manuscripts and books (Alexander Hamilton's handwritten proposal for the Constitution, a first edition of Milton's "Paradise Lost," and a copy of Audubon's "The Birds of America" among them). Also on view are items dealing with the library's history—original card catalogues, rules and regulations, and such. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Monday, Nov. 11, from 9 to 9.) . . . ¶ An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young includes some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Monday, Nov. 11, from 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—Photographs, letters, and other memorabilia

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

tracing the career of theatrical producer Leland Hayward. Through Nov. 30. (Weekdays, except Monday, Nov. 11, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Architect W. Joseph Black's survey of Harlem architecture—including landmarks and new buildings—made up of photographs, some in color. Through Dec. 8. . . . ¶ Acrylic paintings and color etchings by two African artists who are now living and working in the United States. Through Dec. 8. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Nov. 6: "Turandot," with Elinor Ross, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Franco Corelli, Robert Goodloe, and John Macurdy; conducted by Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 7: "Don Giovanni," with Rachel Mathes, Teresa Zylis-Gara, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Leo Goeke, Paul Plishka, Raymond Michalski, and James Morris; Max Rudolf. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Judith Blegen, Christine Weidinger, Placido Domingo, Lenus Carlson, Richard T. Gill, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 9: "Death in Venice," with Peter Pears, John Shirley-Quirk, and Andrea Velis; Steuart Bedford. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 9: "Tosca," with Rachel Mathes, Franco Tagliavini, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Nov. 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Grace Melzia Bumbry, Joann Grillo, Franco Corelli, and Anselmo Colzani, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Nov. 12: "Tosca," with Rachel Mathes, Franco Tagliavini, Robert Merrill, and Richard Best; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Nov. 13: "Turandot," with Ingrid Bjoner, Lucine Amara, James McCracken, Robert Goodloe, and Richard T. Gill; Alberto Erede. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Nov. 14: "Roméo et Juliette," with Adriana Maliponte, Cynthia Munzer, Franco Corelli, Lenus Carlson, James Morris, Maurizio Mazzieri, and Charles Anthony; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Nov. 15: A new production of Janáček's "Jenufa," with Teresa Kubiak, Astrid Varnay, Jon Vickers, William Lewis, and John Reardon; John Nelson. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Nov. 16: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Lucia Valentini, Christine Weidinger, Shirley Love, Luigi Alva, Theodor Uppman, Fernando Corena, and Gene Boucher; Henry Lewis. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Nov. 16: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Elinor Ross, Mildred Miller, Franco Corelli, and Morley Meredith, and "Pagliacci," with Atsuko Azuma, Richard Tucker, Norman Mittelmann, Lenus Carlson, and Robert Schmorr; John Nelson. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8: "Faust," with Patricia Brooks, Hilda Harris, Kenneth Riegel, and Robert Hale; conducted by Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Johanna Meier, Ruth Welting, Gary Glaze, and Charles Roe; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: "Don Giovanni," with Pamela Hebert, Esther Hinds, John Stewart, and Samuel Ramey; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: "Carmen," with Olivia Stapp, Patricia Craig, Herman Malamood, and John Darrenkamp; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8: "The Mikado," with Glenys Fowles, Betty Allen, David Griffith, and James Billings; Judith Somogi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 1: "A Village Romeo and Juliet," with Diana Soviero, John Stewart, Thomas Jamerson, and Charles Roe; Mario Bernardi. . . . ¶ Sunday, Nov. 10, at 7: "Un Ballo in Maschera," with Betty Jones, Gwendolyn Killebrew, Michele Molese, and Pablo Elvira; Giuseppe Morelli. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727.)

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—James Conlon conducting on Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 6-7, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 8, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 7:30 (all with Radu Lupu, piano). . . . ¶ Daniel Barenboim conducting on Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30; Friday, Nov. 15, at 2; Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Nov. 19, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello).

Orchestre de la Suisse Romande—Wolfgang Sawallisch conducting the last in a series of concerts, this one with Michel Beroff, piano, and Ron Golan, viola. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra—Herbert von Karajan conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8, an all-Brahms program; Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8, a performance of Bruckner's Eighth Symphony; Monday, Nov. 11, at 8, a Beethoven-Strauss program; and Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8, another all-Brahms program.)

National Symphony Orchestra—Antal Dorati directing a performance of Dvořak's Requiem, with Kari Loevaas, soprano; Birgit Finnila, mezzo-soprano; Raymond Gibbs, tenor; John Shirley-Quirk, bass; and the University of Maryland Chorus. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3.)

I Solisti di Zagreb—A Yugoslav chamber orchestra, with the violinist Henryk Szeryng as both conductor and soloist, in two concerts. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, and Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Mannes Orchestra—Terrill Jory conducting. (Marymount Manhattan College, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Nov. 10, at 5:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

West Side Orchestral Concerts—Frédérique Petrides conducting the first of two concerts. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 3:30. No tickets necessary.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting a performance of Gluck's opera "Orfeo ed Euridice" in concert form, with Irene Jordan and Sara Ann Noll, sopranos, and Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:30.)

Dessoff Choirs—Michael Hammond directing an all-Bach program. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Seasons," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; John McCollum, tenor; Theodor Uppman, baritone; and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Musica Reservata—Margherita Hastings directing an a-cappella group. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club and Skidmore College Choir—A joint concert, with Gregg Smith and Carl Olsen directing. (St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 280-6812.)

RECITALS

Yehuda Hanani—Cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Cleveland Quartet—The fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 8.)

Benita Valente and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8.)

Manolo Sanlucar—Flamenco guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 7, at 8:30.)

Andor Foldes—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Tokyo String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.)

Antonio Barbosa—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Waverly Consort—A program of vocal and instrumental music called "The Year 1492: Spanish Music in the Age of Exploration." (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8.)

Composers' Forum—A program of works by Eleanor Cory and Alan Leichtling. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Herbert Tichman and Ruth Tichman—Clarinet and piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8:30.)

The King's Singers—Six former choral scholars from King's College, Cambridge. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 2:15.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Peter Pears and Murray Perahia—Tenor and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, Nov. 11, at 8.)

Claire Coci—Organ, with members of the Orpheus Ensemble. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Olivier Messiaen Festival—Two all-Messiaen programs, with commentary by the composer. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8: Michel Beroff, piano, playing "Vingt Regards sur l'Enfant Jésus." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8: "Quatuor pour la Fin du Temps," "Visions de l'Amen," and "La Fauvette des Jardins," performed by Samuel Lipman and Yvonne Loriod, pianos; Erick Friedman, violin; Yehuda Hanani, cello; and Stanley Drucker, clarinet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12-13, at 8.)

Ronald Thomas—Cello. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8.)

Columbia University Faculty Concerts—The Composers String Quartet; Julius Levine, double bass; and others. (Low Memorial Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8. For free tickets, call 280-3825.)

Robert Miller—Piano, in the first in a series of three programs of contemporary American music. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8:30.)

Ida Krehm—Piano, with assisting artists. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Baroque Music Masters—Judith Norell, harpsichord, and others. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 8.)

Vieuxtemps String Quartet—Chamber music. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Narciso Yepes—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8:30.)

Kyung-Wha Chung—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Rosalyn Tureck—Harpsichord and piano, in the second of three all-Bach programs. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Nov. 6, at 5:45: **Oscar Brand.** . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 5:45: **Henny Youngman.**

Anthony Newley and Henry Mancini's Orchestra—Uris Theatre, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Nov. 10.

Tony Bennett and Lena Horne—Minskoff The-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

atre, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Nov. 17.

Electric Light Orchestra—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—At Carnegie Hall, two concerts devoted to the music of Louis Armstrong. Friday, Nov. 8, at 8: With Dick Hyman, Mel Davis, Joe Newman, Pee Wee Erwin, Vic Dickenson, Ray Nance, Ruby Braff, and others. . . . ¶ Friday, Nov. 15, at 8: With Bernie Privin, Mr. Newman, Doc Cheatham, Ernie Royal, Jimmy Owens, Yank Lawson, Mr. Nance, Bobby Hackett, Taft Jordan, and others.

Climax Blues Band and U.F.O.—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, Nov. 9, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Lyrics and Lyricists—The third in a series of four programs in which lyricists (in this case James Taylor) discuss their work, sometimes with the assistance of their professional performing friends. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 8.)

Billy Cobham and Natural Essence—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Nov. 11, at 8.

Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band on the Road—A rock musical, with music and lyrics by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, Nov. 12-13. Opens officially on Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 8. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Johnny Mathis—With the Miracles. (Uris Theatre. Wednesday, Nov. 13, through Sunday, Nov. 24. Nightly, except Monday, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Poco—With PFM. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Nov. 14, at 8.)

Billy Joel—With Janis Ian. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8 and 11.)

Country in New York—The second in a series of five concerts, this one with Doug Kershaw, Tommy Overstreet, Bob Luman, and Sammi Smith. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 7.)

Jimmy Cliff and Mirabai—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8.

Albert King Revue—With Roosevelt Sykes. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8 and 11. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden—Thursday, Nov. 14, at 7:30: Knicks vs. Cleveland. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 16, at 8: Knicks vs. Seattle.

College Football—Saturday, Nov. 9: Army vs. Air Force, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Cornell, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Hamilton, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Grambling vs. North Carolina A. & T., in a benefit game, at Shea Stadium, at 3. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Yale, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Trinity vs. Amherst, at Hartford, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . **Saturday, Nov. 16** (all games at 1:30): Amherst vs. Williams, at Amherst. . . . ¶ Boston College vs. Syracuse, at Chestnut Hill. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Dartmouth, at Ithaca. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Brown, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Columbia, at Philadelphia. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Boston University, at New Brunswick. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Trinity, at Middletown. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Princeton, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Giants vs. Jets. (Yale Bowl, New Haven. Sunday, Nov. 10, at 1.)

Gymnastics—The U.S.S.R. National Gymnastics Team. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Nov. 15, at 8.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers. (Madison Square Garden. Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 7:35.)

Horse Show—National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Through Tuesday, Nov. 12. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:30.)

Racing—At **Aqueduct:** Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Jan. 4. The Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Nov. 9, and the Ladies Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 16. . . . **Monmouth Park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **Laurel**, Md.: Weekdays; last day Tuesday, Dec. 31. Through Friday, Nov. 8, post time will be 1; after that, it will be 12:30. The Washington, D.C., International, Saturday, Nov. 9.

Trotting—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, Dec. 14.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Poko Puppets:** A program demonstrating the history of jazz, done in conjunction with the New York Jazz Museum. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For information about tickets, call 765-2150.). . . **Light Opera of Manhattan:** "Princess Ida." (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310. Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Milky Way." (Mondays, except Nov. 11, through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Monday, Nov. 11, at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under will have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, on Monday, Nov. 11, from 8 to 10 A.M.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Daniel Hoffman and Josephine Jacobsen reading from their own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 8. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Bus Tours—Sundays, at noon, 1:30, and 3, a London double-decker bus operated by the Municipal Art Society leaves from the Metropolitan Museum on a conducted architectural tour of Fifth Avenue, to Washington Square (with additional boarding stops at 59th Street and at Washington Arch), thence across to Third Avenue and back uptown to the museum by way of Third, Park, and Madison Avenues. The complete trip takes an hour and a half, and the number to call for information about tickets is 628-4555. Nothing doing on rainy days and parade days.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Nov. 7, at 10:15 and 2:30, and Friday, Nov. 8, at 10:15 and 2: Prints by such artists as Braque, Chagall, Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, and Kandinsky; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 9, at 2: Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from several owners. . . . ¶ Five sales in a nine-session auction of property from the American Heritage Society. Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 10:15: English pottery and porcelains. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains and delftware. . . . Wednesday, Nov. 13, at 2: Prints of historical subjects and views, Audubon prints, and American paintings. . . . Thursday, Nov. 14, at 10:15: Chinese Export porcelains. . . . Thursday, Nov. 14, at 2: English pottery for the American market, Presidential china, and American pottery and glass. Exhibitions will start Thursday, Nov. 7, except for the Nov. 13 afternoon auction, which will be on view from Friday, Nov. 8. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Nov. 12, at 2: Frakturs, embroidered pictures, Theorem paintings, and cutwork pictures; from the collection of Edgar William and Bernice Chrysler Garbisch. Exhibition starts Thursday, Nov. 7.

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EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Nov. 12: "Chinatown."
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through Nov. 9: "The Emperor Jones" and "Mädchen in Uniform."
Nov. 10-12: "Broadway Melody of 1938" and "Rosalie."
From Nov. 13: "Fog Over Frisco" and "The Little Foxes."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Nov. 12: "11 Harrowhouse" and "Little Murders."
From Nov. 13: "Chinatown" and "The Conformist."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Nov. 12: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 13: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "Don't Look Now."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Airport 1975."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Gold."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through Nov. 7: "The Family" and "Big Bad Mama."
From Nov. 8: "Gone with the Wind."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Abdication."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Phantom of the Paradise."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Gold."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Night Porter."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Law and Disorder."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
To be announced.

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Nov. 9: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Nov. 10: "Lenny."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Odessa File."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
"Fear Eats the Soul-Ali."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Through Nov. 7: "Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me" and "Chloé in the Afternoon."
From Nov. 8: To be announced.

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through Nov. 7: "Open Season."
From Nov. 8: "Confessions of a Window Cleaner."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Nov. 9: "8½" and "La Strada." (No evening performances on Thursday, Nov. 7.)
From Nov. 10: "Scenes from a Marriage."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Lacombe, Lucien."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Gambler."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-0304)
Through Nov. 12: "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Nov. 13: "Chinatown."

JULIET I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Cabaret."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Longest Yard."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Nov. 9: "Giuseppe Verdi."
From Nov. 10: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Nov. 7: "The Family" and "Big Bad Mama."
From Nov. 8: "Gone with the Wind."

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Odessa File."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Airport 1975."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Taking of Pelham One Two Three."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
To be announced.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210)
Through Nov. 7: "Miss Julie" and "Torment."
Nov. 8-9: "The White Sheik" and "8½."
Nov. 10: "Romeo and Juliet" and "Brother Sun, Sister Moon."
Nov. 11-12: "Alphaville" and "Fahrenheit 451."
Nov. 13-14: "My Night at Maud's" and "Claire's Knee."

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through Nov. 12: "Gone with the Wind."
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Nov. 12: "That's Entertainment!"
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Juggernaut."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Nov. 12 at one or another of the theatres: "Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman" and "I. F. Stone's Weekly"/ "California Split" and "The Boys in the Band"/ "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein"/ "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "If . . ."
From Nov. 13: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Nov. 6: "La Femme Infidèle" and "Les Biches."
Nov. 7-9: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Dr. Strangelove."
Nov. 10-11: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" and "Coming Apart."
Nov. 12-13: "Contempt" and "Breathless."
From Nov. 14: "The Ruling Class" and "Start the Revolution Without Me."
Note: Sunday, Nov. 10, one performance, at noon: "The Three Ages."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Harry & Tonto."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Nov. 6: Theatre closed.
From Nov. 7: "The Little Prince."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through Nov. 12: "2001: A Space Odyssey."
Nov. 13-14: Theatre temporarily closed.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"That's Entertainment!" (No evening performances on Tuesday, Nov. 12.)

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"The NADA Gang."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Nov. 7: "Law and Disorder."
From Nov. 8: "Le Trio Infernal."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Nov. 6: "Ashes and Diamonds" and "A Generation."
Nov. 7: "Casque d'Or" and "Le Jour Se Lève."
Nov. 8: "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "Suddenly, Last Summer."
Nov. 9: "Five Easy Pieces" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
Nov. 10: "The Red Shoes" and "First Position."
Nov. 11: Theatre closed.
Nov. 12: "Two Daughters" and "Devi."
Nov. 13: "Odd Man Out" and "The Third Man."
Nov. 14: "Knife in the Water" and "Teorema."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Fantôme de la Liberté."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through Nov. 9: "Juggernaut."
From Nov. 10: "Scenes from a Marriage."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"King of Hearts."

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Nov. 12: "Fantastic Planet" and "Yellow Submarine."
From Nov. 13: "Dodes'ka-den" and "Sanshiro Sugata."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Nov. 7: "Going Places" and "The Two of Us."
From Nov. 8: "The French Connection" and "The Seven-Ups."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through Nov. 7: "Open Season."
From Nov. 8: "Confessions of a Window Cleaner."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Nov. 12: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" and "Children of Paradise."
From Nov. 13: "The African Queen" and "Indiscreet."

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Longest Yard."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Nov. 12: "The Girl from Petrovka" and "The Sugarland Express."
From Nov. 13: "Flesh Gordon" and "Playtime."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Nov. 12: "The Tamarind Seed" and "Travels with My Aunt."
From Nov. 13: "Chinatown" and "Catch-22."

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Nov. 6 at noon: M-G-M cartoons. . . . ¶ Nov. 6 at 5:30: "7 Faces of Dr. Lao" (1964), directed by George Pal, with Tony Randall and Barbara Eden. . . . ¶ Nov. 7 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Zagreb '74 in New York," animated films. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 2: "Flying High" (1931), directed by Charles F. Reisner, with Bert Lahr and Charlotte Greenwood. . . . ¶ Nov. 8 at 5:30: "Zagreb '74 in New York." . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at noon: "Greed" (1924), a silent film, directed by Erich von Stroheim, with ZaSu Pitts and Jean Hersholt. . . . ¶ Nov. 9 at 3 and 5:30; Nov. 10 at 12:30, 3, and 5:30; and Nov. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Zagreb '74 in New York." . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 2: "Ben-Hur" (1926), a silent film, directed by Fred Niblo, with Ramon Novarro, May McAvoy, and Francis X. Bushman. . . . ¶ Nov. 12 at 5:30: "Coonskin" (1974), directed by Ralph Bakshi. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at noon: "Terror on a Train" (1953), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with Glenn Ford. . . . ¶ Nov. 13 at 5:30: "Bright Road" (1953), directed by Gerald Mayer, with Dorothy Dandridge and Harry Belafonte. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at noon: M-G-M featurettes. . . . ¶ Nov. 14 at 5:30: "7 Faces of

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Dr. Lao."... ¶ Nov. 14 at 8: "Mutiny on the Bounty" (1935), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Charles Laughton, Franchot Tone, and Clark Gable. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Nov. 6 at 3:15 and 5:15: "Champagne for Caesar" (1950), directed by Richard Whorf, with Ronald Colman and Celeste Holm.... ¶ Nov. 7 at 3:15 and 5:15: "Man's Favorite Sport" (1964), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rock Hudson and Paula Prentiss.... ¶ Nov. 8 at 3:15 and 5:15: "Verboten!" (1960), directed by Samuel Fuller, with James Best and Susan Cummings.... ¶ Nov. 9-10 at 3:15: "The Lieutenant Wore Skirts" (1955), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Tom Ewell and Sheree North.... ¶ Nov. 9-10 at 5:15: "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949), directed by Howard Hawks, with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan.... ¶ Nov. 13-14 at 3:15 and 5:15: "Brewster McCloud" (1970), directed by Robert Altman, with Bud Cort and Sally Kellerman. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Through Nov. 12: "Horizons," directed by Larry Gottheim.... ¶ Starting Nov. 13: "Let the Church Say Amen!," directed by St. Clair Bourne. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Films by Vertov, Kirsanoff, Emshwiller, and Meader. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 5, 7, and 9; Fridays at 6, 8, and 10; Saturdays at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; and Sundays at 8.

IN BRIEF

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THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

The Abdication—This picture about Queen Christina's stepping down from the Swedish throne, in 1654, is embalmed in such reverence for its own cultural elevation that it loses all contact with the audience. Liv Ullmann is the virgin queen who becomes a Catholic hoping to find ecstasy in God, and Peter Finch is the cardinal who examines her motives. For those besotted with love of royalty. Anthony Harvey directed. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/7/74.) (Sutton.)

The African Queen (1951)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart as a gin-soaked riverboat captain, and Katharine Hepburn as an ironclad spinster named Rosie. It's a great comedy-romance. Miss Hepburn has revealed that her Rosie was, at the suggestion of the director, John Huston, modelled on Mrs. Roosevelt. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 13.)

Airport 1975—Processed schlock. This could only have been designed as a TV movie and then blown up to cheapie-epic proportions. One can have a fairly good time laughing at it, but it doesn't sit too well as a joke, because the people on the screen are being humiliated. Jack Smight directed, fumblingly; Karen Black and Charlton Heston do the most emoting. (10/28/74) (Murray Hill, and Loews Ciné.)

Alphaville (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard ventures into science fiction, with mixed results. He found enough of the future in present-day Paris to create a vision of a new world without constructing sets, but his comic-strip story (involving Eddie Constantine and Anna Karina) is uninspired. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 11-12.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, the remarks of town oddities, such as a colossal tobacconist who screams with erotic joy when the adolescent struggles to lift her, but graciously raises the roll-up door of her shop, saying that it's too heavy for him. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The film holds the most affectionate portrait of an asparagus-wristed madman called Uncle Teo, who climbs to the top of a tree out of reach of his family party and yells again and again, "I want a woman!" A midget asylum nun briskly tells him to come down and stop all this madness. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun: small-town self-importance, full of braggadocio in ways that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the B.B.C.-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Elgin; Nov. 7-9.)

Andy Warhol's Frankenstein—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. In 3-D. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor who would like to conduct five times a month, though she can only get engagements five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. We see her at her most bashful when she—who has taken on difficult classics without thought of herself—wants to crawl under the piano when she is asked to play pop music. Gamely, she goes into "After You've Gone" and "Whispering." (9/16/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.... ¶ Gramercy; starting Nov. 13.)

Ashes and Diamonds (1958)—The third (but self-contained) film in Andrzej Wajda's wonderful triptych about the young Communist generation in Warsaw in the months during and after the Second World War. The star is Cybulski, debonair, playing one of two patriots of the Warsaw uprising who arrive at a banquet with orders to kill. When he is killed himself, in a chase that leads through a yard full of laundry, he looks like a child playing ghost wrapped in a sheet. People call Wajda romantic, but the trilogy is something else: farsighted about what was to happen politically, with a hard-won gaiety deeply bitten with the knowledge that the only other option was fear. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

Les Biches (1968)—St. Tropez in December, and a sexually ambiguous threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic, slinky lesbian (Stéphane Audran). Claude Chabrol directed this languorous exercise in classy eroticism; very little of anything goes on. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 6.)

Big Bad Mama—With Angie Dickinson and William Shatner, directed by Steve Carver. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Nov. 7.)

The Boys in the Band (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

Breathless (1959)—Jean-Luc Godard's first feature—a witty, romantic, innovative chase picture with Jean-Paul Belmondo as a Parisian hood and Jean Seberg as the American girl who casually lives with him and casually betrays him. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 12-13.)

Broadway Melody of 1938—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10-12.)

Brother Sun, Sister Moon (1973)—The story of Francis of Assisi, directed by Franco Zeffirelli, with Graham Faulkner as Francis. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Cabaret (1972)—A great movie musical, satirical and diamond-hard. With Joel Grey and Liza Minnelli, and masterly direction by Bob Fosse. (Juliet 1.)

California Split—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. Gould's performance is perfect, disguising an abandoned face in a gregarious ape's mask. Segal has entirely entered into Altman's quixotic style. As with gambling itself, the impulses of the characters seem a matter of luck or catastrophe, lived out in a world denuded of everything that can't be hocked. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. This is Altman's best film since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller"—comic, loose-limbed, dangerous, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

Casque d'Or (1952)—The young Simone Signoret had her finest role as a gigolette with a glorious helmet of golden hair in Jacques Becker's sultry, poetic account of the Paris underworld of 1900. Her performance is a triumph of sensuality and physical assurance; she makes this fundamentally trashy and touristy view of low life worth seeing. With Serge Reggiani, Claude Dauphin, and Gaston Modot. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Catch-22 (1970)—A rational man vs. the Army. Joseph Heller's novel, adapted by Buck Henry, directed by Mike Nichols, and, most important, starring Alan Arkin. (Olympia; starting Nov. 13.)

Children of Paradise (1945)—A one-of-a-kind film: a sumptuous, romantic epic about the relations between theatre and life, written with wit by Jacques Prévert, and beautifully directed by Marcel Carné. Made during the Occupation but set in the Paris of Balzac, with Jean-Louis Barrault, the incomparable Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, Pierre Renoir, and Maria Casarès. In French. (New Yorker; through Nov. 12.)

Chinatown—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. The film is obviously steeped in knowledge of older Hollywood-thriller masters, but it is full of young verve, and bows to no one. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. The main topic is really the misuse of the Los Angeles water system. Who would have thought that that could provide the matter for such a good thriller? Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film,

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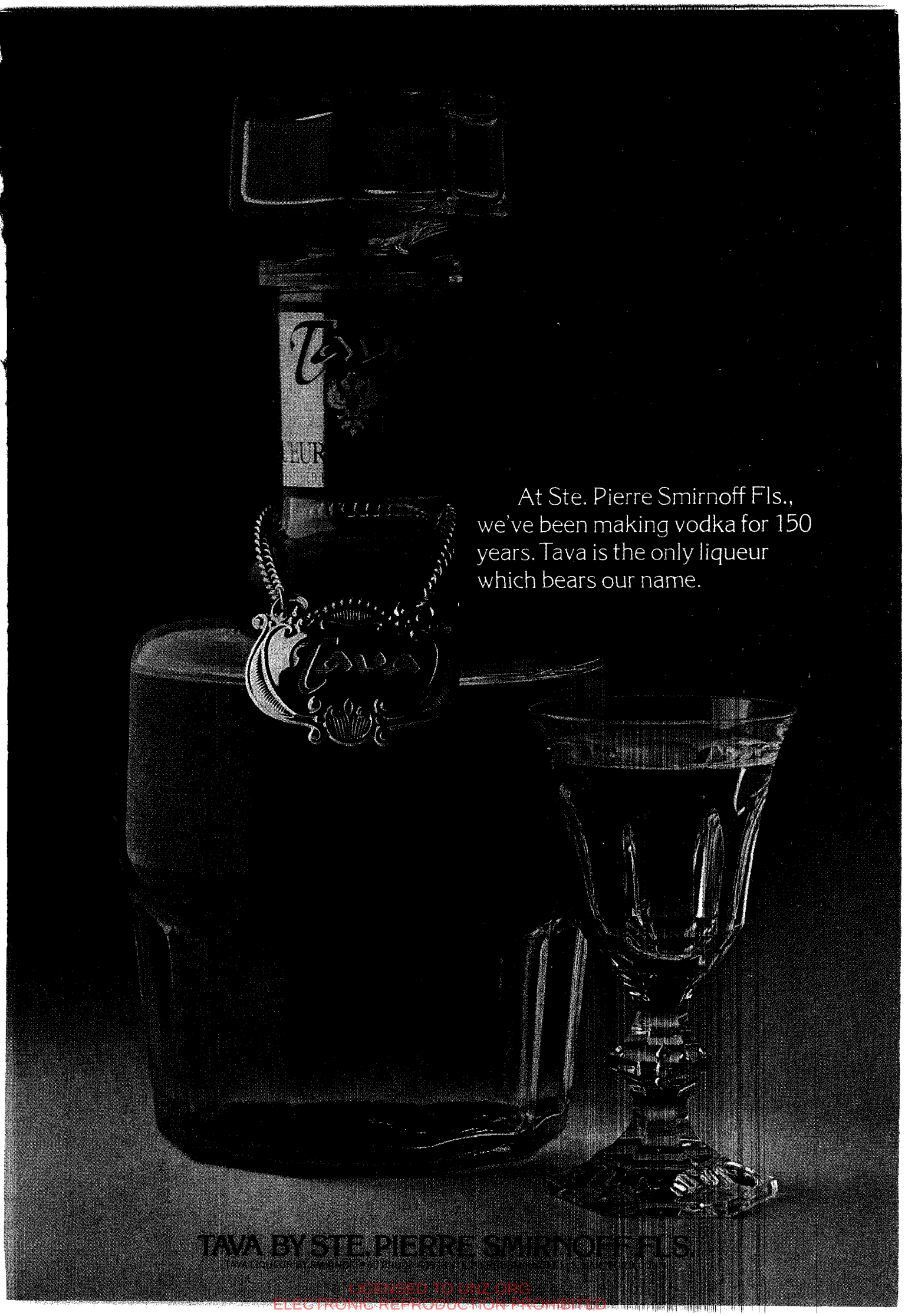

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Art; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, and Olympia; starting Nov. 13.)

Chloé in the Afternoon (1972)—Will the squeamish, married hero (Bernard Verley) break down and go to bed with bohemian Chloé (Zouzou), or won't he? The author-director Eric Rohmer, a specialist in the eroticism of nonsexual affairs, is a superb lapidary craftsman who works on a very small scale. This movie is, in its way, just about perfect, but it's minor, and so polished that it practically evaporates a half hour after it's over. In French. (Columbia I; through Nov. 7.)

Claire's Knee (1970)—The air is thick with summer and leisure in Eric Rohmer's serene story of a vacationing diplomat (Jean-Claude Brialy) who says he is interested only in women's minds and then has an "undefined desire" to stroke a young girl's knee. There's a rather enigmatic woman novelist who stands in for the director and makes ponderous remarks, but Rohmer's quiet, complacent movie-novel game is pleasing, and an exquisitely gawky teen-age actress, Beatrice Romand, who plays a subsidiary role, looks like a Pisanello princess. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13-14.)

Coming Apart (1969)—Rip Torn is a psychiatrist whose crackup involves a series of sexual encounters, a few of them amusing but most of them intended to be "joyless"—and the movie certainly succeeds in making them so. With Sally Kirkland. Written and directed by Milton Moses Ginsberg. (Elgin; Nov. 10-11.)

Confessions of a Window Cleaner—With Bill Maynard and Dandy Nichols, directed by Val Guest. (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.; starting Nov. 8.)

The Conformist (1970)—Bernardo Bertolucci's extraordinarily rich adaptation of the Moravia novel, with Jean-Louis Trintignant as the aristocratic Fascist, Stefania Sandrelli as his deliciously corrupt, empty-headed wife, and Dominique Sanda as the tiger woman he would like to run away with. Bertolucci has a poet's gift for using objects, landscapes, and people expressively. In Italian. (St. Marks Cinema; starting Nov. 13.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 12-13.)

Devi (1962)—Sharmila Tagore is the young girl who is led to believe she is an incarnation of the goddess Kali in Satyajit Ray's subtle, ironic film about Indian superstitions, which was originally banned from export until Nehru interceded. Ray's feeling for the beauty within the disintegrating way of life of the nineteenth-century land-owning class makes this one of the few honest films ever made about decadence. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)

Dr. Strangelove (1964)—Stanley Kubrick's fantastically bold and abusive comedy, starring Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, Sterling Hayden, Keenan Wynn, and Slim Pickens. (Elgin; Nov. 7-9.)

Dodes'ka-den (1971)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; starting Nov. 13.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (Gramercy; starting Nov. 13.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Beekman; through Nov. 9. No evening performances on Thursday, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8-9.)

11 Harrowhouse—An awkward, harmless, small-time American (Charles Grodin) tries to rob the international diamond syndicate, based in London and headed by John Gielgud. This

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lackadaisical caper comedy is inoffensive, but the comic ideas don't build or erupt, and since the director, Aram Avakian, fails to get any suspense going, it becomes a bumbling and stupid romp. The cast includes Candice Bergen at her most beautiful (she's so consistently gorgeous that she looks like a science-fiction creation); Trevor Howard, waving his arms a lot in a helpless attempt to earn his salary; Helen Cherry; and James Mason, who provides the only two good scenes in the movie. Playing an underling of Gielgud's, he shows the sly, almost dirty sense of farce that he demonstrated in "Lolita." (10/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

The Emperor Jones (1933)—Eugene O'Neill's play about a black man's disintegration was conceived in a semi-Expressionist style, and it was filmed in that style by Dudley Murphy, from a screenplay by DuBose Heyward. Murphy, a director with some ideas but almost no technique, used painted sets, exaggerated décor, and an artificial jungle; the effects are sometimes powerful, sometimes ridiculous. O'Neill's violent emotions are accurately rendered by Paul Robeson and Dudley Digges, though they seem to be acting on a stage. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 9.)

Fahrenheit 451 (1966)—Ray Bradbury's story about a future society in which books are forbidden was filmed in England by François Truffaut, with Julie Christie and Oskar Werner. The performers seem listless, and the whole enterprise is a little drab. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 11-12.)

The Family—With Charles Bronson, Telly Savalas, and Jill Ireland, directed by Sergio Sollima. (Eastside Cinema, and U. A. East; through Nov. 7.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In English. (Regency; through Nov. 12.)

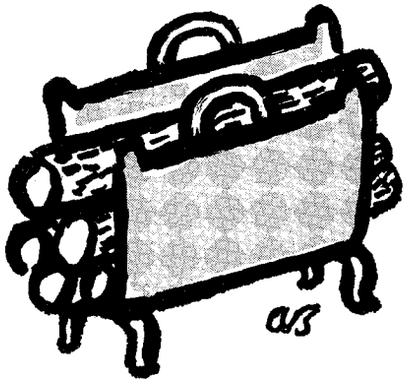
Le Fantôme de la Liberté—The theme of Buñuel's latest turns out to be freedom in the sense of "chance": the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great tonic style, but this is a piffle. The actors come on in relays; the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (10/28/74) (Paris.)

Fear Eats the Soul-Ali—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (First Avenue Screening Room.)

La Femme Infidèle (1969)—Claude Chabrol's quiet and elegant thriller about the hidden violence of overcivilized people. Conventional, but very well made. With Stéphane Audran, Michel Bouquet, and Maurice Ronet. In French. (Elgin; Nov. 6.)

First Position (1973)—William Richert's film about the daily lives of several students and teachers at a ballet school. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Five Easy Pieces (1970)—Jack Nicholson plays the throw-out of a gifted, sedate family of musicians. He has the same musical gift, but prefers to squander it as he squanders his life. He has a delicate ear for auspicious beginnings, and when time gives out on him he knows how to run. Bob Rafelson directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9.)



Flesh Gordon—With Jason Williams, directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste. X rated. (Thalia; starting Nov. 13.)

Fog Over Frisco (1934)—One of the routine Warners gangster pictures that Bette Davis was tossed into. She's a dissolute heiress, out for thrills; her socializing with the mob lands her, at last, curled up in a rumble seat, nastily dead. It's not much of a picture, and there's time wasted on Donald Woods as a smart-aleck reporter with deadline troubles, but Davis gives it that nervy flash of hers. She doesn't get much help from the likes of mush-mouthed Margaret Lindsay, or from Lyle Talbot. William Dieterle directed; with Arthur Byron, Irving Pichel, and Henry O'Neill. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 13.)

The French Connection (1971)—Tracking down a shipment of heroin in New York City. A slambang thriller that zaps the audience by noise, speed, and brutality. It's certainly exciting, but that excitement isn't necessarily a pleasure. Gene Hackman plays the low-life police detective who cracks the case; William Friedkin directed. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 8.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing-off. (10/14/74) (Loews Tower East.)

A Generation (1954)—Directed by Andrzej Wadja. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 6.)

The Girl from Petrovka—Cold soup. Clammy sentimentality about an Iron Curtain love affair set in bitter winter. Hal Holbrook, gentle, mustached, and tall—looking very like Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.—plays a United States news correspondent in Moscow. He sells his dead wife's clothing to his friend (Anthony Hopkins), who is officially a swimming instructor but actually a dealer in anything from black-market clothes to girls. Watching a ballet blass, Holbrook meets Zoran Andric, as a jazz musician, and Goldie Hawn, as a suspiciously childlike ballet waif who turns out to be an agile opportunist. Unintentionally funny moments of dialogue, and a perilous amount of naïveté about the Soviet Union's approach to "decadent" jazz and obvious dissidents. Directed by Robert Ellis Miller from a poor book by George Feifer. (Thalia; through Nov. 12.)

Giuseppe Verdi—A musical biography, with Tito Gobbi and Mario Del Monaco. Directed by Raffaele Matarazzo. (Trans-Lux 85th St.; through Nov. 9.)

Going Places—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere as two Rabelaisian young layabouts who serve as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures. They spend their time like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting—teasing middle-aged women, stealing cars, making idle love to a girl whom they cruelly call frigid when they have always treated her abominably. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is bluster. So is a lot of the film, in its desolately aimless way. Jeanne Moreau, as an ex-convict, provides the one gleam of fire and poise. Directed by Bertrand Blier from his own novel. In French. (5/20/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 7.)

Gold—A recycling of the old straightforward adventure films: the musty plot is about an international syndicate that floods a South African mine in order to drive up the price of gold. The picture is mindlessly passable, largely because it was shot on location in South African mines and in and around Johannesburg. The director, Peter Hunt, can't be much more than efficient with this material, but at least he doesn't try to squeeze us emotionally on behalf of the stock characters, played by bland, dimply Roger Moore, Simon Sabela, Susannah York, Bradford Dill-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

man, John Gielgud, and Ray Milland, who manages to inject the only note of personality. (10/21/74) (34th St. East, and Fine Arts.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. Parts of them, that is. With the widening of the image, the actors have been reduced to torsos. (Gramercy, and Waverly; through Nov. 12. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema, and U.A. East; starting Nov. 8.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Guild.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

I. F. Stone's Weekly (1973)—A wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. The film is a tribute, a patiently accumulated portrait, and a record of a clear-minded man who consistently makes order from the sort of chaos that benefits the powerful, and who never fails to name rascals or traitors to the truth. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (4/22/74) (Quad Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

Indiscreet (1958)—Rather tired. One of those would-be fluffy comedies written by Norman Krasna. Cary Grant, an American diplomat abroad, pretends to be married so that Ingrid Bergman, an actress with whom he's having an affair, won't get matrimonial ambitions. Of course, he's found out, and the wheels grind on to a happy ending. Stanley Donen directed; Cecil Parker and Phyllis Calvert round out the cast of people who are a little overage for the childish pranks. (New Yorker; starting Nov. 13.)

Le Jour Se Lève ("Daybreak;" 1939)—The director, Marcel Carné, and the writer, Jacques Prévert, collaborated on this justly famous film about a decent sort of man (Jean Gabin) who is forced to become a murderer by the masochistic trickery of the man he kills (Jules Berry). Perhaps the finest of the French poetic melodramas. With Arletty, and a good score by Maurice Jaubert. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 7.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment

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by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (Greenwich. . . . ¶ Paramount; through Nov. 9.)

King of Hearts (1967)—Philippe de Broca makes a lulling and rather winsome period comedy about a 1918 soldier in an evacuated village now inhabited only by zoo animals and lunatics in fancy dress. With Alan Bates. In French and English. (Cinema Studio.)

The King of Marvin Gardens (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries, valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly self-serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 9.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in contemporary Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, sets up his wartime situations and casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as the Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (68th St. Playhouse.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (Coronet. . . . ¶ Little Carnegie; through Nov. 7.)

Lenny—With Dustin Hoffman as Lenny Bruce. Directed by Bob Fosse. (Cinema I; starting Nov. 10.)

The Little Foxes (1941)—Bette Davis's tight, dry performance was probably a mistake; her Regina is so villainous that this version of Lillian Hellman's play about a Southern family of predators doesn't have the temperament and drive that Tallulah Bankhead gave it on the stage. But it's a handsome movie melodrama, well contrived and showily acted. William Wyler directed; with Herbert Marshall, Teresa Wright, Patricia Collinge, Richard Carlson, Charles Dingle, and Dan Duryea, overdoing the whinnying weakling. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Nov. 13.)

Little Murders (1971)—Jules Feiffer's satirical comedy about urban decay and living between assassinations has become fairly gross in this movie version, directed by Alan Arkin. Elliott Gould is the catatonic hero. (St. Marks Cinema; through Nov. 12.)

The Little Prince—A musical by Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe, with Richard Kiley and Bob Fosse. Directed by Stanley Donen. (Music Hall; starting Nov. 7.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing—an unexpected comedian. In French. (5/6/74) (New Yorker; through Nov. 12.)

The Longest Yard—Burt Reynolds as a sellout quarterback turned superstud gigolo lands in prison; he rediscovers his manhood through helping a bunch of convicts fight for theirs. The picture is a brutal bash, but the laughter at the brutality has no meanness in it: everybody knows that the blood isn't real. Robert Aldrich directed this comic fantasy, centering on a football game between crazily ruthless convicts and crazily ruthless guards; for all its bone-crunching collisions, it's almost irresistibly good-natured and funny. With Ed Lauter, Eddie Albert, and Bernadette Peters. (10/14/74) (Juliet 2, and Symphony.)

Mädchen in Uniform (1932)—A sensitive young girl (Herthe Thiele) in a fashionable school is unhappy under the harsh, Prussian discipline; she flowers when a sympathetic, understanding teacher (Dorothea Wieck) gives her special consideration. This consideration is ambiguous and certainly sensual. The teacher is not viewed as decadent or even naughty; she appears to be on the side of the liberal, humanitarian angels, yet she seems unmistakably lesbian. This legendary film, temporarily obstructed by U.S. censors, was later voted the best film of the year by the New York press. It was directed by Leontine Sagan from Christa Winsloe's play "Yesterday and Today"—one of the few occasions in film history when a woman writer's material has also been directed by a woman. The picture is always described as sensitive; it's also a rather loaded piece of special pleading. In German. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through Nov. 9.)

Miss Julie (1950)—Strindberg's passionate, relentless drama of sexual debasement, directed by Alf Sjöberg. Anita Björk is the fragile, capricious, feudal aristocrat who encourages her father's servile valet to seduce her; she sustains the demanding role with intensity and grace. As the valet, Ulf Palme matches her performance with a surly, sly arrogance that makes his conquest of her a true degradation. The expansion of the play over considerable lyric acreage and preceding gen-

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erations is ill-advised; it tends to dissipate the confined, harrowing drama. But the performances make this a powerful version, nevertheless, and it took the Grand Prix at Cannes in 1951. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

My Night at Maud's (1970)—A fine film by Eric Rohmer, terrifically intelligent, quizzically sexy, with three droll grownups talking about—for once, in films—things that grownups do actually talk about. Rohmer has a better understanding than anyone else around of the way people listen. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 13-14.)

The NADA Gang—With Fabio Testi, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s-m Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Baronet.)

Odd Man Out (1947)—James Mason as the wounded Irish rebel stumbling through the streets of Belfast looking for refuge. An extraordinary film with memorable moments, despite some inflated ideas in the script. Carol Reed directed, and did a fine job. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Cinema II, and Loews Orpheum.)

Open Season—With Peter Fonda and John Phillip Law, directed by Peter Collinson. (Columbia II, and Loews 83rd St.; through Nov. 7.)

Phantom of the Paradise—With Paul Williams and William Finley, directed by Brian De Palma. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Trans-Lux East.)

Playtime (1968)—Jacques Tati's most innovative work. M. Hulot is still here—high-belted trousers, short raincoat, loping walk, as if he were braced to smash a tennis volley—but his importance has receded, because Tati's view is that the hero of modern urban life is everybody. He sees something comic in every character in the picture, without ridicule, and he says something acute and physically eloquent about movement. (7/2/73) (Thalia; starting Nov. 13.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The most imaginative and elaborate backstage musical ever filmed, and many have called it great. The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also called "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a young girl who puts on an enchanted pair of slippers that will not let her stop dancing; the film's story is, of course, the same story. The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, Anton Walbrook, Marius Goring, Albert Basserman, and Ludmilla Tcherina. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people as romantically as Zeffirelli's "Romeo and Juliet" does, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high *kitsch*. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Romeo and Juliet (1968)—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap. His version features teen-agers and sword fights and extravagant grand passions. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 10.)

Rosalie (1938)—Eleanor Powell, in her big smiles and big puffed sleeves, and Ray Bolger dance together—sort of. She also has a sort of romance with Nelson Eddy, who looks even more uncomfortable about the whole thing than she does—and romance was never her forte. W. S. Van Dyke directed this berserk M-G-M musical, which is redeemed occasionally by Bolger and the Cole Porter songs—a prize group including "In the Still of the Night," "I Know It's Not Meant for Me," and "It's All Over But the Shouting"—which are, however, staged execrably. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Nov. 10-12.)

The Ruling Class (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slav-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Elgin; starting Nov. 14.)

Sanshiro Sugata (1943)—With Susumu Fujita, directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (Regency; starting Nov. 13.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie is wonderfully literate and constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. The mood of their assignation on their annulled twentieth wedding anniversary is tender, farcical, and indestructible. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Cinema I; through Nov. 9. . . . ¶ Beekman, and Paramount; starting Nov. 10.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (72nd Street East; through Nov. 12.)

The Seven-Ups—With Roy Scheider, directed by Philip D'Antoni. (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Nov. 8.)

Start the Revolution Without Me (1970)—A parody of swashbucklers that begins bouncingly with the birth of Donald Sutherland and Gene Wilder as two sets of identical twins, mismatched by a harried obstetrician—one mismatched pair to be raised as peasants, the other pair as aristocrats. Some funny ideas, but it gets too silly. Hugh Griffith is a poignantly befuddled Louis XVI. Bud Yorkin directed. (Elgin; starting Nov. 14.)

La Strada (1956)—Federico Fellini's spiritual fable sets a mood, and it remains in one's memory—even if one rejects the meaning of the fable. Giulietta Masina is the innocent waif, Anthony Quinn the brutal strong man, Richard Basehart the artist-clown. (It is unusual to remember the names of characters in movies, but Quinn's Zampano is hard to forget.) In Italian. (Beekman; through Nov. 9. No evening performances on Thursday, Nov. 7.)

A Streetcar Named Desire (1951)—Some of the best dialogue ever written by an American, and two of the greatest performances ever put on film. Marlon Brando plays the brutal Stanley Kowalski, who shatters the system of illusions that Blanche DuBois (Vivien Leigh) lives by. Elia Kazan directed the Tennessee Williams play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 8.)

Such a Gorgeous Kid Like Me (1973)—Truffaut, and by no means at his best. The heroine, played by Bernadette Lafont, capsizes the meagre possibilities of the original Henry Farrell book about an amoral nymphomaniac who seizes the love of an innocent sociologist by seeming as hard as nails, whereas the sociologist sees her as a victim of a rotten childhood. The theme of the too easily beguiled intellectual strikes one as rather overworked, though there are five or six wonderful Truffaut scenes. In French. (3/31/73) (Columbia I; through Nov. 7.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director,

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and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon, and Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 8.)

The Sugarland Express—Lou Jean (Goldie Hawn) gets off a bus in Texas, and her bouncy, determined walk spells trouble. She could have a sign engraved on her forehead: "I want it now." Whatever it is, Lou Jean can't wait for it. The film is about the foul-up she causes when she and her husband (William Atherton), who have lost custody of their infant son, try to get him back by taking a highway-patrol officer (Michael Sacks) hostage. The picture is commercial and shallow, yet it has eagerness and flash and talent. The director, Steven Spielberg, is in his twenties and a wizard at action sequences; in terms of the pleasure that technical assurance gives an audience, this film is one of the most phenomenal début films in the history of movies. (3/18/74) (Thalia; through Nov. 12.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (86th St. East.)

The Tamarind Seed—Written and directed by Blake Edwards. According to the legend of the tamarind seed, a slave accused of stealing a sheep was hanged from a tamarind tree. He protested his innocence; since then, the tree has regularly borne a seed in the shape of a man's head. The film has a slave to Communism in it, played by Omar Sharif, and a sheep, or woman, played by Julie Andrews. The slave is something or other in the Soviet Embassy in Paris; the sheep is something or other in the Foreign Office in London. They twice go to Barbados, and the first time, incredibly, Nothing Happens. Sharif looks very hirsute, like a Scottish terrier racked with helpless eroticism. The well-known words "We mustn't" are used not only for sexuality but also for spying. Bilge. (7/15/74) (Olympia; through Nov. 12.)

Teorema (1969)—Some people break up on lines like "You came to destroy me" and "I was living in a void," and they find Pasolini's platitudes and riddles and the Is-this-man-Christ-or-a-devil game ludicrously pretentious. Others profess to find spiritual sustenance in this movie. With Terence Stamp and Silvana Mangano. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 14.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the compères include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Festival. No evening performances on Tuesday, Nov. 12. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through Nov. 12.)

The Third Man (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. The quiet American at large again. A thriller of highest class. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 13.)

The Three Ages (1923)—Buster Keaton in love in the Stone Age, the Roman Age, and the Modern Age. With Margaret Leahy, Wallace Beery, Joe Roberts, and Horace Morgan. Directed by Keaton. (Elgin; Sunday, Nov. 10, one performance, at noon.)

Torment (1947)—Alf Sjöberg directed this famous study of adolescent despair and mean-spirited, authoritarian education. It was written by the twenty-five-year-old Ingmar Bergman, who worked on it as Sjöberg's assistant. (The following year, Bergman became a director.) Stig Järrel plays the sadist schoolmaster; the student and the shopgirl whom he victimizes are played by Alf Kjellin and Mai Zetterling (who have also become directors). Gunnar Björnstrand and others of Bergman's troupe may be glimpsed in small roles, looking very young. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; through Nov. 7.)

Travels with My Aunt (1972)—Maggie Smith gives a desperate, flustered performance as the disreputable Augusta, a woman in her seventies who induces her stuffy nephew (Alec McCowen) to accompany her on her travels. Whatever private joke Graham Greene was working out in the novel, the message here is "Live, live, live!" But the movie itself has no real zing; it seems to run down before it gets started, and just about everyone in it looks miscast. George Cukor directed. (1/13/73) (Olympia; through Nov. 12.)

Le Trio Infernal—With Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli, directed by Francis Girod. In French. (Little Carnegie; starting Nov. 8.)

Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Nov. 12.)

The Two of Us (1967)—Set during the Occupation in France, this account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant (Michel Simon) and a little Jewish boy is affecting but rather too artless. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Embassy 72nd St.; through Nov. 7.)

2001: A Space Odyssey (1968)—Stanley Kubrick's prophetic myth of ourselves thirty-three years later. He introduces the idea of an extraterrestrial intelligence that much diminishes mankind's small achievement in stumbling upward from apedom in the direction of computers. "2001" is some sort of great film, and often appallingly funny. (Ziegfeld; through Nov. 12.)

The White Sheik (1951)—An affectionate satire on glamour and delusion by Fellini—pleasant but a little flat. Brunella Bova is the star-struck bride who leaves her husband (Leopoldo Trieste) on their honeymoon when she meets a cheap actor—Alberto Sordi, in a marvellous performance. With Giulietta Masina, as a whore—the role that was later expanded and became "Nights of Cabiria." In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Nov. 8-9.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology the point of view is so unstable that it seem to be more sophomoric than anything else With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, a well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferber A Yugoslavian film. (Elgin; Nov. 10-11.)

Yellow Submarine (1968)—Brightly colored a ingenious Pop Art animation, so blatant derivative that it's an entertaining catalog of twentieth-century graphic design. With t songs by the Beatles. (Regency; through N 12.)

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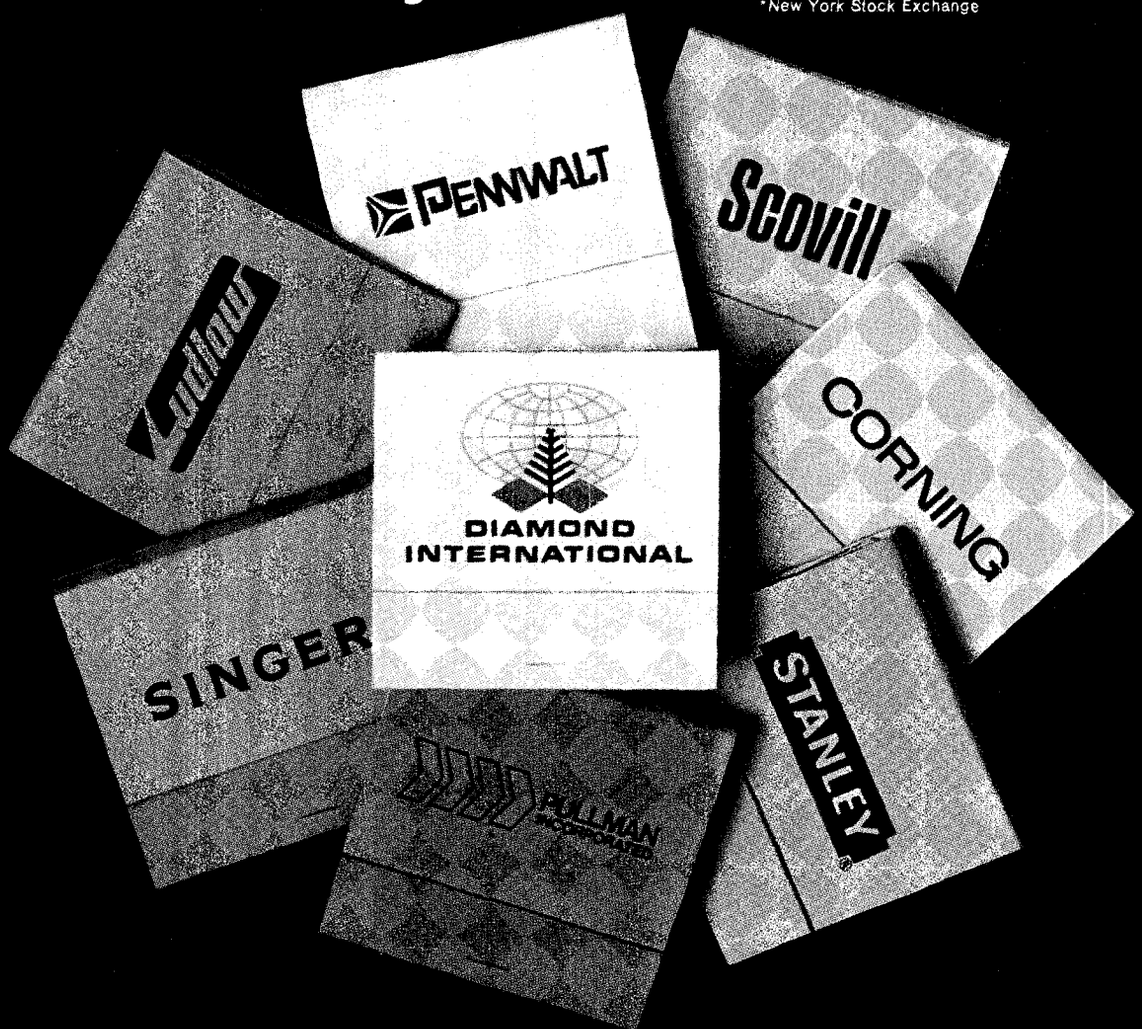

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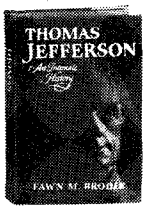

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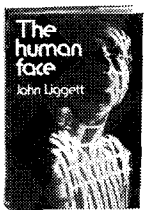

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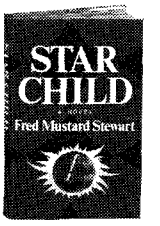

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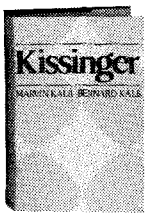

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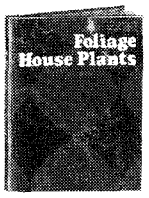

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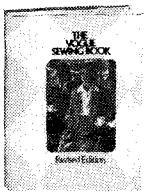

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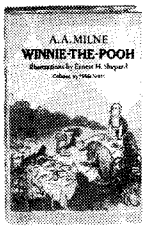

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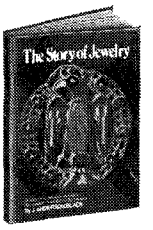

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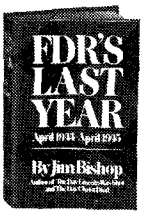

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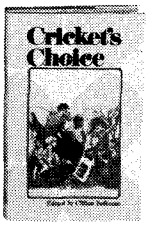

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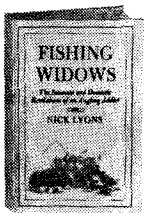

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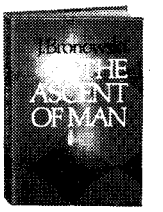

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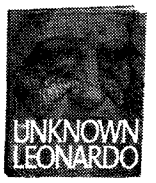

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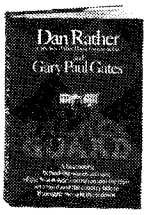

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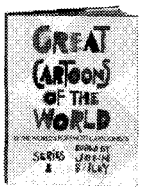

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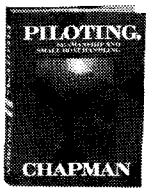

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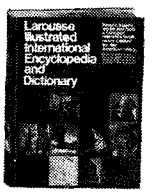

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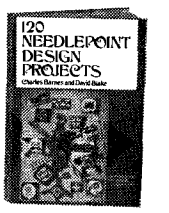

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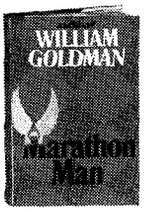

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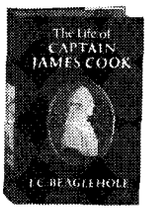

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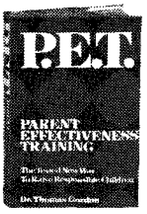

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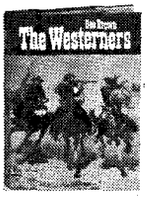

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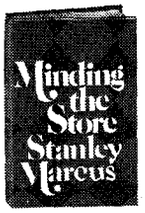

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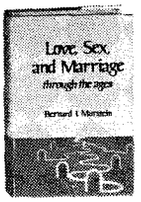

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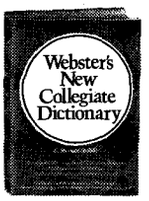

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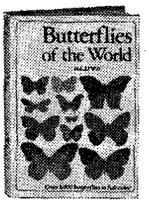

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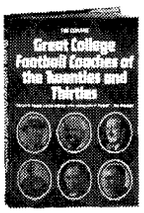

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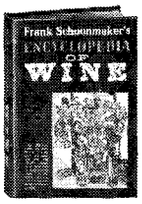

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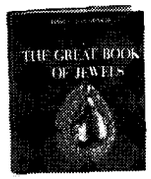

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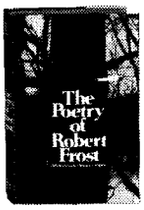

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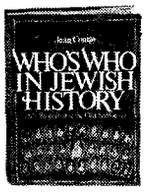

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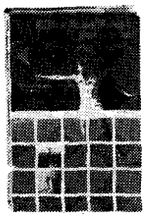

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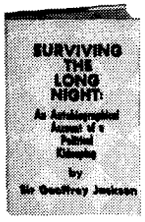

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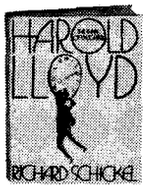

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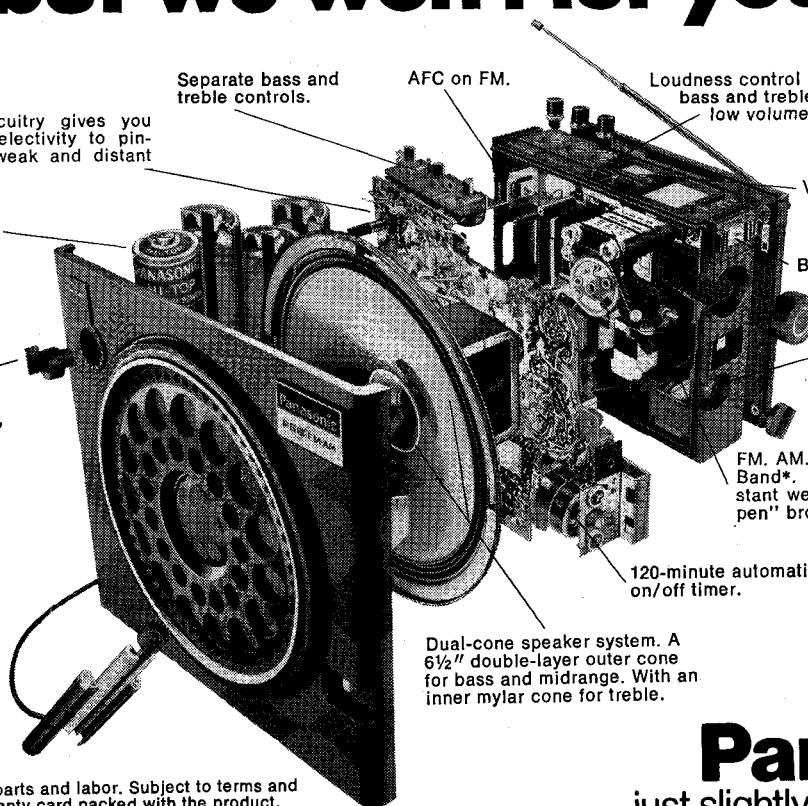

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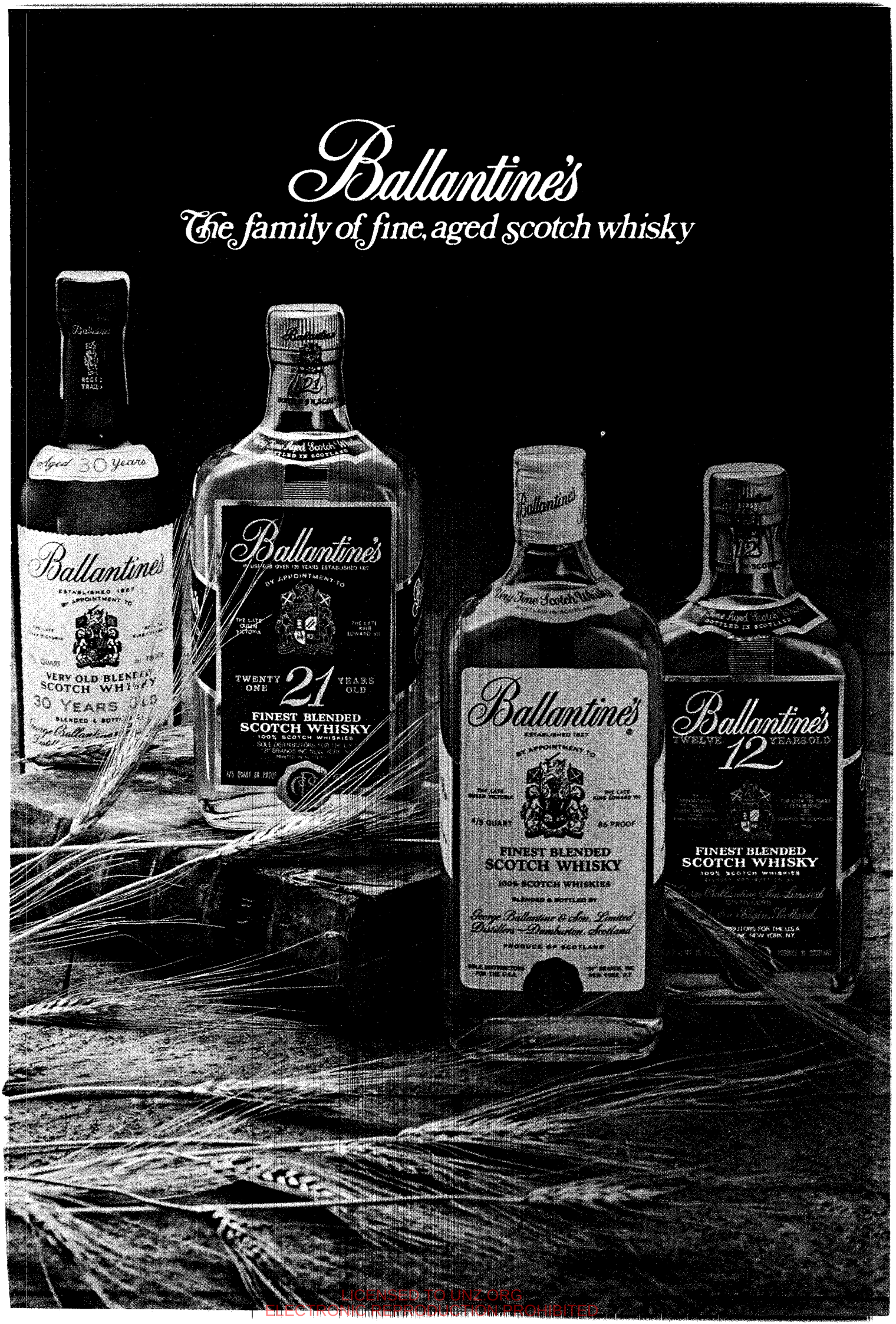

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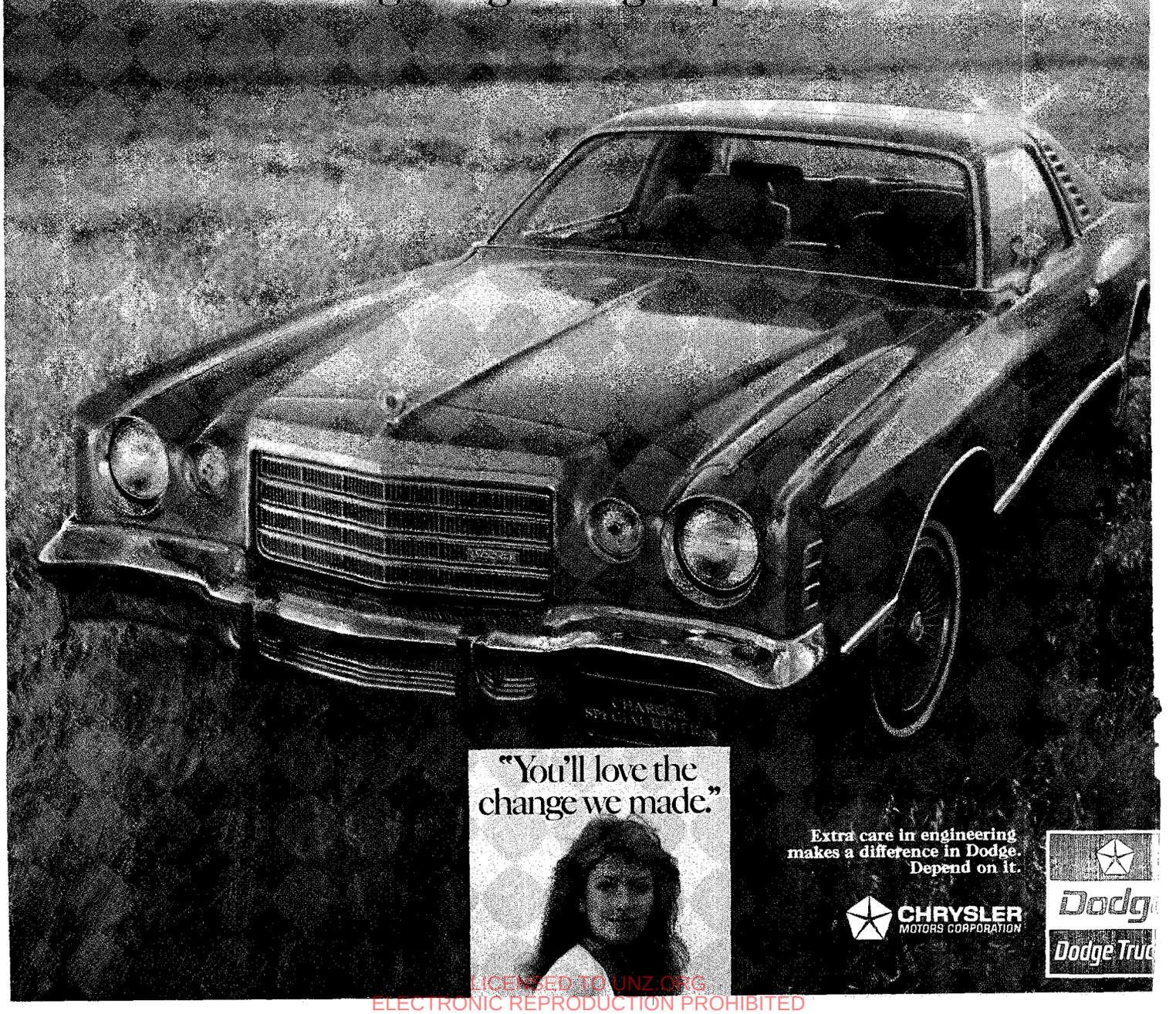

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10 ways to give your small business a fighting chance against inflation and other perils.

You want your business to be profitable, and so do we. To help, we've made a list of 10 essential things every small business owner needs to know about in these complicated times. Our thinking's free of charge, because we believe that helping you protect your financial future means better business for us both. Simply check the ones you'd like to hear more about and send this page, along with your name and address, to Phoenix Mutual, One American Row, Hartford, Conn. 06115.

1. Business valuation: If you haven't taken steps to establish a value for your business, there will come a time when the Internal Revenue Service will do it for you.

2. Accumulated earnings tax: This specialized 27.5% tax can really hurt a small business. If you don't know what it is or when it applies, you should.

3. Stock attribution rules: If you're in business with relatives, stock transactions can be complicated. A wrong move can destroy your plans.

4. Incorporation: It's surprising how many businesses that should be incorporated aren't. Incorporation could save you a lot of money.

5. Employee benefit and incentive plans: In today's marketplace, you have to compete with other companies. For employees. Without good benefit and incentive plans like pensions and profit sharing, you're not really competitive.

6. Tax shelters for you and key employees: Everyone talks about oil depletions and cattle ranches, but the more practical tax shelters are a lot closer to home.

7. Salary/wage continuation: In unsettled economic times, deferring compensation can provide current tax savings as well as protection against inflation.

8. Disability protection, including overhead expenses: If you're suddenly disabled, certain business expenses will have to continue. You need protection.

9. Stock redemption plans: At least one personal tax bill can be picked up by your business. It's worth looking into.

10. Your personal estate conservation: Sometimes you can be so busy making your small business a success, you don't have the time or the energy to do the same with your personal financial planning.

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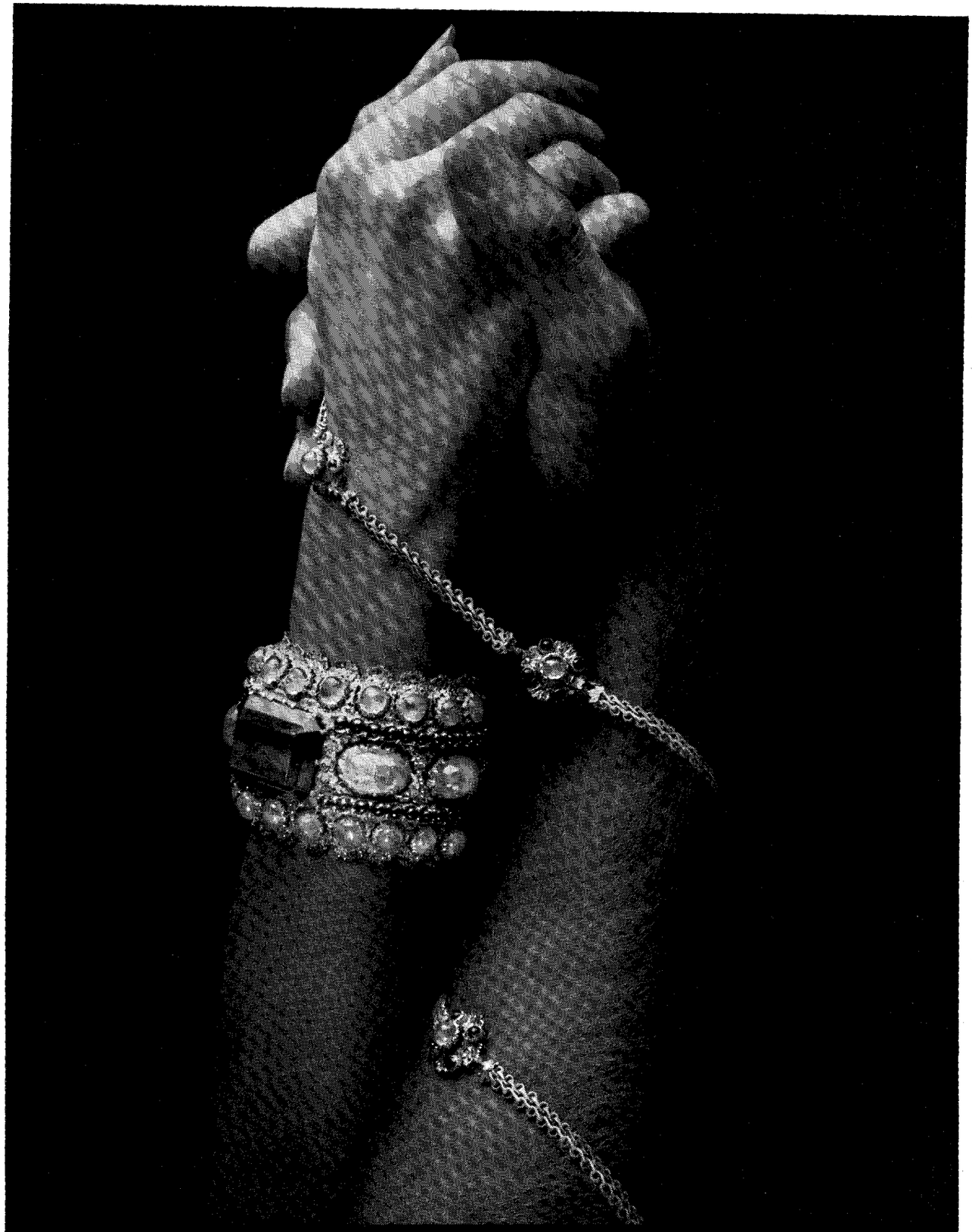

She is wearing one of the Buccellati bracelets that the cognoscenti have come to recognize as completely unique in all the world. The large citrine, surrounded by emeralds and garnets, is worked into textured gold. He is holding the necklace, created with the same golden Buccellati touch. Both are extraordinary examples of Buccellati's art. The bracelet, $13,500. The matching pendant clip (not shown) $7,500. The necklace, $4,500.

BUCCELLATI

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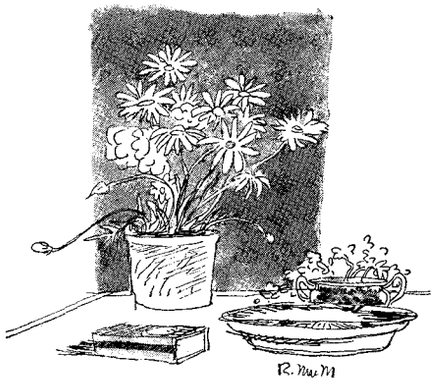
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A FRIEND writes:

After spending an exciting eight or nine days at Forest Hills a few weeks ago, I was struck with a thought. Forest Hills was (let us say) amply provided with commercial messages in which the stars and superstars declared their affection for particular brands of racquets, balls, clothing, suntan oil, cameras, luggage, airlines, et al. (Rod Laver, for one, is said to have some fifty contracts cooking). My thought involved turning myself into an Authors' Representative—not the conventional sort of literary agent, who sees to the sale of an author's work, but, rather, one who handles his Endorsements. This area is, as I'm sure you know, badly neglected. Being modestly well acquainted within what is known as the literary establishment, I felt I would have no difficulty signing up a dozen or so biggies immediately—a number of them are friends of my Aunt Ada, who gives them cauliflower cookies and good advice. Acquiring a stable, then, would be the easy part; the hard part would be matching the particular author's name—and, where appropriate, person—to the exactly right good or service. Typewriters were too easy. I.B.M., Remington, Royal, Smith-Corona, Olivetti, and the like were sitting ducks—no creativity on my part required. But typewriter covers? I envisioned a large color photograph of Jack Barth, for instance, leaning on a typewriter tastefully shrouded in a dashing goat-gray cover with a large autograph, "John Barth," plainly in view. "The big book *demands* a clean machine," the copy will read. "The John Barth typewriter cover delivers. Dacron polyester and worsted-wool gabardine, treated to resist rain, stain, and those funny little inimical particles that fill the air nowadays." Dynamite, no?

I then quickly sketched out a proposal for a line of writing wear: turtlenecks, colored socks, long black capes lined with pencil sharpeners, hair shirts, and warmup suits—either McGregor or Gleneagles, either Phil Roth or Cal Lowell. The William Gass sweatband. The Bill Styron wristlet. (Should wristlet and elbow brace be marketed together or separately?) Typewriter paper with the exclusive Joyce Carol Oates watermark—falling tear? Breakfast foods, Kurt Vonnegut—neat double play. Authors, unlike athletes, have no problems plugging whiskey, cigarettes, possibly even barbiturates—investigate. "When I finish a tough day at the typewriter," says poet-novelist Erica Jong, "it's a shot of Johnnie Walker Black Label for me!" Call Erica and ask her what she drinks. Air travel a natural for our leading literary Seldom Seen Kid (the phrase is Damon Runyon's). Who could resist the Tom Pynchon Getaway Adventure? Fourteen days of absolute absence, and we promise that you meet nobody—repeat, nobody. And what about *literary-criticism camps*, where beginners and middle-level performers can perfect their style and attack in beautifully wooded surroundings? "Let Anatole Broyard show YOU his fabulous backhand!" Hobnailed boots for young critics, either Puma or Adidas? Well, obviously my doors were going to be broken down by crass entrepreneurial types, but as I picked up the phone to order my new steel doors I flashed on one more scene: *painters*.



NBC color coast-to-coast of Big Bill de Kooning hurling his brush to the court in anger after missing an easy ground stroke?

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Resistance Art

A FEW hours before the big fight in Zaïre, we betook ourself (at about 10 P.M., Kinshasa time) to an appropriately pro-African pre-Halloween party—the opening of a show of some scary masks and other objets d'art from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, all of which are in the process of becoming separated from Portugal. The exhibit, held at the offices of the African-American Institute, across First Avenue from the United Nations, has a sort of double-entendre title: "Cultural Resistance." (It was used in a speech by Amilcar Cabral, the founder of the African Party for the Independence of Guinea and Cape Verde, shortly before his assassination, early in 1973.) We were welcomed by Frank Ferrari, the longtime vice-president of the institute, who said he had left Kinshasa just before the Ali-Foreman match in order to be present on this memorable occasion. "Isn't this something!" he said. "A lot of people told us we'd never be able to put it together." A member of the staff, Donna Klumpp, explained, "There just isn't much art anywhere in this country from the former Portuguese colonies, and the hundred-odd pieces we've assembled are what we think is the cream. There's a lot of crummy Makonde stuff in the United States, of course—brought back by everybody who's done the game-park circuit—but all this here is for real. Even so, considering that it's over here, and not where it came from, it's a cultural ripoff. You know who's expected this afternoon? Sharfudine Mohammed Khan himself, the observer for the Mozambique Liberation Front—that's FRELIMO, of course—at the U.N.! The only trou-

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ble is he's probably going to be late, because he's tied up in one of those U.N. Fourth Committee debates on Namibia."

The debate notwithstanding, the place was packed. The hosts quickly ran out of plastic cups—as sure a sign as any, these troubled days, of a successful art opening. We met a man from the United States World Without War Council who was telling his wife that a certain fierce Chokwe mask would be ideal for Halloween, and a woman from Larchmont who said she was working on a children's anthology of African poems, and added proudly that Eduardo Mondlane, the assassinated founder of FRELIMO, had attended her wedding. "I guess he would have been pretty happy about this ceremony," she said. Harold Rome hurried by. "I've got to see my mask on the wall," he said. It was a big one—too cumbersome for tricking or treating. A priest from the Consolata Society for Foreign Missions was holding forth in front of a half-dozen contemporary ebony sculptures, which he said were often produced under the influence of drugs. "One of our African missionaries tried whatever it is the artists use, and didn't feel anything at first and then was violently sick for two days, and never tried it again," the priest said.

Mr. Ferrari reappeared with a familiar-looking, important-looking man in tow, who we guessed at first glance might be Sharfudine Mohammed Khan, but it was Percy Sutton.

"You a connoisseur of African art?" we asked the Borough President.

"Not really," he said. "Frank, here, tells me what's good, and I look at it."

Eventually, Mr. Khan, a dapper man with a trimmed mustache, materialized. *He* looked strikingly like Harry Oppenheimer, the South African diamonds-and-gold man, but in the circumstances we forbore mentioning the resemblance and asked instead how things were going back in Mozambique. "It's all been very exciting," he said. "Things are moving along."

A Rockefeller Foundation executive interrupted to say that he had once stayed at an old African hotel in Lourenço Marques.

"Now it's a *new*-Africa hotel," said Mr. Khan.

We asked if he would perhaps be holding down a high government post after his country became fully independent next year.

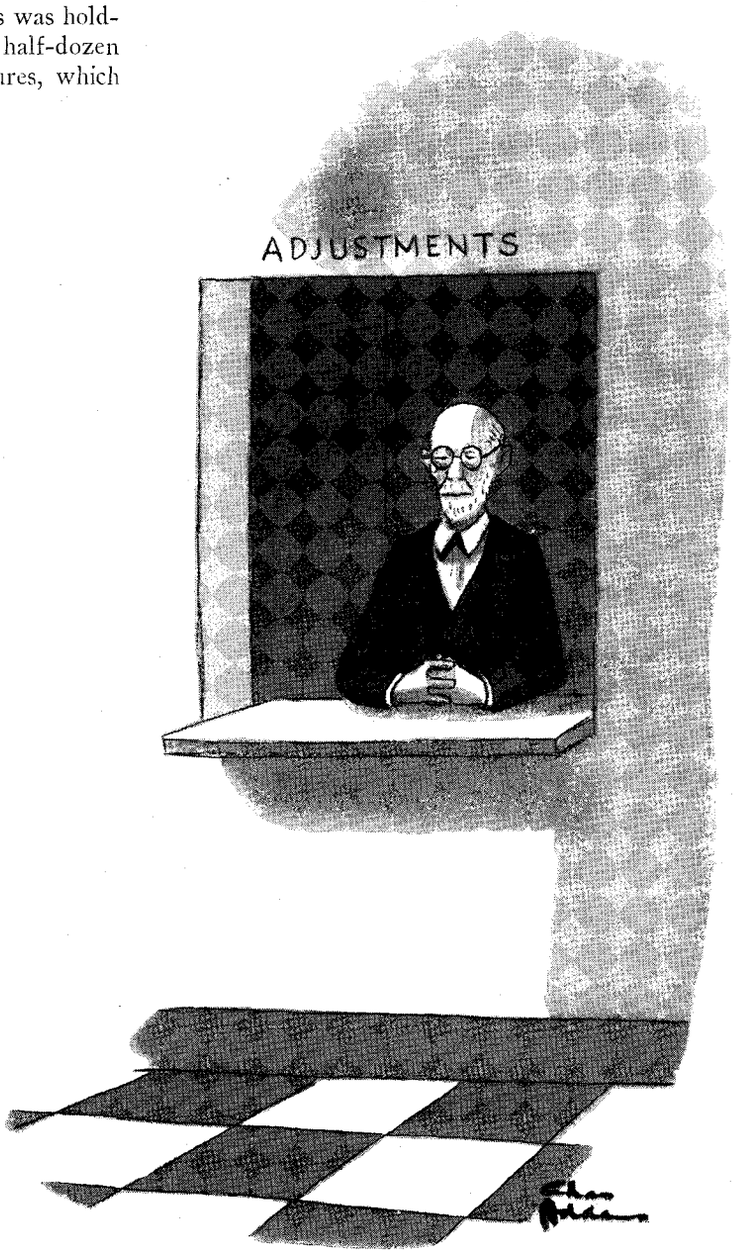
"That depends on the people," he said, smiling, and moved off toward an elegant, sinuous Baga serpent.

Unharmed

WE heard, a while ago, that B. Altman, the venerable mercantile house, was planning a "one-million-dollar renovation" in its main store. Now, fond as we are of alterations and upgradings of every sort, we were a little worried about this one, because B. Altman occupies venerable mercantile premises that scarcely permit improvement. We have always been especially attached to this building (erected in 1906), because it is not a tall building, because it is a very dignified building, because it recalls a princely mercantile style that has largely trickled off into suburban sand, and because, while it is usually described as being at Fifth and Thirty-fourth, it is actually at Fifth and Thirty-fourth, Fifth and Thirty-fifth, Madison and Thirty-fifth, and Madison and Thirty-fourth *simultaneously*. That is, it occupies one full city block (something that very few buildings do anymore) and is thus the only match New York has for Marshall Field & Company, in Chicago. Macy's and Bloomingdale's, of course, take up a full block, but they do it in a haphazard way, involving annexes, and entirely lack the architectural repose of B. Altman.

In any case, what we have to report is that we have looked into B. Altman's "one-million-dollar renovation," and can report that it is benign. It was naïve to suppose that anything very threatening could be achieved for a paltry one mil, and all we found when we dropped in the other night to inspect—there was a party, you see, to celebrate the successful disbursal of the one million dollars—was a new ground-floor men's department, all shiny and burnished and brown. The celebration was a big black-tie party, with good food and good liquor and a band that played songs in that "Dancing Cheek to Cheek" rhythm which is beginning to resurface, and there were lots of tables set up in the nice wide aisles on the store's ground floor. We saw a friend, and after a while he introduced us to Mr. Ferris Megarity, who had a very smooth face and a very smooth dinner jacket, and who was running the party. "Ferris will tell you all about the renovation," our friend said.

"No, I won't," said Mr. Megarity. "I'm tired to the bone, and I



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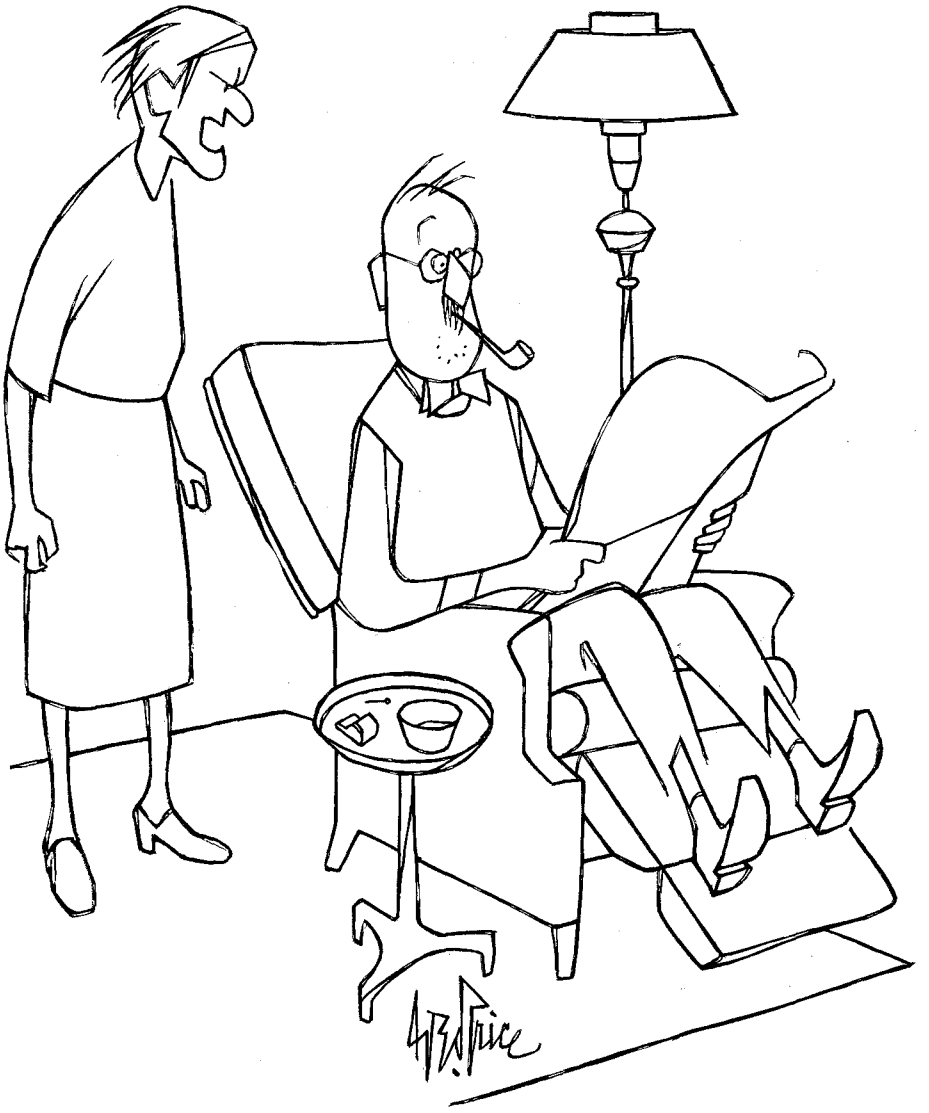
won't say another word. If you want to see it, it's over *there*." We went in the direction Mr. Megarity had indicated, looked at some gleaming metal clothes racks, admired the general air of cleanliness, and headed back to the bar, where we were overtaken by Mr. Megarity, who relented and gave us an extensive tour. We told Mr. Megarity that we were glad to see the building looking so well, and we asked him if the store was doing well. "*All* B. Altman stores do well," Mr. Megarity said firmly. We ran into another friend later, and this friend said that his opinion of the store was still high. "Even out in Detroit," he said, "my Mom will say, 'Look, this comes from Altman's.' "



"We'll have been married forty-one years come Tuesday. Don't you think it's high time you showed your true colors?"

Karajan Revisited

HERBERT VON KARAJAN, who is conducting the Berlin Philharmonic in four concerts at Carnegie Hall this week and next, is a multi-talented, ferociously energetic Renaissance man. We renewed our acquaintance with him when he passed through town recently (his concert tour began in Washington and will end in New York), and we can report that, at sixty-six, he is still putting in twelve-hour days and working on half a dozen projects simultaneously. We found the Maestro, dressed in black slacks and an open-necked black sports shirt, in his suite at the Carlyle, studying a symphonic score with the telephone turned off. (Karajan conducts from memory, and prepares most carefully for each concert.) His thick gray hair stood up in tufts on his head, his complexion was ruddy, his step was full of spring, and his penetrating blue eyes were benevolent. When we asked about his current activities, he sat down, slipped off an aviator's chunky wristwatch, fiddled with it for a moment, and said, "Well, I have been doing a lot of concerts and recordings with the Berlin Philharmonic recently. We have recorded the Beethoven 'Missa Solemnis' and a group of works by Schoenberg, Webern, and Berg. The Schoenberg 'Variations for Orchestra' was a particular challenge, because, although I've done it in concert, there are demands in the score that simply can't be fulfilled in a live performance. For one twenty-three-minute variation we had twelve recording sessions! We spaced the musicians around the hall differently for each variation, so the instruments would come through clearly, and we recorded on eighteen channels. My second major project is a new film of Verdi's 'Otello,' with Vickers, Freni, and Glossop—the perfect cast. We shot it in Munich two summers ago, but it took the better part of a year and a half to cut and mix. I've had to learn the technical side of recording and filmmaking, so that I could be sure of controlling the final product. Many conductors record and walk away, which is a mistake, because then the sound engineers and the film editors take the raw material and turn out *their* interpretation of your work. They may know your style, but they are not musicians and they usually don't understand the architecture of a score. I'm also keeping an eye on the Herbert von Karajan Foundation, which conducts acoustic-medical research in Salzburg and sponsors a conductors' competition and a youth-orchestra competition in Berlin. We uncovered several major conducting talents in the last group—a wonderful Israeli boy, who has taken over my old opera house at Aachen, and two brilliant young Russians. I sent one of them back to the late Yekaterina Furtseva, the Minister of Culture, with a letter saying 'Here is real talent; now give him a chance,' and she put him in charge of the second opera house of Moscow. The competition winners study with me for two to three years, but I tell them never to copy anything they see. Where I *can* help is by teaching them how to communicate their ideas clearly to an orchestra. When they are able to get the sound out, their minds relax, they stop making faces, and their hands lose this kind of cramp." Karajan extended his right hand in a tense claw. "That is the mark of a conductor who is not able to achieve the results he wants. When you are in complete control"—Karajan unfolded his hand and described a tiny triangle in the air with

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"Frankly, Al, we feel it wasn't your style, your platform, or the people around you the voters wouldn't buy. What they wouldn't buy was you."

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his index finger—"you can conduct an entire symphony almost without movement."

"What else?" we asked.

"I'm writing a book about musical interpretation," said Mr. von Karajan. "Writing is a new and different medium for me. I must think through every chapter in my head before I put it down in longhand. I'm working on rehearsal technique at the moment. I have a new boat from Canada—a sixty-one-foot ocean racer, with a crew of fourteen—which won ten big races in the Mediterranean this summer. I'm thinking of trading in my present jet for a new Falcon-20, because flying is the best way to get around to the four places where I live and work—Berlin, Salzburg, Saint Moritz, and Saint-Tropez. Saint Moritz is home. I try to spend as much time as possible there with my wife and daughters. And I have recently started two music schools—a Berlin Philharmonic Academy for Young Musicians, which will eventually supply us with trained replacements for all the key positions in the orchestra, and a vocal school in Salzburg that will teach promising singers the Mozart style and the Italian repertoire. On the day I arrived in New York, I auditioned twelve young singers and found four girls of amazing talent."

"How about future projects?" we asked.

"There will be two new opera productions this year in Salzburg," said the Maestro. "A 'Bohème' with Zeffirelli, and Verdi's 'Don Carlos,' which I will also record and film. We are also preparing to film 'Rheingold.' We have done the sound track, and we are exploring methods of underwater shooting to make the river scenes credible. And with the Berlin Philharmonic I am beginning to re-record a hundred and twenty classical works. Of course, the orchestra knows these works very well, but in detail, in sound, we will throw away our marked scores and do a completely new thing. Several years ago, when I suddenly realized that we could play forty concerts together without rehearsal, I saw that there was danger in complacency. But a strange thing happened. After hearing the sound track of Beethoven's Fourth and Fifth several hundred times on the cutting-room table when we were making a film, I went out and conducted both symphonies as if they were completely new. When you listen carefully to your own recordings, you can be quite clear about your mistakes, but at the same time you go to the deepest roots of the work. The only time I ever listen to my recordings is when I'm going to do the same work again, new, and I must say that sometimes when I listen I think I was drunk when I conducted. There is no set schedule for a new Beethoven series, and there will be no recording in pieces. I will simply play a symphony straight through one day when I think the orchestra is sufficiently warmed up. We will put the tape away for five months and then listen to it to see if the general line is good or not. If I have

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found a way out for my expression, we can always add whatever short passages are needed to make it perfect."

"Tell us about the Berlin Philharmonic," we said.

"We have been friends for a very long time," said Mr. von Karajan. "I conducted the orchestra first in '38, and I came away thinking, This is the job I want more than anything else in the world. It was another orchestra then, of course; the last man who played in my first concert retired three weeks ago, and part of my heart went with him. When Furtwängler died suddenly, in '54, the orchestra wanted me as permanent conductor, but the Berlin Senate, which makes final decisions on such matters, insisted that I conduct the first American tour after the Second World War before my permanent appointment. I took the risk, and the tour changed my life. We have played together for twenty years, so we're not nervous with each other. I don't teach them and they don't teach me. Together, we construct something of which we can both be proud. Occasionally, I shout at them, but it's never serious. In a way, I'm like a father. If a player is ill, I see that he's treated; if somebody gets a divorce, he can come to me and talk about his problems. Musically, their special characteristic is an enormous breadth, a collective sense of the big phrase. That is why they play Brahms so well. I tell them always, 'If you play this sort of music, which starts from nothing and develops, you can't think ahead for the next two bars; you must think ahead a quarter of an hour to get the great line.' To develop an orchestra of good quality is relatively easy. But the higher you go the thinner the air becomes. So to make even a small improvement at the very top requires an enormous effort. I am never away from this orchestra for more than two weeks at a time, because it's very important to preserve the continuity of our collaboration."

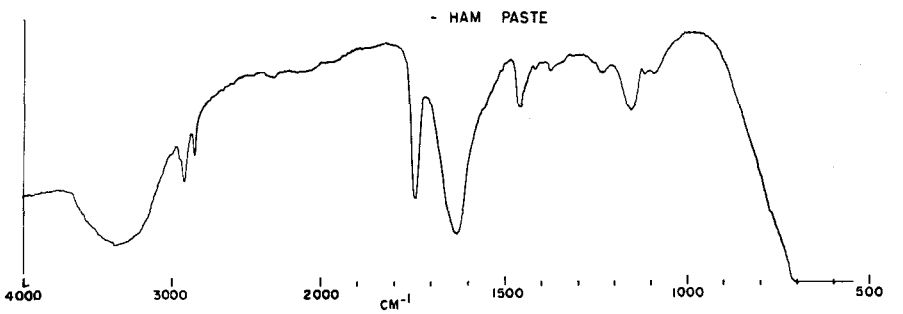
"How do you know when a concert is going well?" we asked.

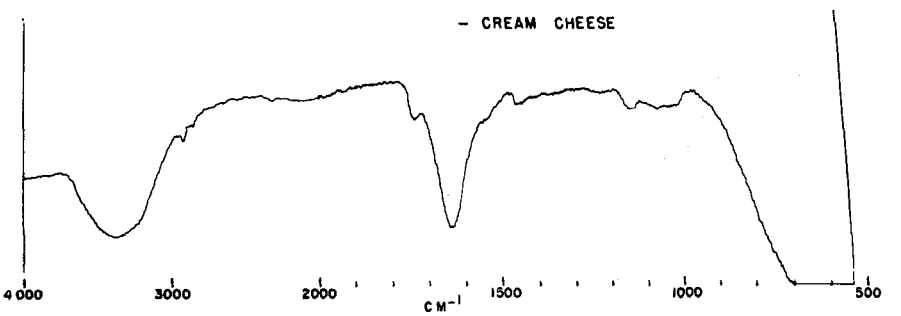
"When there's a tension built up between the conductor and the orchestra that you can touch with your hand," replied Mr. von Karajan. "You have rehearsals, and you know what should come out, and then, suddenly, after a preparation of two bars, the oboe delivers a solo that lifts you into another world. And then from this moment on you feel it, and because you are in the mood you give it back. Then the orchestra feels this tension, and it goes back and forth in an ascending spiral. I can never really describe the experience, but I know and the orchestra knows the instant it happens."

A New Day

ONE thing that has always troubled us here at our Talk of the Town consumer laboratories is the appalling lack of precision with which we have had to analyze the chemical ingredients of food. Ham paste, for instance. How many times have we attempted to ascertain the exact ratio of fat to protein in ham paste, only to have our data turn to ashes in our hands, because our equipment just wasn't up to the mark? All too often we have come up with embarrassing results that seemed to confuse ham paste with cream cheese, or even bologna. "Oh, if only the sophisticated tools developed for our crime laboratories and hospital clinics were available for use in the food-analysis field!" we have caught ourself wishing. No wonder, then, that when the folk from the Perkin-Elmer Corporation (of Norwalk, Connecticut) took an expensive suite at the Plaza Hotel to demonstrate just such technology, we were in the very first row of little imitation-French chairs looking on.

It was a nice setting for the Perkin-Elmer people. There was a practical tweedy carpet that didn't show the dirt. We don't say there *was* any dirt, but, in any case, it didn't show. Everyone faced Fifth Avenue. In the front of the room, there was a chafing dish and a large plate of hors d'oeuvres covered with Saran Wrap. It was not possible to tell immediately if the hors d'oeuvres were experimental hors d'oeuvres, destined to play a large part in the forthcoming demonstration, or if they constituted a control group, but, anyway, there they were. Behind the hors d'oeuvres, on a table covered with green cloth, there was an impressive array of equipment. We immediately recognized a gas chromatograph and an infrared spectrophotometer, and saw that they had been cunningly linked to a computer and a teletypewriter terminal. "Clever," we said to ourself. "With that arrangement, they will be able to produce clear ingredient tabulations and graphs, which will be able to identify ingredients and measure them down to minute quantities, all in a matter of minutes." Sure enough, just then a man we knew to be Herbert Kahn, from the Perkin-Elmer company, announced that Dr. Warren Averill had injected bourbon into the system and in no time a complete analysis of the liquor's constituent chemicals would emerge on the teletypewriter terminal. The room was hushed—the suspenseful silence broken only by an editor from *U.S. News & World Report*, who offered a Life Saver to a woman companion. "I'm sick of reporting on food," this woman confided, taking the small unit of candy.





The infrared spectrum of ham paste may be used to determine the ratio of fat to protein. The infrared spectrum of cream cheese shows a significantly smaller amount of fat.

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I BOUGHT A LITTLE CITY

SO I bought a little city (it was Galveston, Texas) and told everybody that nobody had to move, we were going to do it just gradually, very laid-back, no big changes overnight. They were pleased and suspicious. I walked down to the harbor where there were cotton warehouses and fish markets and all sorts of installations having to do with the spread of petroleum throughout the Free World, and I thought, A few apple trees here might be nice. Then I walked out this broad boulevard which has all these tall thick palm trees maybe forty feet high in the center and oleanders on both sides, it runs for blocks and blocks and ends up opening up to the broad Gulf of Mexico—stately homes on both sides and a big Catholic church that looks more like a mosque and the Bishop's Palace and a handsome red brick affair where the Shriners meet. I thought, What a nice little city, it suits me fine.

It suited me fine so I started to change it. But softly, softly. I asked some folks to move out of a whole city block on I Street, and then I tore down their houses. I put the people into the Galvez Hotel, which is the nicest hotel in town, right on the seawall, and I made sure that every room had a beautiful view. Those people had wanted to stay at the Galvez Hotel all their lives and never had a chance before because they didn't have the money. They were delighted. I tore down their houses and made that empty block a park. We planted it all to hell and put some nice green iron benches in it and a little fountain—all standard stuff, we didn't try to be imaginative.

I was pleased. All the people who lived in the four blocks surrounding the empty block had something they hadn't had before, a park. They could sit in it, and like that. I went and watched them sitting in it. There was already a black man there playing bongo drums. I hate bongo drums. I started to tell him to stop playing those goddam bongo drums but then I said to myself, No, that's not right. You got to let him play his goddam bongo drums if he feels like it, it's part of the misery of democracy, to which I subscribe. Then I started thinking about new housing for the people I had displaced, they couldn't stay in that fancy hotel forever.

But I didn't have any ideas about new housing, except that it shouldn't be too imaginative. So I got to talking to one of these people, one of the ones we had moved out, guy by the name of Bill Caulfield who worked in a wholesale-tobacco place down on Mechanic Street.

"So what kind of a place would you like to live in?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "not too big."

"Uh-huh."

"Maybe with a veranda around three sides," he said, "so we could sit on it and look out. A screened porch, maybe."

"Whatcha going to look out at?"

"Maybe some trees and, you know, the lawn."

"So you want some ground around the house."

"That would be nice, yeah."

" 'Bout how much ground are you thinking of?"

"Well, not too much."

"You see, the problem is, there's only *x* amount of ground and everybody's going to want to have it to look at and at the same time they don't want to be staring at the neighbors. Private looking, that's the thing. I would imagine."

"Well, yes," he said. "I'd like it to be kind of private."

"Well," I said, "get a pencil and let's see what we can work out."

We started with what there was going to be to look at, which was damned difficult. Because when you look you don't want to be able to look at just one thing, you want to be able to shift your gaze. You need to be able to look at at least three things, maybe four. Bill Caulfield solved the problem. He showed me a box. I opened it up and inside was a jigsaw puzzle with a picture of the Mona Lisa on it.

"Lookee here," he said. "If each piece of ground was like a piece of this-here puzzle, and the tree line on each piece of property followed the outline of a piece of the puzzle—well, there you have it, Q.E.D. and that's all she wrote."

"Fine," I said. "Where are the folk going to park their cars?"

"In the vast underground parking facility," he said.

"O.K., but how does each householder gain access to his household?"

"The tree lines are double and shade beautifully paved walkways possibly bordered with begonias," he said.

"A lurkway for potential muggists and rapers," I pointed out.

"There won't be any such," Caulfield said, "because you've bought our whole city and won't allow that class of person to hang out here no more."

That was right. I had bought the whole city and could probably do that. I had forgotten.

"Well," I said finally, "let's give 'er a try. The only thing I don't like about it is that it seems a little imaginative."

We did and it didn't work out badly. There was only one complaint. A man named A. G. Bartie came to see me.

"Listen," he said, his eyes either gleaming or burning, I couldn't tell which, it was a cloudy day, "I feel like I'm living in this gigantic jiveass jigsaw puzzle."

He was right. Seen from the air, he was living in the middle of a titanic reproduction of the Mona Lisa, too, but I thought it best not to mention that. We allowed him to square off his property into a standard sixty-by-one-hundred-foot lot (with the consent of the neighboring property owners) and later some other people did that too—some people just like rectangles, I guess. I must say it improved the concept. You run across an occasional rectangle in Shady Oaks (we didn't want to call the development anything too imaginative) and it surprises you. That's nice.

I said to myself:

Got a little city
Ain't it pretty

BY now I had exercised my proprietorship so lightly and if I do say so myself tactfully that I wondered if I was enjoying myself enough (and I had paid a heavy penny too—near to half my fortune). So I went out on the streets then and shot six thousand dogs. This gave me great satisfaction and you have no idea how wonderfully it

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"Well, it's not your run-of-the-mill marching band."

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improved the city for the better. This left us with a dog population of 165,000, as opposed to a human population of something like 89,000. Then I went down to the Galveston *News*, the morning paper, and wrote an editorial denouncing myself as the vilest creature the good God had ever placed upon the earth, and were we, the citizens of this fine community, who were after all free Americans of whatever race or creed, going to sit still while one man, *one man*, if indeed so vile a critter could be so called, etc. etc.? I gave it to the city desk and told them I wanted it on the front page in fourteen-point type, boxed. I did this just in case they might have hesitated to do it themselves, and because I'd seen that Orson Welles picture where the guy writes a nasty notice about his own wife's terrible singing, which I always thought was pretty decent of him, from some points of view.

A man whose dog I'd shot came to see me.

"You shot Butch," he said.

"Butch? Which one was Butch?"

"One brown ear and one white ear," he said. "Very friendly."

"Mister," I said, "I've just shot six thousand dogs, and you expect me to remember Butch?"

"Butch was all Nancy and me had," he said. "We never had no children."

"Well, I'm sorry about that," I said, "but I own this city."

"I know that," he said.

"I am the sole owner and I make all the rules."

"They told me," he said.

"I'm sorry about Butch but he got

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"Market research is merely what I do. It's not where I am."

• •

in the way of the big campaign. You ought to have had him on a leash."

"I don't deny it," he said.

"You ought to have had him inside the house."

"He was just a poor animal that had to go out sometimes."

"And mess up the streets something awful?"

"Well," he said, "it's a problem. I just wanted to tell you how I felt."

"You didn't tell me," I said. "How do you feel?"

"I feel like bustin' your head," he said, and showed me a short length of pipe he had brought along for the purpose.

"But of course if you do that you're going to get your ass in a lot of trouble," I said.

"I realize that."

"It would make you feel better, but then I own the jail and the judge and the po-lice and the local chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union. All mine. I could hit you with a writ of mandamus."

"You wouldn't do that."

"I've been known to do worse."

"You're a black-hearted man," he said. "I guess that's it. You'll roast in Hell in the eternal flames and there will be no mercy nor cooling drafts from any quarter."

He went away satisfied with this explanation. I was happy to be a black-hearted man in his mind if that would satisfy the issue between us because that was a bad-looking piece of pipe he had there and I was still six thousand dogs ahead of the game, in a sense. So I owned this little city which was very, very pretty and I couldn't think of any more new innovations just then or none that wouldn't get me punctuated like the late Huey P. Long, former governor of Louisiana. The thing is, I had fallen in love with Sam Hong's wife. I had wandered into this store on Tremont Street where they sold Oriental novelties, paper lanterns, and cheap china and bamboo birdcages and wicker footstools and all that kind of thing. She was smaller than I was and I thought I had never seen that much goodness in a woman's face before. It was hard to credit. It was the best face I'd ever seen.

"I can't do that," she said, "because I am married to Sam."

"Sam?"

She pointed over to the cash register where there was a Chinese man, young and intelligent-looking and pouring that intelligent look at me with considered unfriendliness.

"Well, that's dismal news," I said. "Tell me, do you love me?"

"A little bit," she said, "but Sam is wise and kind and we have one and one-third lovely children."

She didn't look pregnant but I congratulated her anyhow, and then went out on the street and found a cop and sent him down to H Street to get me a bucket of Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken, extra crispy. I did that just out of meanness. He was humiliated but he had no choice. I thought:

I own a little city
Awful pretty
Can't help people
Can hurt them though
Shoot their dogs
Mess 'em up
Be imaginative
Plant trees
Best to leave 'em alone?
Who decides?
Sam's wife is Sam's wife and coveting
Is not nice.

So I ate the Colonel Sanders' Kentucky Fried Chicken, extra crispy, and sold Galveston, Texas, back to the interests. I took a bath on that deal, there's no denying it, but I learned something—don't play God. A lot of other people already knew that, but I have never doubted for a minute that a lot of other people are smarter than me, and figure things out quicker, and have Grace and statistical norms on their side. Probably I went wrong by being too imaginative, although really I was guarding against that. I did very little, I was fairly restrained, for a God. He does a lot worse things, every day, in one little family, any family, than I did in that whole little city. But He's got a better imagination than I do. For instance, I still covet Sam Hong's wife. That's torment. Still covet Sam Hong's wife, and probably always will. It's like having a tooth pulled for a year. The same tooth. That's a sample of His imagination. It's powerful.

So what happened? What happened was that I took the other half of my fortune and went to Galena Park, Texas, and lived inconspicuously there, and when they asked me to run for the school board I said No, I don't have any children.

—Donald Barthelme

•

"Now comes the winter of our discontent," some long-forgotten poet once wrote.—*Montrose (Pa.) Independent.*

Wait a minute. Name begins with "S," doesn't it?

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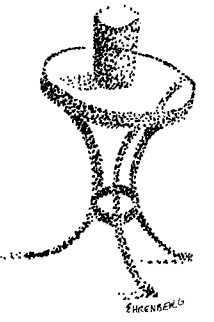
WOLF DREAMS

WHEN Cynthia was seventeen she married Ewell W. G. Peterson. The initials stood for William Gordon; his family called him William, her parents called him W.G. (letting him know that they thought his initials were pretentious), and Cynthia called him Pete, which is what his Army buddies called him. Now she had been divorced from Ewell W. G. Peterson for nine years, and what he had been called was a neutral thing to remember about him. She didn't hate him. Except for his name, she hardly remembered him. At Christmas, he sent her a card signed "Pete," but only for a few years after the divorce, and then they stopped. Her second husband, whom she married when she was twenty-eight, was named Lincoln Divine. They were divorced when she was twenty-nine and a half. No Christmas cards. Now she was going to marry Charlie Pinehurst. Her family hated Charlie—or perhaps just the idea of a third marriage—but what she hated was the way Charlie's name got mixed up in her head with Pete's and Lincoln's. Ewell W. G. Peterson, Lincoln Divine, Charlie Pinehurst, she kept thinking, as if she needed to memorize them. In high school, her English teacher had made her memorize poems that made no sense. There was no way you could remember what came next in those poems. She got D's all through high school, and she didn't like the job she got after she graduated, so she was happy to marry Pete when he asked her, even if it did mean leaving her friends and her family to live on an Army base. She liked it there. Her parents had told her she would never be satisfied with anything; they were surprised when it turned out that she had no complaints about living on the base. She got to know all the wives, and they had a diet club, and she lost twenty pounds, so that she got down to what she weighed when she started high school. She also worked at the local radio station, recording stories and poems—she never knew why they were recorded—and found that she didn't mind literature if she could just read it and not have to think about it. Pete hung around with the men when he had time off; they never really saw much of each other. He accused her of losing weight so she could attract "a khaki lover." "One's not enough for you?" he asked. But when he was around, he didn't want to love her; he'd work out with the barbells in the spare bedroom. Cynthia liked having two bedrooms. She liked the whole house. It was a frame row house with shutters missing downstairs, but it was larger than her parents' house inside. When they moved in, all the Army wives said the same thing—that the bedroom wouldn't be spare for long. But it stayed empty, except for the barbells and some kind of trapeze that Pete hung from the ceiling. It was nice living on the base, though. Sometimes she missed it.

With Lincoln, Cynthia lived in an apartment in Columbus, Ohio. "It's a good thing you live halfway across the country," her father wrote her, "because your mother surely does not want to see that black man, who claims his father was a Cherappy Indian." She never met Lincoln's parents, so she wasn't really sure herself about the Indian thing. One of Lincoln's friends, who was always trying to be her lover, told her that Lincoln Divine wasn't even his real name—he had made it up and got his old name legally changed when he was twenty-one. "It's like believing in Santa Claus," the friend told her. "There is no Lincoln Divine."

Charlie was different from Pete and Lincoln. Neither of them paid much attention to her, but Charlie was attentive. During the years, she had regained the twenty pounds she lost when she was first married and added twenty-five more on top of that. She was going to have to get in shape before she married Charlie, even though he wanted to marry her now. "I'll take it as is," Charlie said. "Ready-made can be altered." Charlie was a tailor. He wasn't really a tailor, but his brother had a shop, and to make extra money Charlie did alterations on the weekends. Once, when they were both a little drunk, Cynthia and Charlie vowed to tell each other a dark secret. Cynthia told Charlie she had had an abortion just before she and Pete got divorced. Charlie was really shocked by that. "That's why you got so fat, I guess," he said. "Happens when they fix animals, too." She didn't know what he was talking about, and she didn't want to ask. She'd almost forgotten it herself. Charlie's secret was that he knew how to run a sewing machine. He thought it was "woman's work." She thought that was crazy; she had told him something important, and he had just said he knew how to run a sewing machine.



"We're not going to live in any apartment," Charlie said. "We're going to live in a house." And "You're not going to have to go up and down stairs. We're going to find a split-level." And "It's not going to be any neighborhood that's getting worse. Our neighborhood is going to be getting better." And "You don't have to lose weight. Why don't you marry me now, and we can get a house and start a life together?"

But she wouldn't do it. She was going to lose twenty pounds and save enough money to buy a pretty wedding dress. She had already started using more makeup and letting her hair grow, as the beauty-parlor operator had suggested, so that she could have curls that fell to her shoulders on her wedding day. She'd been reading brides' magazines, and long curls were what she thought was pretty. Charlie hated the magazines. He thought the magazines had told her to lose twenty pounds—that the magazines were responsible for keeping him waiting.

She had nightmares. A recurring nightmare was one in which she stood at the altar with Charlie, wearing a beautiful long dress, but the dress wasn't quite long enough, and everyone could see that she was standing on a scale. What did the scale say? She would wake up peering into the dark and get out of bed and go to the kitchen.

This night, as she dipped potato chips into cheddar-cheese dip, she reread a letter from her mother: "You are not a bad girl, and so I do not know why you would get married three times. Your father does not count that black man as a marriage, but I have got to, and so it is three. That's too many marriages, Cynthia. You are a good girl and know enough now to come home and settle down with your family. We are willing to look out for you, even your dad, and warn you not to make another dreadful mistake." There was no greeting, no signature. The letter had probably been dashed off by her mother when she, too, had insomnia. Cynthia would have to answer the note, but she didn't think her mother would be convinced by anything she could say. If she thought her parents would be convinced she was making the right decision by seeing Charlie, she would have asked him to meet her parents. But her parents liked people who had a lot to say, or who could make them laugh ("break the monotony," her father called it), and Charlie didn't have a lot to

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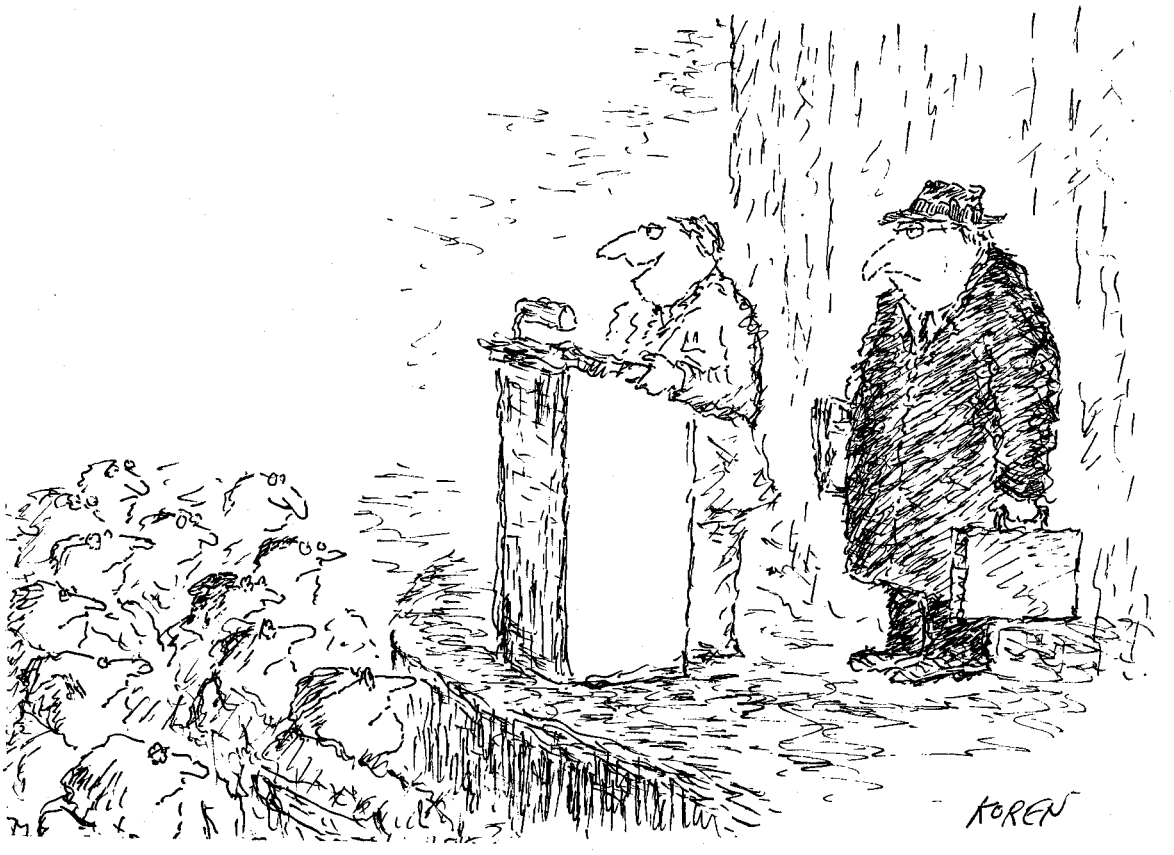

"Our next speaker is a man depressingly familiar to everyone."

• •

say. Charlie was a very serious person. He was also forty years old, and he had never been married. Her parents would want to know why that was. You couldn't please them: they hated people who were divorced and they were suspicious of single people. So she had never suggested to Charlie that he meet her parents. Finally, he suggested it himself. Cynthia thought up excuses, but Charlie saw through them. He thought it was all because he had confessed to her that he sewed. She was ashamed of him—that was the real reason she was putting off the wedding, and why she wouldn't introduce him to her parents. "No," she said. "No, Charlie. No, no, no." And because she had said it so many times, she was convinced. "Then set a date for the wedding," he told her. "You've got to say when." She promised to do that the next time she saw him, but she couldn't think right, and that was because of the notes that her mother wrote her, and because she couldn't get any sleep, and because she got depressed by taking off weight and gaining it right back by eating at night.

As long as she couldn't sleep, and there were only a few potato chips left, which she might as well finish off, she decided to level with herself the same way she and Charlie had the night they told their secrets. She asked herself why she was getting married. Part of the answer was that she didn't like her job. She was a typer—a *typist*, the other girls always said, correcting her—and also she was thirty-two, and if she didn't get married soon she might not find anybody. She and Charlie would live in a house, and she could have a flower garden, and, although they had not discussed it, if she had a baby she wouldn't have to work. It was getting late if she intended to have a baby. There was no point in asking herself more questions. Her head hurt, and she had eaten too much and felt a little sick, and no matter what she thought she knew she was still going to marry Charlie.

CYNTHIA would marry Charlie on February the tenth. That was what she told Charlie, because she hadn't been able to think of a date and she had to say something, and that was what she would tell her boss, Mr. Greer, when she asked if she could be given her week's vacation then.

"We would like to be married the tenth of February, and, if I could, I'd like to have the next week off."

"I'm looking for that calendar."

"What?"

"Sit down and relax, Cynthia. You can have the week off if that isn't the week when—"

"Mr. Greer, I could change the date of the wedding."

"I'm not asking you to do that. Please sit down while I—"

"Thank you. I don't mind standing."

"Cynthia, let's just say that week is fine."

"Thank you."

"If you like standing, how about having a hot dog with me down at the corner?" he said to Cynthia.

That surprised her. Having lunch with her boss! She could feel the heat of her cheeks. A crazy thought went through her head: Cynthia Greer. It got mixed up right away with Peterson, Divine, and Pinehurst.

At the hot-dog place, they stood side by side, eating hot dogs and French fries.

"It's none of my business," Mr. Greer said to her, "but you don't seem like the most excited bride-to-be. I mean, you do seem excited, but . . ."

Cynthia continued to eat.

"Well?" he asked. "I was just being polite when I said it was none of my business."

"Oh, that's all right. Yes, I'm very happy. I'm going to come back to work after I'm married, if that's what you're thinking."

Mr. Greer was staring at her. She had said something wrong.

"I'm not sure that we'll go on a honeymoon. We're going to buy a house."

"Oh? Been looking at some houses?"

"No. We might look for houses."

"You're very hard to talk to," Mr. Greer said.

"I know. I'm not thinking quickly. I make so many mistakes typing."

A mistake to have told him that. He didn't pick it up.

"February will be a nice time to have off," he said pleasantly.

"I picked February because I'm dieting, and by then I'll have lost weight."

"Oh? My wife is always dieting. She's eating fourteen grapefruit a week on this new diet she's found."

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"That's the grapefruit diet."

Mr. Greer laughed.

"What did I do that was funny?"

She sees Mr. Greer is embarrassed. A mistake to have embarrassed him.

"I don't think right when I haven't had eight hours' sleep, and I haven't even had close to that. And on this diet I'm always hungry."

"Are you hungry? Would you like another hot dog?"

"That would be nice," she says.

He orders another hot dog and talks more as she eats.

"Sometimes I think it's best to forget all this dieting," he says. "If so many people are fat, there must be something to it."

"But I'll get fatter and fatter."

"And then what?" he says.

"What do you mean? I can't get fatter and fatter."

"What if you did? Does your fiancé like thin women?"

"He doesn't care if I lose weight or not. He probably wouldn't care."

"Then you've got the perfect man. Eat away."

When she finishes that hot dog, he orders another for her.

"A world full of food and she eats fourteen grapefruit a week."

"Why don't you tell her not to diet, Mr. Greer?"

"She won't listen to me. She reads those magazines, and I can't do anything."

"Charlie hates those magazines, too. Why do men hate magazines?"

"I don't hate all magazines. I don't hate *Newsweek*."

SHE tells Charlie that her boss took her to lunch. At first he is impressed. Then he seems let down. Probably he is disappointed that his boss didn't take him to lunch.

"What did you talk about?" Charlie asks.

"Me. He told me I could get fat—that it didn't matter."

"What else did he say?"

"He said his wife is on the grapefruit diet."

"You aren't very talkative. Is everything all right?"

"He said not to marry you."

"What did he mean by that?"

"He said to go home and eat and eat and eat but not to get married."

"What business is it of his?"

"One of the girls said that before she got married he told her the same thing."

"What's that guy up to? He's got no right to say that."

"She got divorced, too."

"What are you trying to tell me?" Charlie says.

"Nothing. I'm just telling you about the lunch. You asked about it."

"Well, I don't understand all this. I'd like to know what's behind it."

Cynthia does not feel that she has understood, either. She feels sleep coming on, and hopes that she will drop off before long. Her second husband, Lincoln, felt that she was incapable of understanding anything. He had a string of Indian beads that he wore under his shirt, and on their wedding night he removed the beads before they went to bed and held them in front of her face and shook them and said, "What's this?" It was the inside of her head, Lincoln told her. She understood that she was being insulted. But why had he married her? She really had not understood Lincoln, and, like Charlie, she didn't understand what Mr. Greer was up to. "Memorize," she heard her English teacher saying. "Anyone can memorize." Cynthia began to go over past events. I married Pete and Lincoln and I will marry Charlie. Today I had lunch with Mr. Greer. Mrs. Greer eats grapefruit.

"Well, what are you laughing about?" Charlie asked. "Some private joke with you and Greer, or something?"

CYNTHIA saw an ad in the newspaper. "Call Crisis Center," it said. "We Care." She thinks that a crisis center is a good idea, but she isn't having a crisis. She just can't sleep. But the idea of it is very good. If I were having a crisis, what would I do, she wonders. She has to answer her mother's note. Another note came today. Now her mother wants to meet Charlie: "As God is my witness, I tried to get through to you, but perhaps I did not say that you would really be welcome at home and do not have to do this foolish thing you are doing. Your dad feels you are never going to find true happiness when you don't spend any time thinking between one husband and the next. I know that love makes us do funny things, but your dad has said to tell you that he feels you do

"Louise? Henry.
Hare Krishna
Hare Krishna
Krishna Krishna
Hare Hare
Hare Rama
Hare Rama
Rama Rama
Hare Hare
Did I leave my wallet on the bureau?"

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VIPERS,

sliding, pour themselves through themselves,
bits of miniature rivers.

Slack else, still
as worry beads left where they fell,

they abrade the young year's sun
in grit, green, brick, stucco brown,

a crumble. Always the eyes, coppery red—
sometimes the tongue, loose threads

flickering the wind.
This one I found

dead today, coils in a coil,
fills its Chinese bowl

with spent resilience. I'll keep it
as long as this takes to write.

Never before did I own a viper. Touch,
flinch,

to remember dry heaths of boyhood
summer, brackens, the sandy birchwood,

yelping in a pack for the hated snake—
deadly adder. With a fork-ended stick

you'd fix his wriggling, knife his
sin. It was the lore of boys:

make a belt of the skin, heat
the flesh in an iron pan for the fat

that cures deafness.
Older, with a first girl in the sharp, dark grass,

you listened for the swift sibilance
of adders, appalled; and appalled in the silence

after, still you'd listen.
But, since, you've seen them often,

commonplace on an afternoon path,
exotic, arcane, tempting as death

to disturb. Several, zigzagged, ravelled as whips
lashed round themselves, whirls and loops,

finally subsided, a muddled tie-drawer.
One, disentangling, sloughed like a whore

peeling a stocking back. The new
head, mint as a pebble damped with dew,

had to be smashed. This one that's mine,
stiff in its small blood, its venom mine

for the simple milking, could kill
from posthumous spite. Did Adam, some residual

innocence left him in his great age,
lift the serpent's carcass in homage

to the nighthawk?
In the garden, to the dark

under the rose arbor, I commit this thing,
watched from the window. The fang

feels like red wire. I'd have
let this one live.

—TED WALKER

• •

not really love this man, and there is nothing worse than just doing something funny with not even the reason of love driving you. You probably don't want to listen to me, and so I keep these short, but if you should come home alone we would be most glad. If you bring this new man with you, we will also come to the station. Let us at least look him over before you do this thing. Your dad has said that if he had met Lincoln it never would have been."

Cynthia takes out a piece of paper. Instead of writing her mother's name at the top, though, she writes, "If you are still at that high school, I want you to know I am glad to be away from it and you and I have forgotten all those lousy poems you had me memorize for nothing. Sincerely, Cynthia Knight." On another piece of paper she writes, "Are you still in love with me? Do you want to see me again?" She gets another piece of paper and draws two parallel vertical lines with a horizontal line joining them at the bottom—Pete's trapeze. "APE MAN," she prints. She puts the first into an envelope and addresses it to her teacher at the high school. The second is for Lincoln. The next goes to Pete, care of his parents. She doesn't know Lincoln's address, so she rips up that piece of paper and throws it away. This makes her cry. Why is she crying? One of the girls at work says it's the times they are living in. The girl campaigned for George McGovern. Not only that, but she wrote letters against Nixon. Cynthia takes another piece of paper from the box and writes a message to President Nixon: "Some girls in my office won't write you because they say that's crank mail and their names will get put on a list. I don't care if I'm on some list. You're the crank. You've got prices so high I can't eat steak." Cynthia doesn't know what else to say to the President. "Tell your wife she's a stone face," she writes. She

addresses the envelope and stamps it and takes the mail to the mailbox before she goes to bed. She begins to think that it's Nixon's fault—all of it. Whatever that means. She is still weeping. Damn you, Nixon, she thinks. Damn you.

LATELY, throughout all of this, she hasn't been sleeping with Charlie. When he comes to her apartment, she unbuttons his shirt, rubs her hands across his chest, up and down his chest, and undoes his belt.

She writes more letters. One is to Jean Nidetch, of Weight Watchers. "What if you got fat again, if you couldn't stop eating?" she writes. "Then you'd lose all your money! You couldn't go out in public or they'd see you! I hope you get fatter and fatter and die." The second letter (a picture, really) is to Charlie—a heart with "Cynthia" in it. That's wrong. She draws another heart and writes "Charlie" in it. The last letter is to a woman she knew when she was married to Pete. "Dear Sandy," she writes. "Sorry I haven't written in so long. I am going to get married the 10th of February. I think I told you that Lincoln and

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"Rhonda and I would never do this for anyone but Fellini."

• •

I got divorced. I really wish I had you around to encourage me to lose weight before the wedding! I hope everything is well with your family. The baby must be walking now. Everything is fine with me. Well, got to go. Love, Cynthia."

THEY are on the train, on the way to visit her parents before the wedding. It is late January. Charlie has spilled some beer on his jacket and has gone to the men's room twice to wash it off, even though she told him he got it all out the first time. He has a tie folded in his jacket pocket. It is a red tie with white dogs on it that she bought for him. She has been buying him presents, to make up for the way she acts toward him sometimes. She has been taking sleeping pills, and now that she's more rested she isn't nervous all the time. That's all it was—no sleep. She even takes half a sleeping pill with her lunch, and that keeps her calm during the day.

"Honey, do you want to go to the other car, where we can have a drink?" Charlie asks her.

Cynthia didn't want Charlie to know she had been taking the pills, so when she had a chance she reached into her handbag and shook out a whole one and swallowed it when he wasn't looking. Now she is pretty groggy.

"I think I'll come down later," she says. She smiles at him.

As he walks down the aisle, she looks at his back. He could be anybody. Just some man on a train. The door closes behind him.

A young man sitting across the aisle from her catches her eye. He has long hair. "Paper?" he says.

He is offering her his paper. She feels her cheeks color, and she takes it, not wanting to offend him. Some people wouldn't mind offending somebody who looks like him, she thinks self-righteously, but you are always polite.

"How far you two headed?" he asks.

"Pavo, Georgia," she says.

"Gonna eat peaches in Georgia?" he asks.

She stares at him.

"I'm just kidding," he says. "My grandparents live in Georgia."

"Do they eat peaches all day?" she asks.

He laughs. She doesn't know what she's done right.

"Why, lordy lands they do," he says with a thick drawl.

She flips through the paper. There is a comic strip of President Nixon. The President is leaning against a wall, being frisked by a policeman. He is confessing to various sins.

"Great, huh?" the man says, smiling, and leans across the aisle.

"I wrote Nixon a letter," Cynthia says quietly. "I don't know what they'll do. I said all kinds of things."

"You did? Wow. You wrote Nixon?"

"Did you ever write him?"

"Yeah, sure, I write him all the

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time. Send telegrams. It'll be a while before he's really up against that wall, though."

Cynthia continues to look through the paper. There are full-page ads for records by people she has never heard of, singers she will never hear. The singers look like the young man.

"Are you a musician?" she asks.

"Me? Well, sometimes. I play electric piano. I can play classical piano. I don't do much of it."

"No time?" she says.

"Right. Too many distractions."

He takes a flask out from under his sweater. "If you don't feel like the long walk to join your friend, have a drink with me."

Cynthia accepts the flask quickly, so no one will see. Once it is in her hands, she doesn't know what else to do but drink from it.

"Where you coming from?" he asks.

"Buffalo."

"Seen the comet?" he asks.

"No. Have you?"

"No," he says. "Some days I don't think there is any comet. Propaganda, maybe."

"If Nixon said there was a comet, then we could be sure there wasn't," she says.

The sound of her own voice is strange to her. The man is smiling. He seems to like talk about Nixon.

"Right," he says. "Beautiful. President issues bulletin comet *will* appear. Then we can all relax and know we're not missing anything."

She doesn't understand what he has said, so she takes another drink. That way, she has no expression.

"I'll drink to that, too," he says, and the flask is back with him.

Because Charlie is apparently going to be in the drinking car for a while, the man, whose name is Peter, comes and sits next to her.

"My first husband was named Pete," she says. "He was in the Army. He didn't know what he was doing."

The man nods, affirming some connection.

"I didn't know what I was doing, either, marrying him."

He nods. She must have been right.

Peter tells her that he is on his way to see his grandfather, who is recovering from a stroke. "He can't talk. They think he will, but not yet."

"First let me introduce myself. I'm Craig Claiborne, and this is Julia Child."

"I'm scared to death of getting old," Cynthia says.

"Yeah," Peter says. "But you've got a way to go."

"And then other times I don't care what happens, I just don't care what happens at all."

He nods slowly. "There's plenty happening we're not going to be able to do anything about," he says.

He holds up a little book he has been looking through. It is called "Know What Your Dreams Mean."

"Ever read these things?" he asks.

"No. Is it good?"

"You know what it is—right? A book that interprets dreams."

"I have a dream," she says, "about being at an altar in a wedding dress, only instead of standing on the floor I'm on a scale."

He laughs and shakes his head. "There's no weird stuff in here. It's all the usual Freudian stuff."

"What do you mean?" she asks.

"Oh—you dream about your teeth crumbling, it means castration. That sort of stuff."

"But what do you think my dream means?" she asks.

"I don't even know if I half believe what I read in the book," he says, tapping it on his knee. He knows he hasn't answered her question. "Maybe the scale means you're weighing the possibilities."

"Of what?"

"Well, you're in a wedding dress, right? You could be weighing the possibilities."

"What will I do?" she says.

He laughs. "I'm no seer. Let's look it up in your horoscope. What are you?"

"Virgo."

"Virgo," he says. "That would figure. Virgos are meticulous. They'd be susceptible to a dream like the one you were talking about."

Peter reads from the book: " 'Be generous to friends, but don't be taken advantage of. Unexpected windfall may prove less than you expected. Loved one causes problems. Take your time.' "

He shrugs. He passes her the flask.

It's too vague. She can't really understand it. She sees Lincoln shaking the beads, but it's not her fault this time—it's the horoscope's fault. It doesn't say enough.

"That man I'm with wants to marry me," she confides to Peter. "What should I do?"

He shakes his head and looks out the window. "Don't ask me," he says, a little nervously.

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"Do you have any more books?"

"No," he says. "All out."

They ride in silence.

"You could go to a palmist," he says after a while. "They'll tell you what's up."

"A palmist? Really?"

"Well, I don't know. If you believe half they say . . ."

"You don't believe them?"

"Well, I fool around with stuff like this, but I sort of pay attention to what I like and forget what I don't like. The horoscope told me to delay travel yesterday, and I did."

"Why don't you believe them?" Cynthia asks.

"Oh, I think most of them don't know any more than you or me."

"Then let's do it as a game," she says. "I'll ask questions, and you give the answer."

Peter laughs. "O.K.," he says. He lifts her hand from her lap and stares hard at it. He turns it over and examines the other side, frowning.

"Should I marry Charlie?" she whispers.

"I see . . ." he begins. "I see a man. I see a man . . . in the drinking car."

"But what am I going to do?" she whispers. "Should I marry him?"

Peter gazes intently at her palm, then smooths his fingers down hers. "Maybe," he says gravely, when he reaches her fingertips.

Delighted with his performance, he cracks up. A woman in the seat in front of them peers over the back of her chair to see what the noise is about. She sees a hippie holding a fat woman's hand and drinking from a flask.

"Coleridge," Peter is saying. "You know—Coleridge, the poet? Well, he says that we don't, for instance, dream about a wolf and then get scared. He says it's that we're scared to begin with, see, and therefore we dream about a wolf."

Cynthia begins to understand, but then she loses it. It is the fault of the sleeping pill and many drinks. In fact, when Charlie comes back, Cynthia is asleep on Peter's shoulder. There is a scene—or as much of a scene as a quiet man like Charlie can make. Charlie is also drunk, which makes him mellow, instead of really angry. Eventually, brooding, he sits down across the aisle. Late that night, when the train slows down for the Georgia station, he gazes out the window as if he noticed nothing. Peter helps Cynthia get her bag down. The train has stopped at the station, and Charlie is still sitting, staring out the window at a few lights that shine along the tracks.

"Mr. Sturgis, your brains are here."

• •

Without looking at him, without knowing what will happen, Cynthia walks down the aisle. She is the last one off. She is the last one off before the train pulls out, with Charlie still on it.

HER parents watch the train go down the track, looking as if they are visitors from an earlier century, amazed by such a machine. They had expected Charlie, of course, but now they have Cynthia. They were not prepared to be pleasant, and there is a strained silence as the three watch the train disappear.

That night, lying in the bed she slept in as a child, Cynthia can't sleep. She gets up, finally, and sits in the kitchen at the table. What am I trying to think about, she wonders, closing her hands over her face for deeper concentration. It is cold in the kitchen, and she is not so much hungry as empty. Not in the head, she feels like shouting to Lincoln, but in the stomach—somewhere inside. She clasps her hands in front of her, over her stomach. Her eyes are closed. A picture comes to her—a high white mountain. She isn't on it, or in the picture at all. When she opens her eyes, she is looking at the shiny surface of the table. She closes her eyes and sees the snow-covered mountain again—high and white, no trees, just mountain—and she shivers with the coldness of it.

—ANN BEATTIE

•

After playing piano in the closetlike atmosphere of a small bar on First Avenue, Ellis Larkins has moved to relative speciousness and warm, inviting surroundings at the Cookery, Eighth Street at University Place.—*The Times.*

Well, it's a change, anyway.

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PROFILES

EXPLORER

II—A LANDSCAPE THAT NO ONE HAD IMAGINED

IN 1521, in the Tuamotu Archipelago, between St. Paul and Los Tiburones Islands, in the South Pacific, Ferdinand Magellan had two sounding lines spliced together and lowered. They ran out at twelve hundred feet without reaching bottom. It is said that Magellan concluded that he was over the deepest part of the ocean. (In reality, the ocean is twelve thousand feet deep there and averages fourteen thousand.) Seventy-five years ago, two distinguished oceanographers, Sir John Murray and Otto Krümmel, proclaimed this the first oceanographic research. It was, at any rate, typical of much that came after. Science took a gingerly approach to the depths. During the nineteenth century, some naturalists struggled to justify the idea that beneath the surface layers the ocean was an "azoic zone," barren of life, or the contrary idea that the deeps were not azoic but a peaceful rest home for "living fossils," species extinct elsewhere. The first great oceanographic exploration—the voyage of the British ship Challenger, which sailed from Portsmouth, England, in 1872—was in part a search for living fossils. That search was unrewarded, but, in a voyage that lasted three and a half years, Challenger found more than forty-seven hundred new species of animal life and more than seven hundred new genera. Challenger dominated oceanic research until the Second World War. The quantity of her data on the oceans—not just on their inhabitants but on the water and the sediments below—was overwhelming, even after it was digested, and it left geologists, at least, content to stay ashore. After Challenger, the published results of marine-biological research exceeded the combined results of other oceanic research until the nineteen-thirties. "In retrospect it is odd how little was done," the geophysicist Sir Edward Bullard has written. "The oceans were left largely to the biologists." The biologists were very busy. Alexander Agassiz concluded—on zoological grounds—that the isthmus of Central America was geologically recent, and that the Atlantic and the Pacific once mingled freely in the tropics. Ernst Haeckel choked the Indian Ocean with a lost continent of Lemuria, which was required, he contended, to account for the distribution of lemurs on the adjacent continents. American geologists tucked into the western North Atlantic a lost continent of Appalachia, which they said was required to supply the sediments of which the like-named mountains are constructed. Europeans salted away a continent in their part of the ocean, too.

Maurice Ewing

Well into the nineteenth century, the open ocean appeared virtually bottomless. A number of men—notably Matthew Maury, an American naval officer—became interested in plumbing it, but when they did encounter the bottom they reasoned that it was featureless. "Being protected by water from rapid subaerial erosion, which sharpens the features of the land, and subject to regular accumulations of deposits, the whole ocean floor has assumed some approach to uniformity," wrote Otto Krümmel. Sir Archibald Geikie, an eminent geologist of the time, told the same story, adding, "The only motion possible is the slow creeping of the polar water along the bottom." In "The Oceans," which was published in 1942 and is still considered one of the most comprehensive textbooks on the various ocean sciences, there is this assertion: "From the oceanographic point of view the chief interest in the topography of the sea floor is that it forms the lower and lateral boundaries of water." Ideas about the seafloor have since changed so fast that new texts are out of date before they are published.

A new era of exploration began in the late forties, with instruments developed or perfected during the Second World War. Even then, the ocean floor—which is two-thirds of the earth's surface—was conceived almost entirely out of fancy. The twenty years from 1947 to 1967 were an extraordinary era of exploration of the world, equalling the explorations of the Renaissance and of the nineteenth century. Expeditions from this country, which were by no means all that went out, crisscrossed even the remotest stretches of every ocean. At first, there were only two or three ships, and their voyages were short, but the results were so exciting that by the late fifties the ships numbered in the dozens. They went out from New York, Cape Cod, and La Jolla on yearlong voyages, and scientists flew out to Mombasa or Valparaíso or Manila to go aboard while their colleagues went home carrying data. The ships sailed a good many million miles and pieced together a picture of a landscape that no one, scientist or layman, had imagined.

One of the most productive of the scientist explorers was the late Maurice Ewing, a tall, tired-looking Texan with an insatiable appetite for learning about the earth, who revolutionized the fields of marine geology, geophysics, and seismology. Recently, Lamont-Doherty Geological Observatory, an offshoot of Columbia University that Ewing started in 1949, in Palisades, New York, was able to remind the administrators of government research contracts that although it had received only a small proportion of the funds granted its field, it had "produced over half the data" on the ocean floors and "initiated all . . . except two" of the ways of getting that data. Under Ewing—who died last May, at the age

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of sixty-seven—the resources of Lamont Observatory grew from just Ewing and his students to two ships and five hundred people, at home, at sea, and in outposts around the world. For some years, Lamont has been the world's leading center for geophysical research and marine geology.

EWING led his first large expedition in the summer of 1947. His research group at Columbia had no ship of its own yet, but he had got Atlantis—a ship that the Woods Hole Oceanographic Institution had often lent him—all to himself for two months, or about as much time at sea as he had had on her in all the years before the war. His voyage was noteworthy because he examined an ocean basin with a number of modern instruments and discovered problems whose solution—after many more voyages—transformed traditional concepts of the ocean floors. Nominally commissioned by the National Geographic Society to explore the Mid-Atlantic Ridge (which he later showed to be the most important feature in the Atlantic Ocean but which was then the only significant one known), Ewing characteristically lost no opportunity to scrutinize whatever lay between Cape Cod and the Azores, where Atlantis refuelled. To the men who accompanied him, the cruise, known as Atlantis-150, was to be a scientific event of the first importance, applying in one burst to a vast area of the unknown—just as that first great expedition had seventy-five years before—all the accumulated resources of contemporary technology. "Those of us who went out did so in the spirit of Challenger," says a scientist at Lamont. Of the earlier voyage, Sir John Murray had written, "Since the days of Columbus and Magellan there has been no such revelation of the surface of the planet." There was a sense of high adventure on Atlantis, and no one was disappointed.

The lay of the land ahead was unknown except in grossest outline. Beyond the continental shelf, the topography on nautical charts was almost entirely fictitious; believing the seafloor uniform, cartographers commonly drew contours around soundings tens, and sometimes hundreds, of miles apart. Soundings were first made laboriously with line and sinker and later with electrically generated sounds—by measuring the time it took echoes to return from the bottom. But even echo soundings had been made only spasmodically, when they were made at all, and the best machines were not equipped to penetrate below two thousand fathoms (twelve thousand feet), a depth that is reached a hundred miles from Cape Cod. Lack of knowledge ably supported the prevailing view that the ocean bottom was featureless. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge was one feature, however, that was too large to be missed. In the eighteen-fifties, Matthew Maury published a few shallow soundings from a spot in mid-ocean that came to be called Telegraph Plateau. But, curiously (such was the difficulty of plumbing and charting the ocean floor before echo sounding), it was the discovery, on the Challenger expedition, that the temperature of the bottom water was not the same on both sides of the Atlantic which first suggested the existence of a continuous barrier of high ground running almost from pole to pole and dividing the water into two basins. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge, as the barrier came to be known, rises from beneath the reach of the early echo sounders to about six thousand feet below the surface. If its presence was too obvious to be missed, its nature was not. Ridge, mountain range or ranges, and high plateau all were proposed. One geologist believed the Ridge to be the first arching up of the earth's crust in an incipient continent, while another authority thought it the debris left when the continents split apart and moved to their present positions; devotees of a "lost Atlantis" were not si-

"We'll have your car ready to go in just a few minutes, Mr. Henderson—soon as Tony finds your radiator hose."

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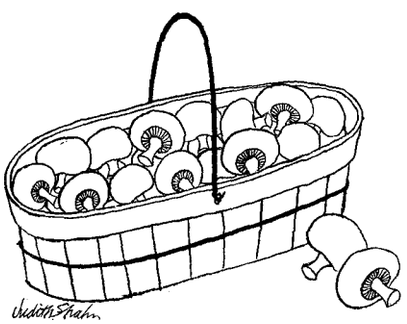
lent, either. In the early forties, eminent geologists spoke ambiguously of a mid-Atlantic swell.

Atlantis sailed from Woods Hole in mid-July, with a scientific party of ten. For this voyage, Ewing had had her echo sounder—which made a continuous record of the outline of the bottom—modified to sound to four thousand fathoms (twenty-four thousand feet) instead of only two. With only this instrument, Atlantis was more powerfully equipped than any earlier expedition to understand the Ridge and any other feature that might be found on the ocean floor. But Ewing also had stocked her with every conceivable kind of gear for examining the earth's surface at sea—except gear for measuring the earth's magnetism and gravity, which he carried later. In his eagerness to get data of any kind, even nongeological, he had Nansen bottles to sample the water, plankton nets to sample what was in it, and bathythermographs to take the water's temperature. In the absence of Woods Hole's expert on sediments, Henry Stetson, he borrowed the Stetson coring device, a long tube surmounted by much lead—a cookie cutter, as Ewing liked to call it—that took out of the bottom a mud cookie two and a half inches in diameter and eight or ten feet long. He proposed to get some cores along the way and, since cores weren't his thing, to take them back to Stetson; Columbus Iselin, the director of Woods Hole, thought it a generous gesture. Ewing remarked ingenuously, "I felt a sense of obligation, with an expedition entrusted to me for two months, to get data of every conceivable kind." Unexpectedly, there came along with Stetson's corer his associate, a micropaleontologist named David Ericson. "I don't think anyone asked me to go," says Ericson, a soft-spoken man with a full sea-captain fringe of graying whiskers, who is now Lamont's expert on Pleistocene sediments and climates. "I just stepped aboard, because it seemed the natural thing to do, and no one questioned me." To anyone who didn't know Ewing, the cruise came as a bit of a surprise. All his time on ships was dearly bought, and Ewing never learned to tolerate an idle ship for even a moment. "When you went out with him, there was no cultivated social life in the main cabin in the evening, as on some English and Swedish expeditions," says Ericson. "You were working night and day. Every minute, you could see he was thinking of the data he was getting and the money he was spending. He was a man of extraordinary enthusiasm, and just wrapped up in what he was doing." In a few days, Atlantis was in tropical waters; after a brush with bad weather and a brief call at Bermuda, she headed into mid-ocean. The water had become very blue. A few flying fish landed on the deck at night, offering themselves for breakfast, and were collected by the watch. When the ship stopped to take water samples, some men swam in one of the big trawl nets. Every day, there were new experiences to understand. "Ewing was always the natural scientist, interested in everything—the St. Elmo's fire at the top of the mast, the nature of swell, the flash at sunset," says Frank Press, who was a student then and is now chairman of Earth and Planetary Sciences at M.I.T.

As they sailed, with the echo sounder continuously recording, Ewing said later, he "had the strange feeling of being an aviator flying high over an unknown planet tantalizingly hidden from view but outlined on his radar screen." Atlantis was a day out of Bermuda, in three miles of water, when the ocean bottom began to shoal gradually. As she sailed on, it rose beneath her for hours, until she was over the flat top of a small seamount—a submarine mountain—two miles high. Ewing decided to take his first core. "I told Press, 'Here's our chance to get a core without gambling a lot of time,' " Ewing recalled early this year. "I was so jealous of ship's time I was determined I was going to take a core in shallow water to gain experience. Well, some people, you know, never get over their first anything—their first drink, their first woman. As it happened, that core was one of the best cores



BENEDICTION

Sunday morning the bells
he is drunk he is
bellowing drunk

it says in the book man is clay
he is more board than brick
more warped than broken

Saturday sundown he
crept from under his bricks
an empty vinegar bottle clenched in his fist

following his shoes to the corner store
for a loaf of bread
and a litre of light

he's set the bread aside
the bells the bells
this is his Mass

his glasses are smeary and thick as
the bottle between his knees
he sweetens the bloodless grain with strawberry soda

he feels the dark knot tighten
sways to his feet and howls
not fluent ululu

but AI
AI
AI

pierced by the light
refuting the bells
and does a little goat dance out the gate

—Donald Finkel

• •

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"Last I heard, he was living in a trailer camp off Route 212."

• •

of my life." The coring tube, with its half ton of lead weights, was swung overboard, and cable began cracking across the deck as the winch in the hold turned and the coring device dropped out of sight. Bottom was at eight hundred and forty-one fathoms—just under a mile. In three-quarters of an hour, the winch was slowed to a creep. Ewing peered at a tension meter on the cable; there would be only the slightest tremor at the instant a trigger let the corer and its half ton of lead fall into the mud. The mile of cable weighed more than its load; it would not go slack. Too much cable let out would kink and later break under strain; too little would bring the device back empty and still cocked. At the right moment, Ewing waved, the winch was reversed, and the cable came back, taut, snapping onto the winch drum with reports like gunfire.

The core was full of surprises. "In the old days," says David Ericson, "the theory was that you could take a core anywhere at sea and get a complete history of the world from its creation—if you could take one that was long enough. There would be fossils of the first animals, of course, and we expected—all of us on that Atlantis-150 cruise—that maybe we would even find sticking up a piece of the original crust of the earth that had frozen out of the molten state." Oceanographers and paleontologists regarded the ocean sediments romantically and simplistically as "an epic poem of earth history," one paleontologist later wrote, ruefully. "The assemblage in the tops of cores could be used to determine the areal distribution of various species at the present day, while samples from lower levels could show, in an orderly manner, the development of present-day species." The sediments were said to accumulate uniformly, by what was called an endless snowfall (or a steady rain) of tiny planktonic shells and inorganic matter from above.

"I spoke then," Ewing recalled once, "of finding recorded such events as the appearance of the first plant life and the resulting change in the atmosphere, and the appearance of the first carbonate-shelled animals. We had every reason to believe that the sediment column represented the whole of geologic time."

"Somehow, we never seemed to find those trilobites everyone was talking about getting," Ericson says wistfully. "When we examined that first core, we found sediment of the Recent epoch on top and thirty-five-million-year-old Eocene sediment at the bottom. That in itself was exciting, because sediment older than a few thousand years had never been recovered at great depth from the ocean before. But when we examined the core more closely, we found something unexpected. The eight inches of Recent sediment lay directly upon the Eocene. Of the intervening thirty-some million years there was no trace. It was scarcely an example of the complete record that orthodox theories had led us to expect. What had happened to those intervening sediments? On that point, the core itself made no sense; yet all accepted ideas led one to believe that a core could be understood completely by minute enough analysis. We had to leave the question, with the suspicion, which

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grew as we went on, that the ocean was more than oceanographers had accounted for."

Whenever any two people were not working or sleeping, there were discussions of the unexpected things they were seeing. "But Ewing never forgot that the ship was expensive to run," says Frank Press, "and we worked it twenty-four hours a day. I used to bunk with him, and when he did sleep it was only for an hour. There was nothing he wouldn't do himself. If a hundred pounds of TNT needed moving, he moved it." Seismic-reflection shooting—a way of determining the contours of the ocean crust beneath the sediments by exploding TNT in the water and measuring the time in which echoes return from the bottom—went on as fast as human bodies could do it. "I remember one used to hold the fuse in one's teeth, sitting on the afterdeck," says Ericson. "The charge of TNT was in one hand and a light was in the other. One wasn't supposed to put the fuse in until the last minute. Then you flung it. This continued at half-hour intervals day and night. Ewing seized every opportunity to get information. There would be two-day stretches when he was going continuously. If the topography became surprising, the ship would circle and try to outline it. With him, you were going to either sink the ship with too much explosive or discover something interesting."

In the thirties, Ewing had put all his seismic gear on the bottom and had got, at best, one measurement for a day's work. After the war, with instruments he had developed for the Navy, he worked from the surface. The ship was stopped, hydrophones (the instruments that detected the echoes from the explosions) were lowered into the water, and a charge of TNT was thrown over. Echoes came back from the successive strata of earth below the water; when they were recorded, the hydrophones were retrieved, and the ship got under way. Ewing begrudged losing the better part of an hour stopping and starting the ship for one seismic measurement when the sound of an explosion got to the bottom and back in just a few seconds. "We said let's see if we can do it without stopping the ship," Ewing recalled. "We perfected underway seismic shooting during the cruise—a highlight of my life." Ewing stopped the hydrophones instead of the ship. Just before a charge exploded, a line towing the hydrophones was let free and they floated still in the water until the echoes were recorded; then they were hauled back aboard. Ewing admitted that the method was a little hard on backs, but the records were good. As soon as another record could be interpreted, it was time for another shot. Shooting stopped only when the sea was so rough that Atlantis could not get away from the explosions. Explosives were set off at the end of a detonating cable three hundred feet long, to keep them away from the ship. One night, the cable fouled. The charge hung against the ship's side, out of sight, two feet below the rail. Ewing, who was on watch, had had the habit of putting his ear to the rail ever since he first heard wave returns, ten years before, in Atlantis's hold; but during this cruise he had taken to using the opposite rail, so the charge went off a dozen feet from his head instead of two.

"There was an air of imminent discovery," says Press. Eleven days out of Woods Hole, four out of Bermuda, on July 27th, around midnight, Atlantis passed from a region of irregular, generally rough topography onto—over—a plain flatter than anything anyone had seen before. The echo sounder showed twenty-nine hundred fathoms—seventeen thousand four hundred feet. For two and a half days, Atlantis sailed on into mid-ocean, and the plain below remained at twenty-nine

"So where do we spend this Thanksgiving? Your father's place, your mother's place, my mother's place, or my father's place?"

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"There wouldn't be any scotch if it weren't for us Irish!"

Says John Jameson

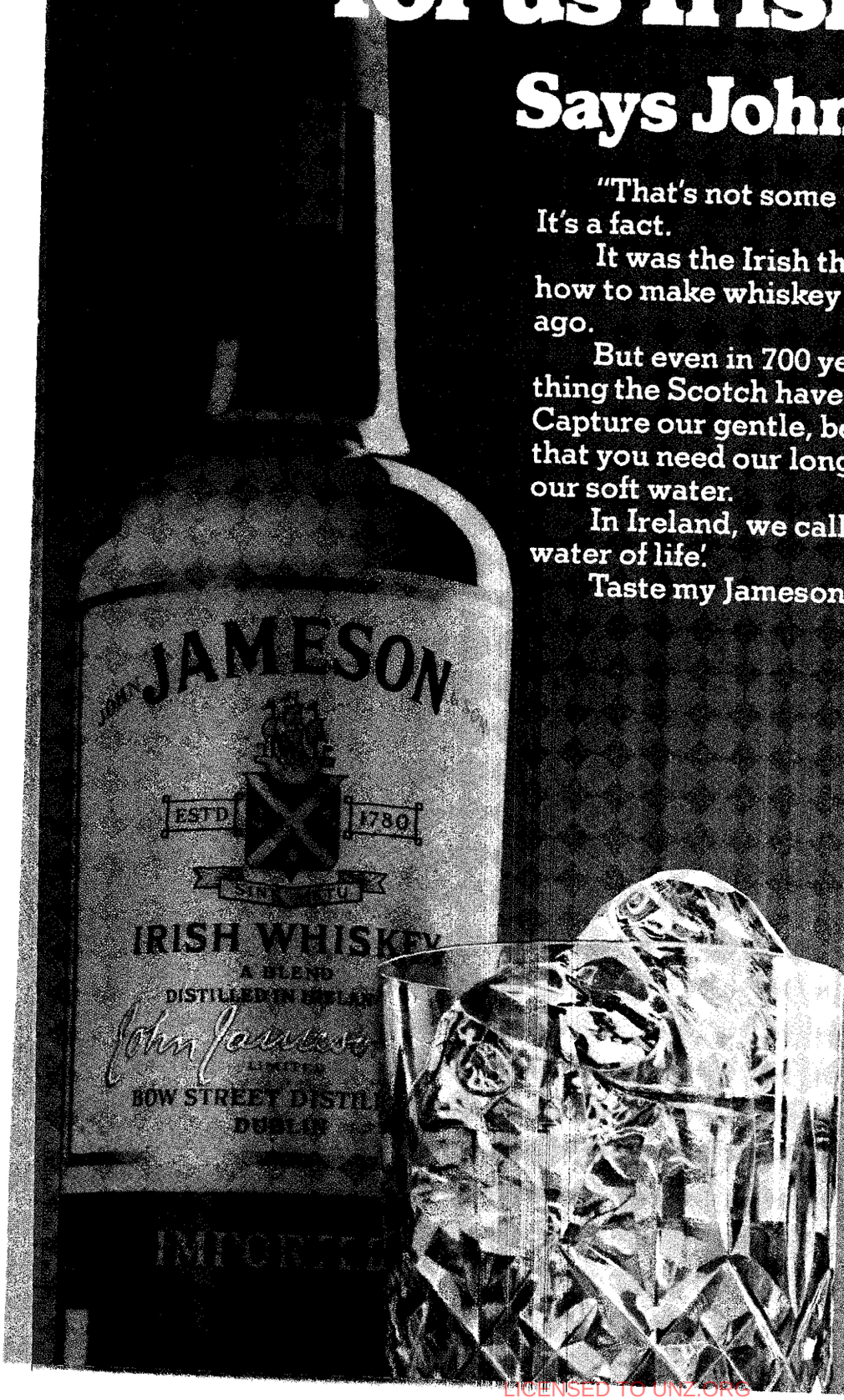
"That's not some tall Irish tale either. It's a fact.

It was the Irish that taught the Scotch how to make whiskey more than 700 years ago.

But even in 700 years, there is one thing the Scotch have never been able to do. Capture our gentle, beguiling flavor. For that you need our long days, our rich soil, our soft water.

In Ireland, we call our whiskey, 'the water of life.'

Taste my Jameson's and you'll know why."



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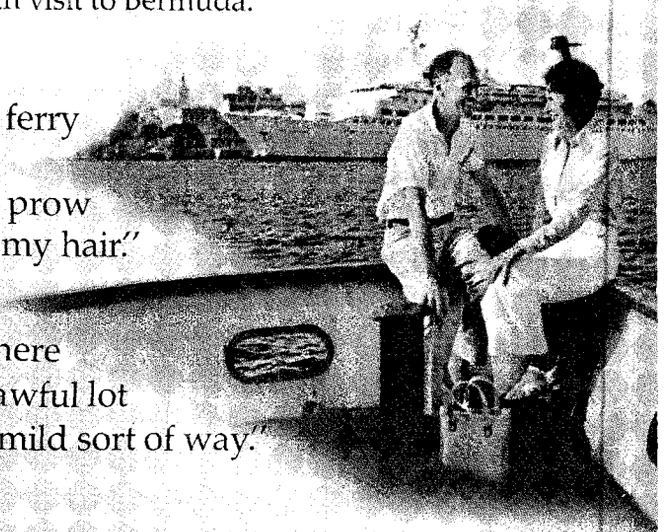
"Golf is nice and easy here. We don't have to make starting times three days in advance."

Dan Cates on the Cates' thirteenth visit to Bermuda.



"In the late afternoon we like to take the ferry into town. It's ten minutes and the prettiest ride in the world. I like to sit up on the prow and feel the breeze in what's left of my hair."

"Bermuda is so gentle. There's an atmosphere of total relaxation. We find an awful lot to occupy us... in a mild sort of way."

"Bermuda is a very special place for me... I met my wife here."

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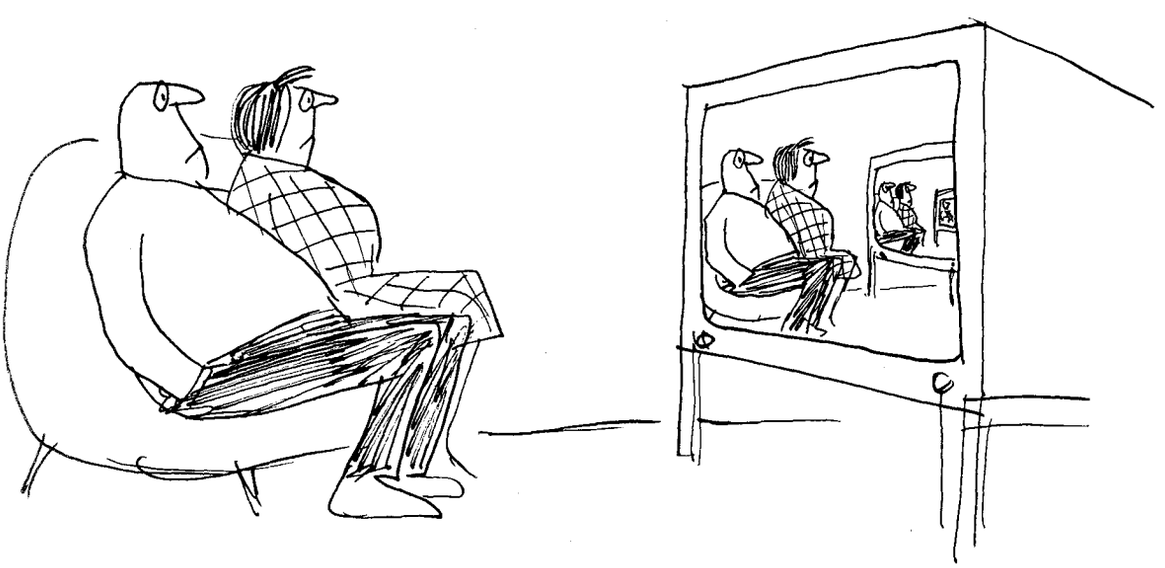
hundred fathoms. Even when the echo sounder wandered off—as, for reasons of its own, it often did—the seismic-reflection shots, which at that depth were accurate within a foot or two, monotonously showed twenty-nine hundred fathoms. The plain caused some amazement, not only on Atlantis but, later, among geologists and marine geologists ashore. It was so very flat. No known geological process produced quite that result; the floodplain of a river may approach the flatness but has certain obvious dissimilarities. The abyssal plains, as this oceanic plain and others like it were to be called, are the flattest places on earth, and they are immense. In scale, they are flatter than any billiard table. Sprawling, rough-edged, and shapeless, they are occasionally more than a thousand miles across. Atlantis found several more plains in the next few years, on both sides of the Atlantic. They exist in every ocean, but they are most extensive in the Atlantic, where they nearly cover the basins between the Mid-Atlantic Ridge and the bases of the continents. The Pacific is ringed by trenches at the bases of the continents and the island arcs, and it has few abyssal plains to seaward, but the bottoms of the trenches are narrow abyssal plains. The Swedish Albatross Expedition found abyssal plains in the Indian Ocean in 1948; because its coring apparatus came back bent and empty, its scientists concluded that the plains were vast lava flows. In the past quarter century, abyssal plains have been minutely described, and today their nature is axiomatic, but in the forties it was subject to argument and doubt. As late as 1959, a Lamont paper noted, more sorrowfully than indignantly, that a few scientists persisted in the lava-flow theory. Ewing, although he put forward no theory of his own for several years, thought it nonsense to suppose that lava could flow so far and flat in cold water; and he succeeded in coring a plain, getting sand, not lava. The lavaphiles stuck to their lava; there might just be some sand on top of it, they said, destroying their original argument. The extreme flatness of the plains was concealed by the early echo sounders, which at depths like twenty-nine hundred fathoms were accurate to twenty-five or fifty, or sometimes only a hundred, fathoms. They ran off regular ship's current, which was no thing of precision: when the ship's cook turned on his stove, a canyon was discovered in the ocean bottom. It was not always possible to spot the impostors immediately; an early and prominent discovery on the Atlantic Ocean floor was later rescinded and privately named Sixty-Cycle Bank. The records showed humps, bumps, and jogs in the abyssal plains, and the advocates of lava flows made much of these. Ewing believed his seismic profiles, which, though intermittent during Atlantis-150, never varied from twenty-nine hundred fathoms in the course of two and a half days of crossing the abyssal plain. Only after 1953, when Lamont built a precision depth recorder, accurate to within six feet in eighteen thousand, was the flatness of the abyssal plains demonstrated in a way that was clearly visible and hard to deny or ignore. A PDR record of an abyssal plain is striking but boring—a straight line. The discovery of abyssal plains is one of the most important ever made in the ocean. They are an essential link in a complex chain of geologic phenomena, some of which—as obscurely related as certain oil strata, vanishing marine telegraph cables, and mid-ocean sand—had puzzled geologists for years.

Just before midafternoon on July 30th, the third day of crossing the abyssal plain, the echo sounder recorded a gentle rise of a hundred fathoms. In twenty minutes, depth was back to twenty-nine hundred fathoms. Two hours later, another small hill rose from the plain. From then on, the hills increased in number, and the ground grew gradually and steadily rougher and higher, until, almost exactly in mid-ocean—sixteen hundred and fifty nautical miles from home and sixteen hundred and eighty from the African coast—Atlantis lay above the central highland of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. The echo sounder drew a wild, jagged country of unweathered pinnacles and abrupt chasms. A couple of days earlier, the expedition had found deep sediment on the flanks of the Ridge, but there was little or none on the crest. It was clear immediately that the Ridge was not a vague swell under a thick blanket of sediment, but for a while there was some anxiety that it might be a meaningless jumble of rough topography. There were high mountains and deep valleys in profusion. On August 7th, after nearly a week of survey, Atlantis lingered for a day and a night over a particularly spectacular piece of territory. From a deep cleft, a shoulder of the Ridge rose with exceptional steepness nearly ten thousand feet—a bold contrast that Atlantis later traced for more than fifty miles. First, however, she stopped for samples. A heavy sea was running. During the day, two coring devices were lowered to the bottom, one after the other, but the gyrations of the ship were so great and the tensions on the cable so various that both were hoisted again without having struck bottom. At 2 A.M., the heavier corer was sent down again; it reached bottom and stuck. Before it came free, the strain on the cable approached the breaking point. A rusty strand snapped and began to unravel. Ewing saw it, and he said later that though the strain on the cable was fifteen or sixteen tons, "I thought, 'The place where it breaks is the safest place to be.' I had a roll of tape in my pocket, and I walked over and began taping it." The tube had probably caught between rocks. It came aboard badly bent and contain-



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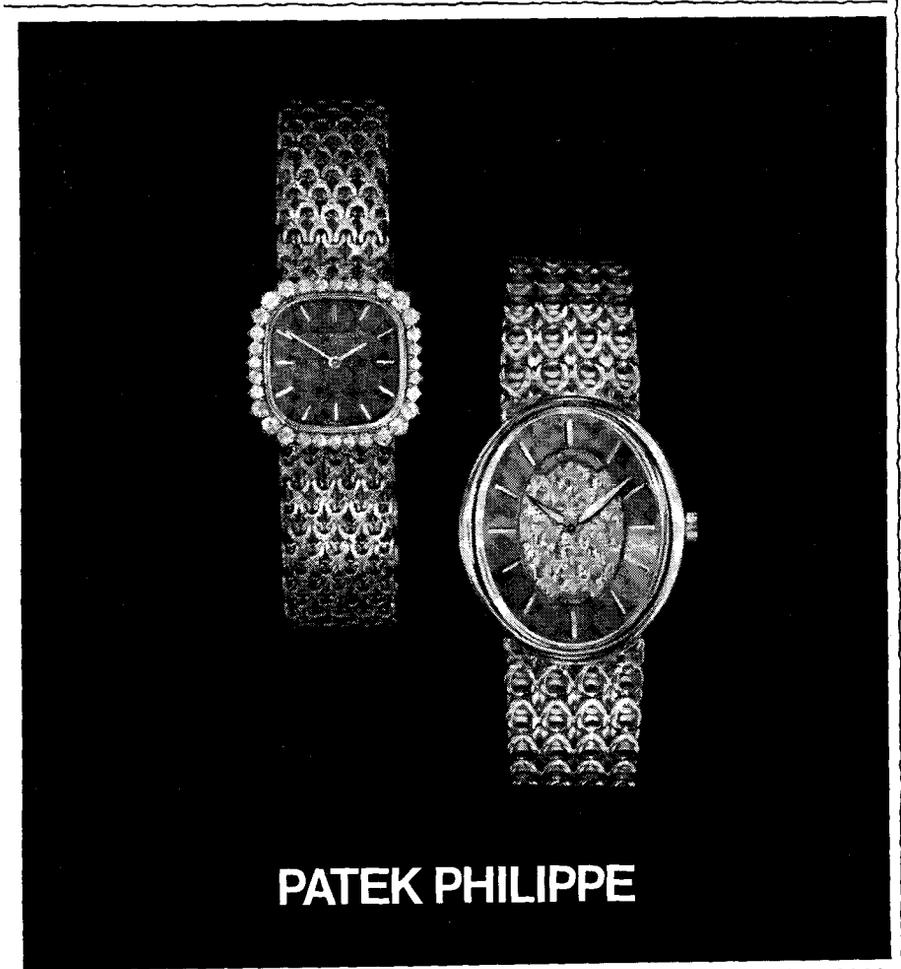

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ing only a few inches of sediment and one small piece of freshly broken igneous rock. The small corer was completely wrecked a few hours later in an attempt to sample the top of the mountain. A dredge was lowered next. Getting a dredge on the bottom and towing it on steep, rocky slopes are a good deal harder than coring, and a dredging several days before had returned nothing; but the dredge was all that remained usable. When it surfaced this time, after three hours beneath the water, it brought up a hundred pounds of igneous rock of several varieties—anorthosite, gabbro, serpentine, and basalt—some of which, to experienced eyes, appeared much distorted by heat and pressure. The dredge was promptly relowered, to sample the floor of the cleft, and came back with four hundred pounds of basalt, including shiny pieces of pillow lavas, which form when hot lava cools quickly in water. After twenty-four hours on station, everyone except Ewing admitted to being tired enough to leave. Atlantis got under way, and followed the topography north by echo sounder.

Already, more was known about the Ridge than had been discovered since its existence was first suspected. Just the obviously mountainous nature of the Ridge was enough to scuttle most theories about it. That there were rocks to be had for the taking on the Ridge's steep slopes was both stimulating and against all predictions. (It almost seemed that the truth about what lay under the ocean could be found merely by taking scientific beliefs and reversing them.) The dredge had been brought along to get sediment. Not only was the bottom of the ocean supposed to be covered, its shape muffled, by a thick blanket of sediment, but under the sediment the rocks were supposed to be old and undeformed—the original crust of the earth. But many of the rocks that came up in the dredge were fresh-looking—bare and unoxidized. The steep slope and deep ditch suggested to Ewing a fault scarp—a place where in relatively recent times a piece of the earth's crust has slipped up or down against another, with attendant earthquakes. Two weeks later, a dredging of metamorphosed, faulted, and shattered igneous rock and of sediment full of pulverized rock lent support to this idea. (In the sixties, some scientists returned to these same dredge hauls for more information about the Ridge.) During the voyage, echo-sounder profiles were regularly laid out on charts along the ship's course, and the topog-

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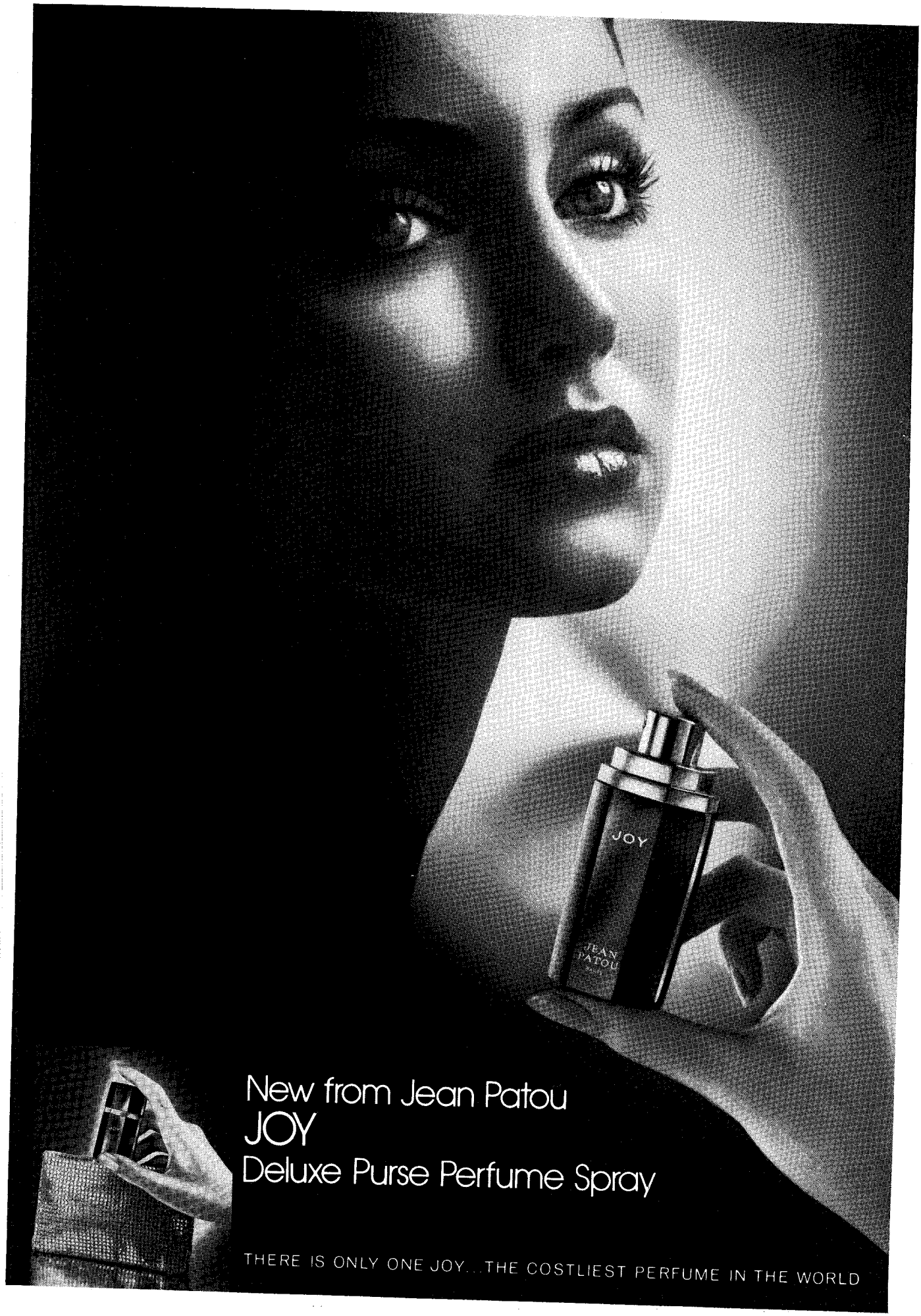

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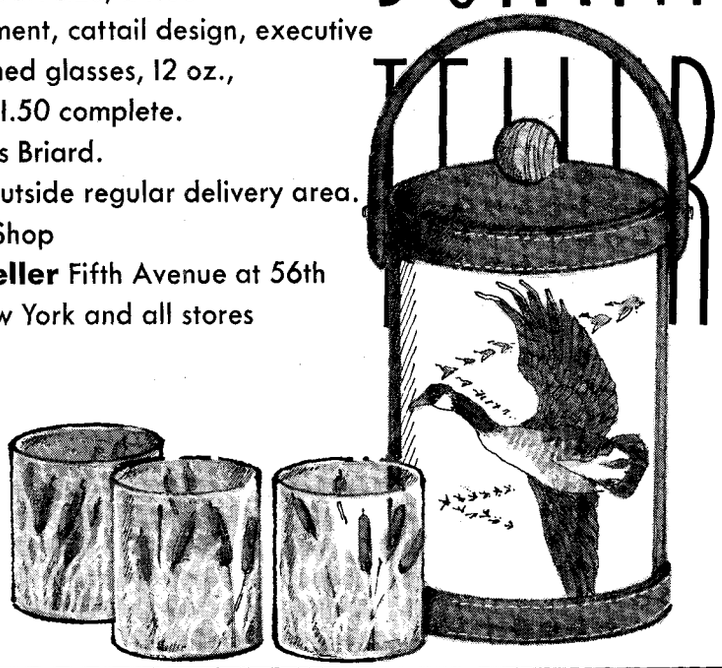

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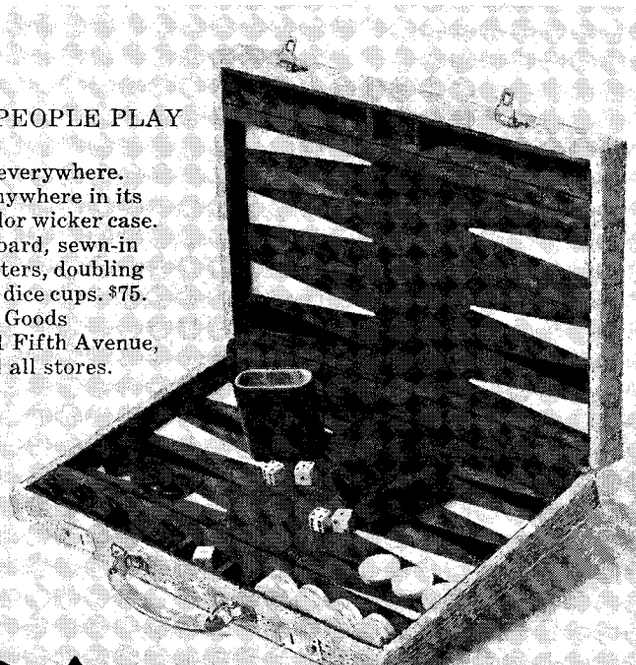

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raphy was roughly sketched in. As the voyage progressed, some order was found in the Ridge topography; with study, during the winter, more emerged. Abyssal plains, at depths of more than three miles, flank the Ridge, occupying five hundred and fifty thousand square miles. A region—some hundred thousand square miles—of low hills emerges from the plains, and gives way, in turn, to several levels of ever higher and more rugged ground. The backbone of the Ridge is a series of north-south parallel ranges, very jagged, with no flat stretches, rising two miles above the abyssal plain—or from about three miles below the surface to less than one. Jagged, unweathered, basaltic, recently fractured and erupted—the local description of the Ridge is little changed today, except by greater detail, and is valid throughout its length. But it has become apparent that the Ridge is a portion of the most important geological feature in the world.

Atlantis followed the Ridge north from the horse latitudes to the Azores—a distance of a thousand miles. At São Miguel, diesel oil, which Atlantis ordinarily used, was unavailable, so her tanks were filled with bunker oil. She sailed pouring black soot from her stack; decks, sails, and men rapidly became disagreeably grimy. She explored the Ridge another week and turned homeward.

"IF we had found the expected things, even Ewing might have lost interest, but instead it was like throwing gasoline on a fire," says David Ericson. "Almost nothing we'd seen had been as expected—the general lack of sediment in the seismic profiles, the youthful appearance of the Ridge, the wholly mysterious abyssal plain, and the several very puzzling aspects of the cores. For me, what we had found was so exciting that it was not a question of whether or not I should work on the cores—simply whether I should do it at Woods Hole or at Columbia. Ordinarily, everything would have stopped there, and we would have spent years studying the cores. But almost immediately Ewing organized another expedition, and evidence built up as to what was really happening to the sands and other sediments and the abyssal plains. That continual looking was one of Ewing's greatest contributions, and it is not often mentioned. His approach to exploration was a completely new concept, and has done more than anything else to change our knowledge of the oceans. He didn't try to exhaust

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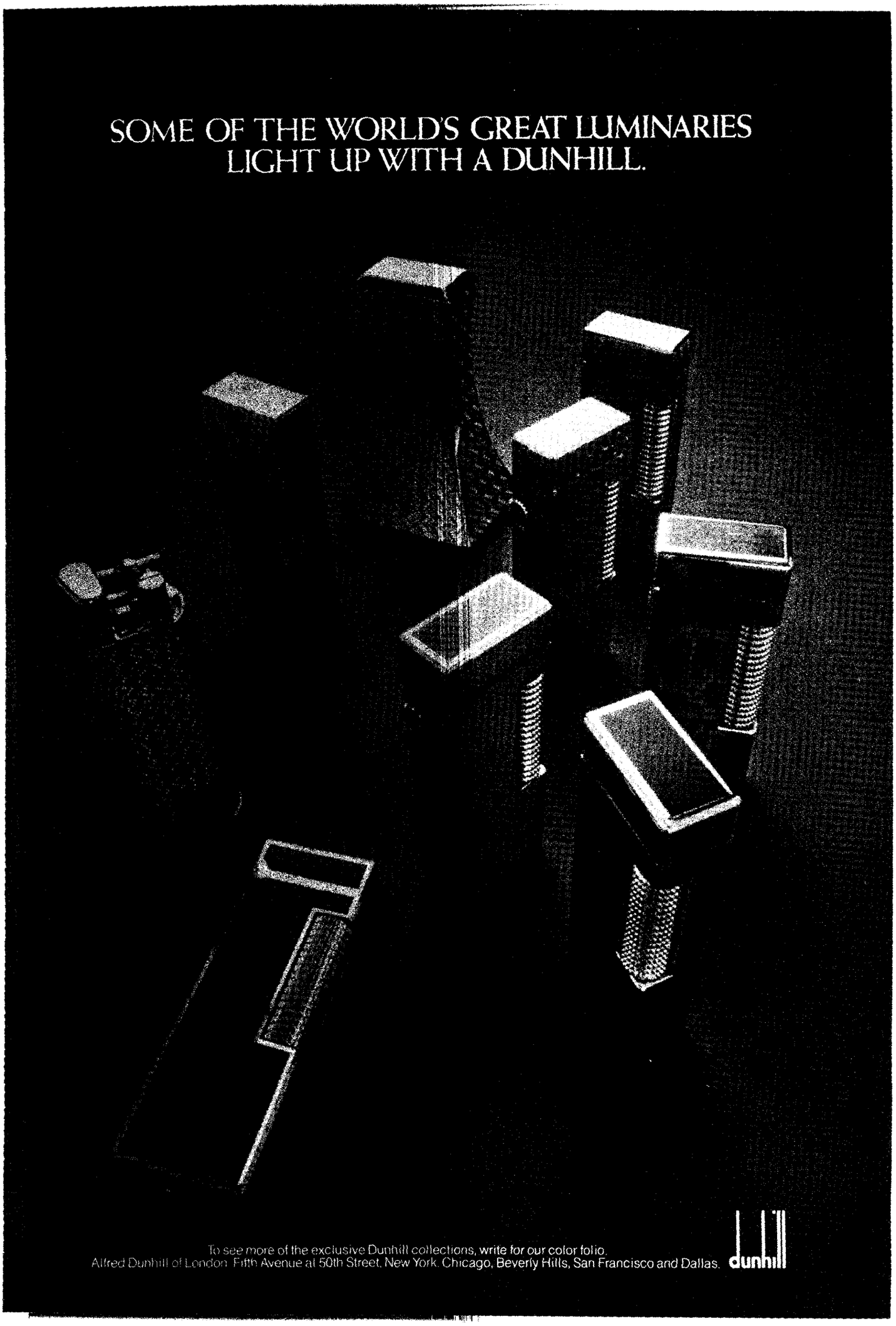

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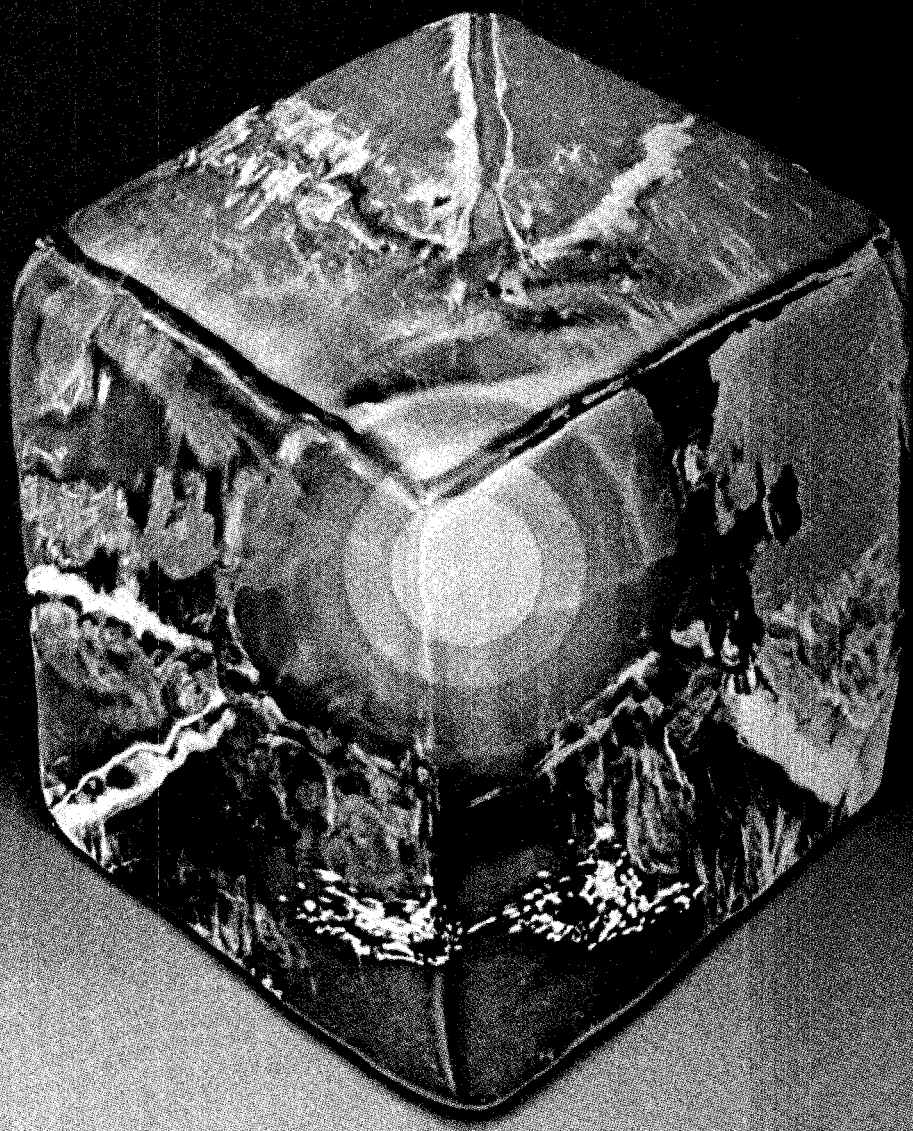

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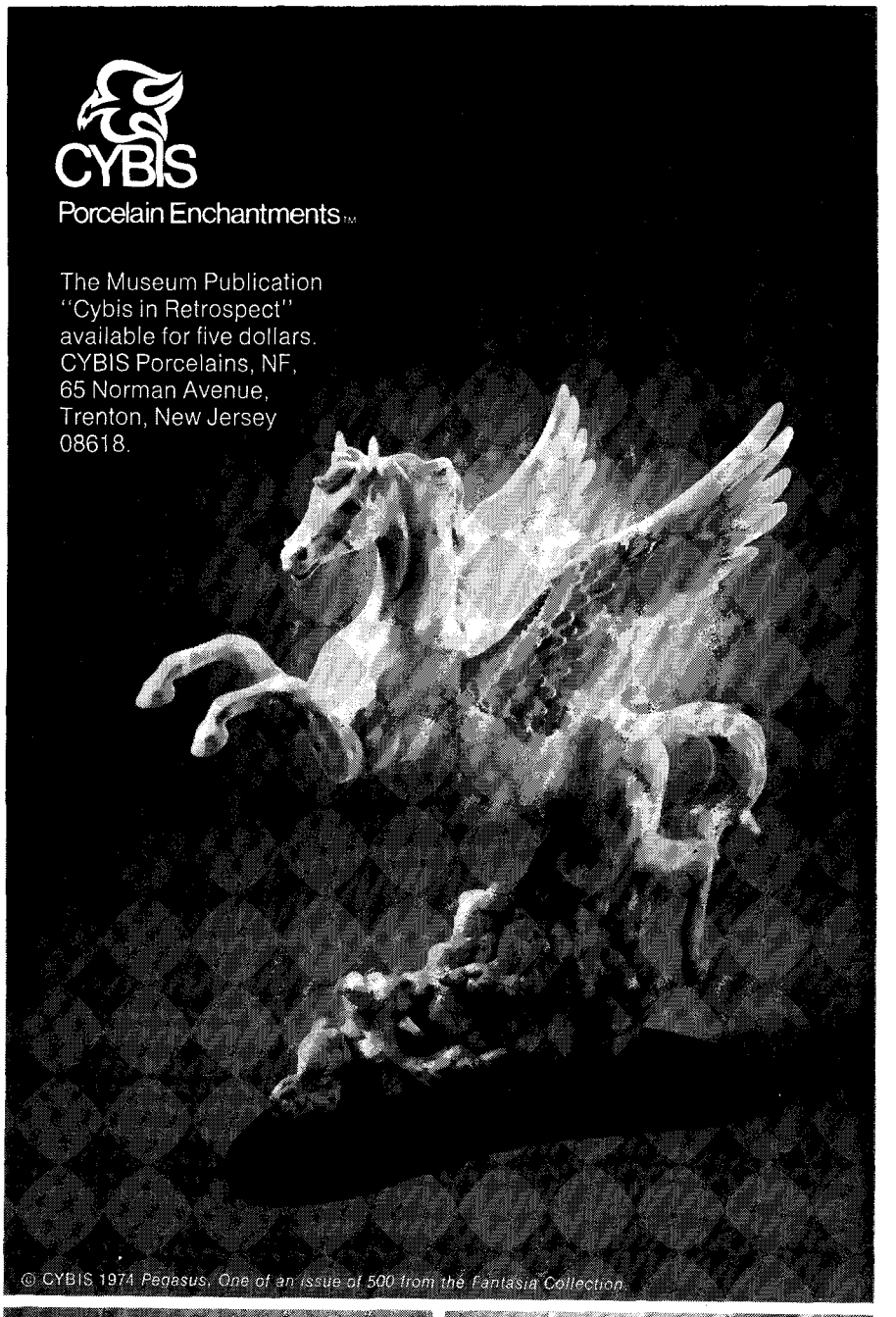
an interesting feature in one expedition; he looked at as many things as he could. Each expedition was a reconnaissance. Instead of shooting his wad on one voyage and perhaps spending the rest of his life working up the data, he went back and got more. He tested his theories at sea, and when he announced them, they were right."

During the winter after the 1947 cruise, Ewing got excited about the cores, and in 1948, when he mounted two cruises, he had a new coring apparatus of his own devising, which was essentially today's model. He wedded the best features of existing devices—the simplicity of Stetson's and (to overcome the friction of the tube and draw the mud farther in without squashing it) the piston of a complex Swedish device he'd read about. His own contribution was characteristic. Both Stetson's and the Swedish tube were turned on lathes; they were so expensive that their creators were reluctant to have them used, and perhaps wrecked, on any surface that might be hard, such as hills, mountains, or steep slopes—most of the interesting places. Ewing made his corer with two-and-a-half-inch steel boiler tubing, and he did not skimp the ship for spares. He set out to take as many cores as he could, from as many kinds of topography as he could find on the echo sounder. There were researchers who did not think that what he was doing was a good idea. "In those days," says Allyn Vine, an old Woods Hole hand, "when someone took a core, that represented a year of working up the data. If you took a dozen cores, you were tied up for a long time. Ewing went in for coring with a vengeance, and by the time he'd got a couple of dozen cores, a lot of scientists were raising their eyebrows and saying, 'That man is taking too many cores. He's not working up his data. Why is he being given money to take more?' But what Ewing had noticed right off was some of the gross features of the cores—I remember he said, 'When you can show me two alike, I'll stop and study them in detail.' There were such great differences that there had to be some outside influences at work disrupting the normal course of sedimentation. It was these gross differences—the occasional gaps in the sediment column, the occasional layers of sand, and the like—that he set out to explain by getting enough cores to see if a pattern could be found." Ewing took twenty-seven cores in 1948 before the second expedition lost its coring apparatus. At one time in 1950, he had two ships out at once,



"The American Porcelain Tradition" Exhibit, George Thomas Hunter Gallery of Art, Chattanooga, Tennessee. November 30-January 5, 1975.

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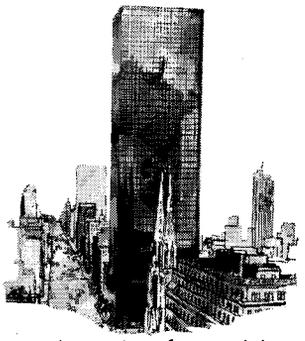
Artist's rendering of Olympic Tower at completion of construction.



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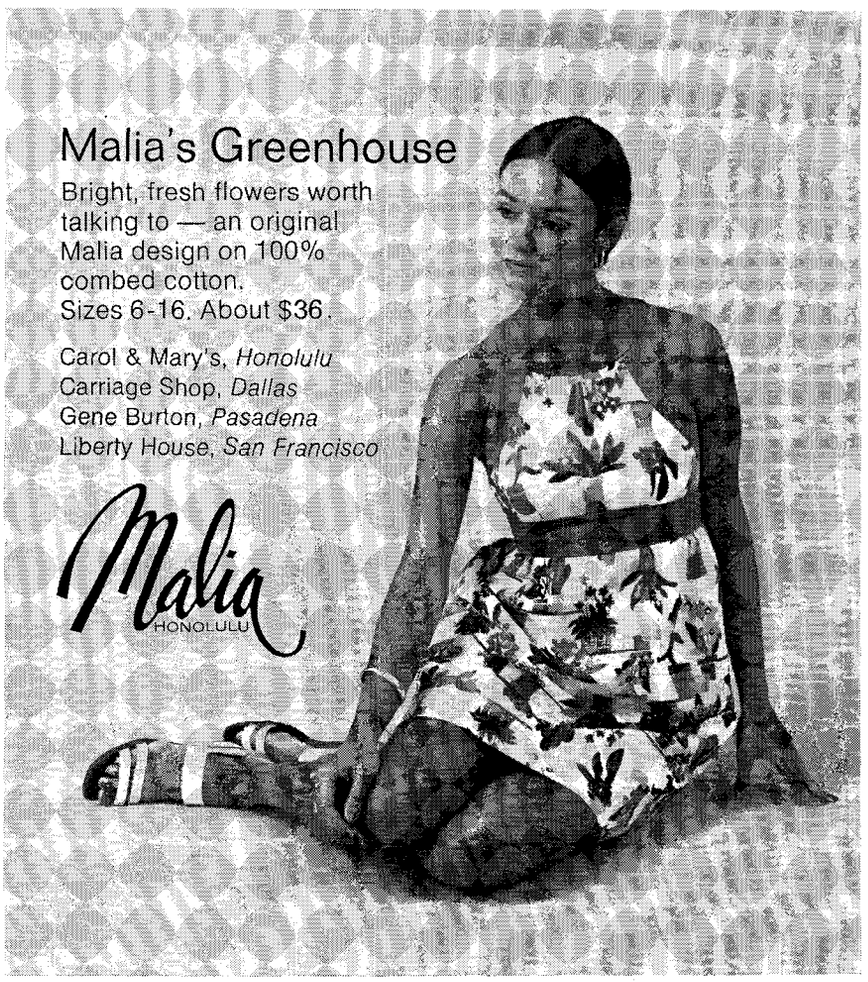

and the chief scientists were trying to see who could take more cores.

Many of these cores were full of sand, and sand was not, as Ericson, Ewing, and Bruce C. Heezen (who was a graduate student then and is now a marine geologist at Lamont) later wrote, "in accordance with orthodox theories of sediment in the deep ocean basins." An axiom of geology held, and still holds, that sand cannot form in mid-ocean. It is ground up in streams and carried by them to the sea, where tides and waves and currents spread it along the shore. Sand, beach sand—coarse and clean, and consisting chiefly of bits of quartz—had been found in mid-ocean before Atlantis-150. The Challenger expedition found it once, wondered why it was there, and concluded that it wasn't—that the apparatus had been contaminated before lowering. Later expeditions, however, found sand, too. Sand became a perennial oceanographic puzzle, impossible to explain or explain away, though some scientists went to remarkable lengths to do so: something called sedimentary vulcanism was supposed to have thrust sand up through the ordinary abyssal sediments from below, where it had lain since being the beach of an infant ocean on an infant globe; drifting icebergs were supposed to have transported it from the shores of Greenland; and Pleistocene windstorms were supposed to have blown it out from the Sahara. The roots of drifting trees and the droppings of migratory birds were both invoked. In 1920, a scholarly German reviewed all the theories in one chapter of a book called "Geologie des Meeresbodens," or "Geology of the Sea Bottom." He elected as the most plausible theory one advanced by the German 1901-03 South Polar Expedition: that the sand had been deposited in shallow water and that the land had thereafter sunk to abyssal depth. Alas, still in the twenties, a core was taken in which there was abyssal sediment below as well as above the sand. It became necessary for the ocean floor to have heaved itself up several thousand fathoms to make a beach and then—perhaps wilting under the strain—ponderously to have sunk back again. In the nineteen-forties, the accepted doctrine was a catastrophic drop in sea level, in the course of which the sands were deposited on beaches and several other mysteries were obligingly cleared up.

"One day at the end of May, 1949, soon after we started Lamont," Ewing said last spring, "Woods Hole called and asked, 'Would four days at sea on

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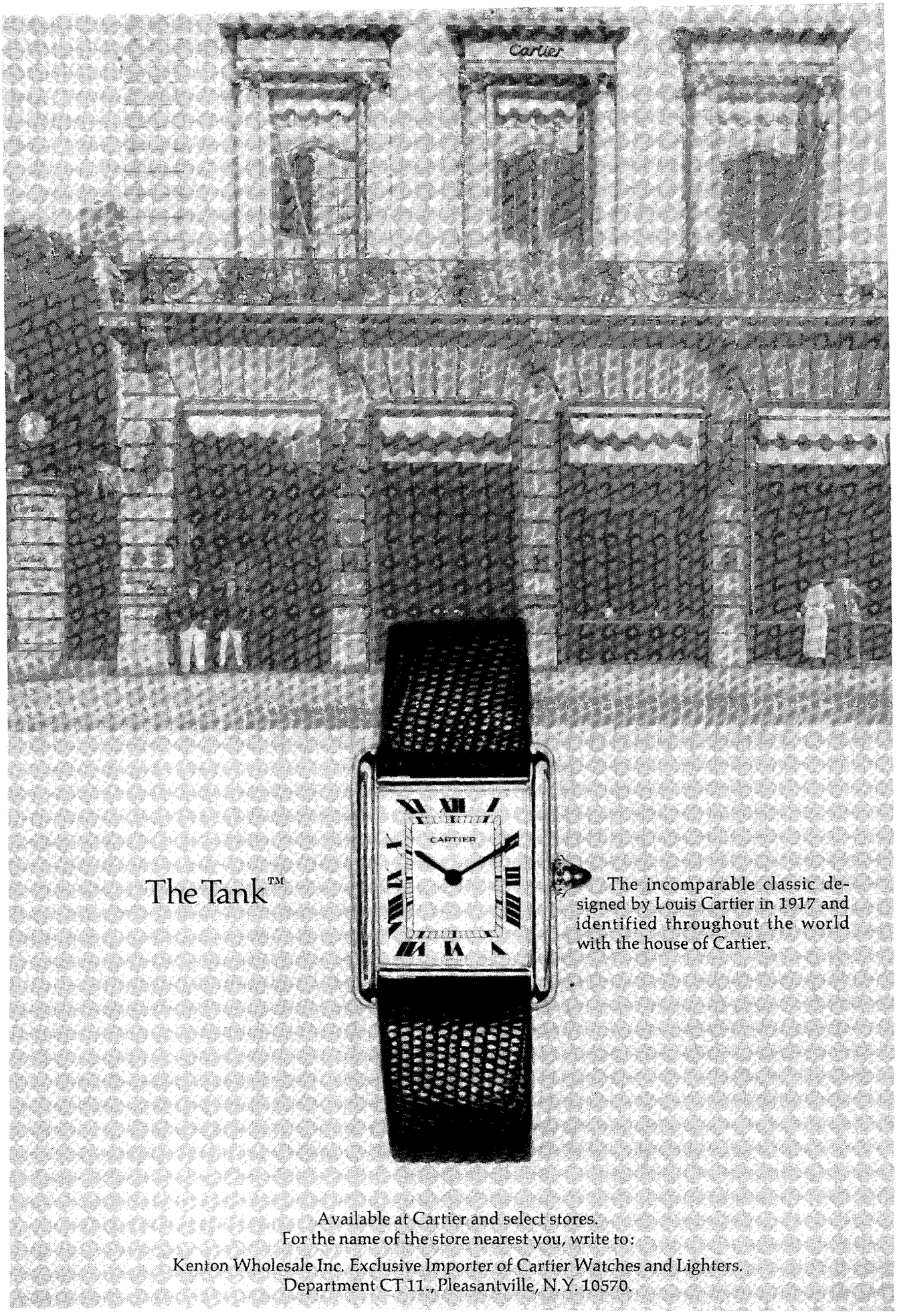

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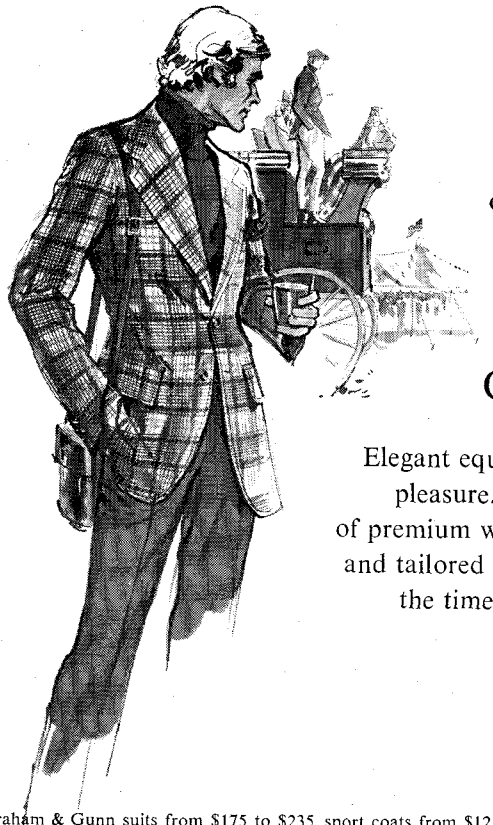

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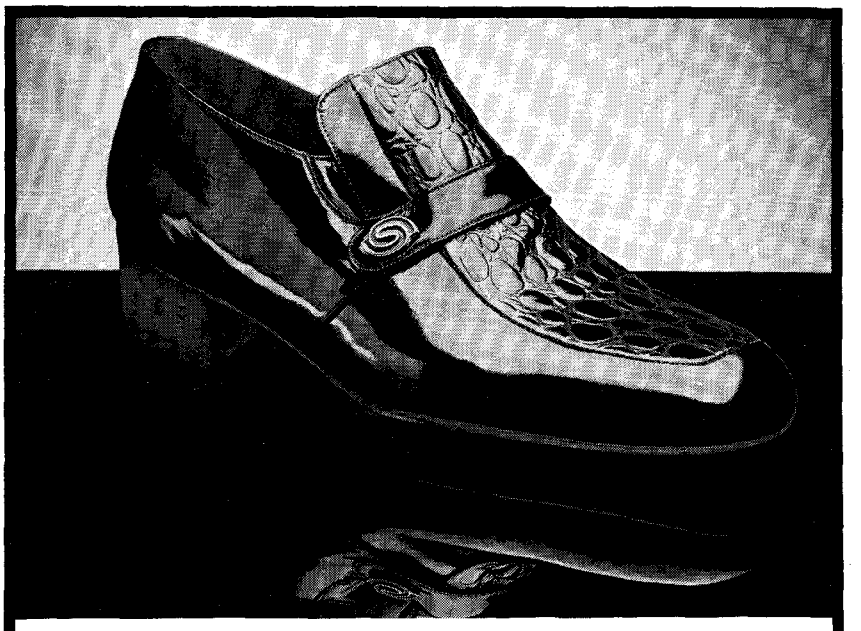

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Atlantis starting the day after tomorrow in Jacksonville be of any use to you?' I wanted to core the Blake Plateau off the shore there, where they've just discovered they'd like to drill for oil, and we had to fly our coring apparatus to Florida. It nearly broke my heart to ship a ton of lead by commercial plane. We'd been only half a day on station when quite a storm came up, and the captain hove to, to ride it out. When it had passed, he came to me with a kind of smirk and said that as it happened he had hove to in the middle of the Gulf Stream and we were now only a few hundred miles south of Cape Cod, and that since we hadn't time to go back on station, we might as well go straight on in to Woods Hole. My immediate answer was 'Not on your goddam life.' We decided on tracing the Hudson Submarine Canyon as far out to sea as we could. There had been a long controversy between Reginald Daly, of Harvard, who suggested that submarine canyons were made by submarine avalanches of muddy water, and Francis Shepard, of the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, who said they had been carved by rivers, at a time when sea level had been lowered enormously. This was supposed to have occurred during an ice age, when water that had evaporated from the oceans and fallen on the continents had formed glaciers instead of returning to the oceans. The idea was that the continental shelves and slopes were left exposed, and rivers then eroded canyons in them. The year before, we had crossed a wide notch in the bottom about halfway to Bermuda, which looked to me like the cross-section of a submarine canyon. If we could follow the Hudson Canyon that far, into water three miles deep, we would have a fact of some magnitude." Such a fact would require proponents of the river theory to explain how sea level could ever have been lowered not just by a few hundred feet—enough to expose the continental shelves—but by three miles.

Generations of fishermen and navigators knew the Hudson Canyon as a ditch a mile wide and from fifty to a hundred feet deep—a useful seamark. Crossing the continental shelf from the mouth of the Hudson River, at Sandy Hook, it runs southeasterly for about a hundred miles to the edge of the continental shelf, where the water is about a hundred fathoms—or six hundred feet—deep. Similar canyons on other coasts around the world had also been known for years, always at the mouths of major rivers—the Congo, the Gan-

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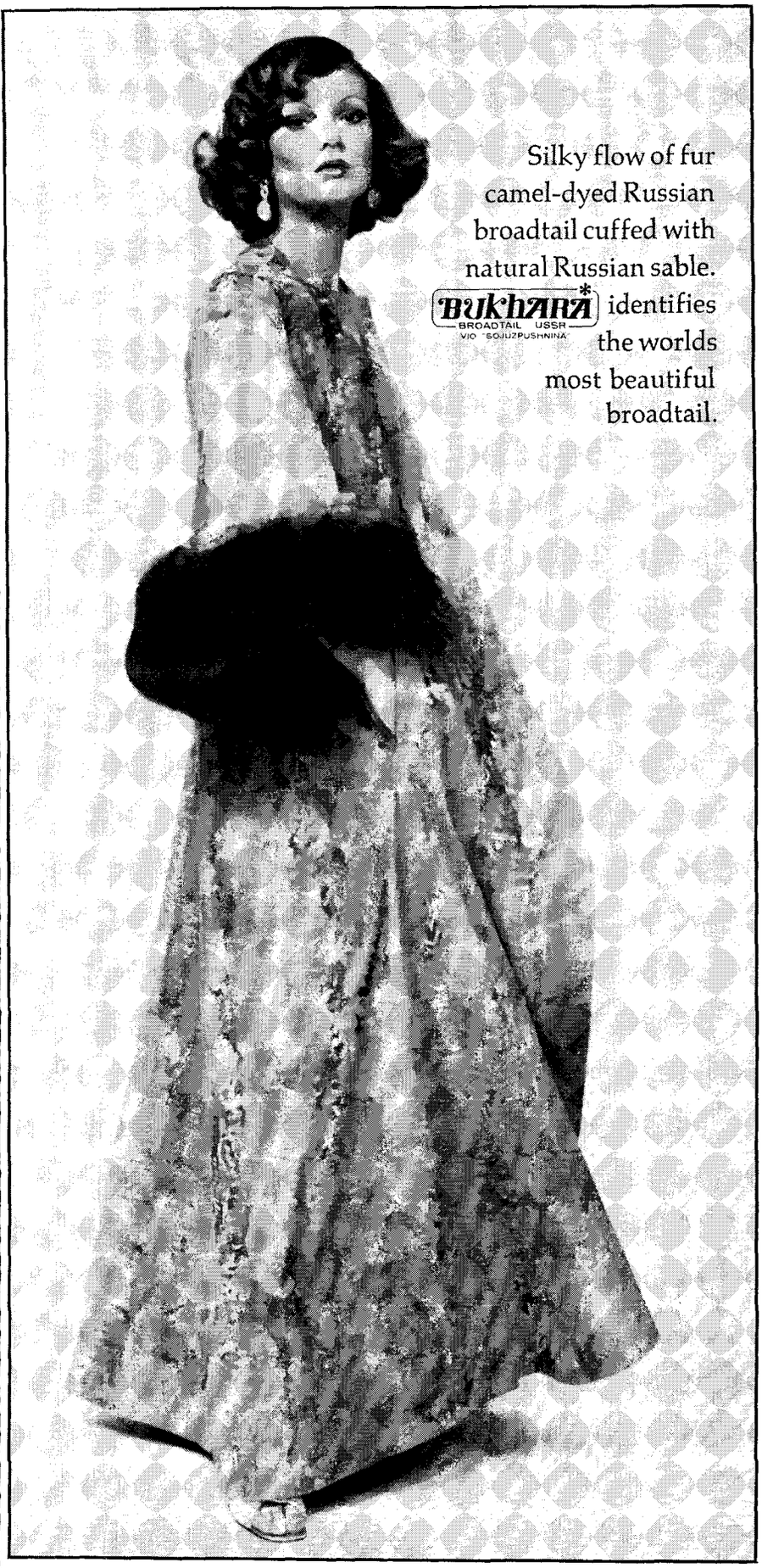
ges, the Amazon. But in the mid-thirties, during some of the first surveys by echo sounder, A. C. Veatch, a consulting geologist, and Paul A. Smith, of the Coast and Geodetic Survey, found that the Hudson Canyon turns into a colossal gorge at the edge of the continental shelf. They followed it out to a depth of a thousand fathoms, the limit of their assignment. For quite a few years, marine geologists were partially drying out the oceans to account for the canyons and for deep-sea sands; it was a theory for which there were some persuasive arguments and real evidence, but it was wrong. Reginald Daly, who was a progressive sort of thinker, realized that lowering sea level by thousands, rather than hundreds, of feet was a formidable job of engineering—indeed, a catastrophe far in excess of what was required. Some more modest catastrophe would do. Daly proposed what he called a "density current;" he imagined that as the ice ages lowered sea level a modest amount, the soft sediments of the continental shelf were exposed to surf and got churned up in the water. This abrasive mixture ran downslope, wearing away its path. Other scientists doubted that. Such a current had been observed once in nature—in Lake Mead, behind Boulder Dam—but had been dismissed as a product of exceptional conditions. In Holland, the geologist Philip Kuenen produced "turbidity currents" (as he, and others since, called them) in a laboratory tank, and made impressive photographs of the flows in progress. The results he described included a flat surface where the turbidity current deposited its sediment, and layers of sediment graded from coarse at the bottom to fine on top; but Kuenen could not produce any erosion. Geologists and ocean scientists like Francis Shepard (who was one of the few eminent marine geologists of the forties and fifties, and who had made a specialty of canyons) therefore continued to believe that sea level had been lowered a mile or more in relatively recent times. They felt quite strongly about it; one scholar, making a presidential address to a learned society, spoke with fine irony of the "galaxy of mental stars" who thought they had better ideas than that of lowered sea level.

Atlantis crossed the Hudson Canyon near the edge of the continental shelf and zigzagged out to sea over it. Before reaching even a suggestion of an end to the canyon, she had to return to Woods Hole. She was then a hundred



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and five miles beyond the edge of the shelf, at the foot of which the canyon had been thought to end. Two miles down in the abyss, the ocean floor had flattened out after the abrupt drop of the continental slope, but the canyon remained larger than any portion of the river that was supposed to have cut it. Where Atlantis turned back, the canyon was still three miles wide and nine hundred feet deep, and it was in more than eleven thousand feet of water. This was a fact of some magnitude, and another short cruise on Atlantis was promised for the fall to finish the job; all of Atlantis's time and the time of several other ships that Ewing had access to was reserved for other projects until then. In July, meanwhile, Heezen and a Woods Hole group on Atlantis discovered a new and unique submarine canyon. It was in mid-ocean. Though it was everywhere under more than two thousand fathoms of water, its sinuous course and leveed banks were reminiscent of an old riverbed. Several hundred feet deep, several miles wide, and (as surveys showed in the next few years) at least a thousand miles long—larger, in fact, than the Mississippi River and all its tributaries—the new canyon was labelled, with childlike directness, the Mid-Ocean Canyon. It runs south along the ocean floor from the Cabot Strait, between Greenland and Labrador, into the eastern edge of the great abyssal plain that Ewing discovered in 1947, when Atlantis sailed for two and a half days over the part between Bermuda and the Mid-Atlantic Ridge.

"After that spring cruise down the Hudson Canyon, I was wild to get back there and show what was in it," Ewing recalled. "If there had been turbidity currents, our cores ought to show their passage. In August, I finished early with some seismic work for the Navy and took Caryn, another Woods Hole ship, back to the canyon. She was a poor little ship, without an adequate echo sounder or winch, but I got cores from the floor of the canyon, from the walls, and from the adjacent ocean bottom, and they proved definitive. In September, with the echo sounder on Atlantis, we followed the canyon out across the Gulf Stream. It's very difficult to show what's there, because your navigation goes to pot in the current, but we did." The canyon got gradually smaller as it extended out to sea, until it was lost in a broad plain sloping gently to the southeast. The plain was the same one from which in 1947 and 1948 Atlantis had got some

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cores containing layers of sand; it proved, in fact, to be the western end of the great abyssal plain that stretches east to the foothills of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, a thousand miles away. Just beyond the end of the canyon was a small seamount. On the echo-sounder record, its flanks emerge abruptly out of the flat seafloor, without transition, making a crisp angle—it looks partly buried in the plain. It was named Caryn Seamount. At the point where the Hudson Canyon was lost in the plain, it was two hundred miles beyond the foot of the continental slope, three hundred and fifty miles from Sandy Hook, and two thousand six hundred and fifty fathoms (fifteen thousand nine hundred feet) beneath the surface. "That settled it as far as I was concerned," Ewing said. "For a river to have made that canyon, the whole ocean would have had to dry out. There's no way I know of to get rid of a whole ocean. But I was kind of naïve in those days. A lot of men weren't interested in changing their minds. As late as the International Oceanographic Congress in 1959, Francis Shepard read a paper to show there was no such thing as a turbidity current. I had to restrain myself from asking to have his slides shown over again as rebuttal; he had perfect evidence to support our conclusions."

The cores that Ewing took in August of 1949 were analyzed ashore by David Ericson, the micropaleontologist. Cores are given a superficial description as soon as they are brought back: length of core and of any visible layers; color; type of sediment. Later, the core may be sampled every ten centimetres and the microfossils examined—and sometimes counted—for a chronology of the core. Cores from the canyon floor had an uppermost layer of recent deep-sea ooze—about ten thousand years' worth, the interval since the last ice age—in which there were a few particles from the canyon walls; beneath the Recent abyssal ooze were layers of sand and shallow-water fossils characteristic of the continental shelf southeast of New York, and pebbles from upriver. Whatever had brought these deposits—river or turbidity current—evidently had been operating prior to ten thousand years ago, but not since. If a river had been the agent, the entire area surrounding the canyon would have been dry land at the time—a condition that would be revealed in core samples of the sediments. The most expressive core was taken adjacent to the canyon, from the surface into which the canyon had cut;

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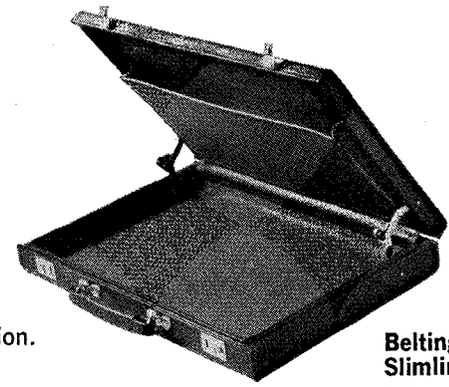

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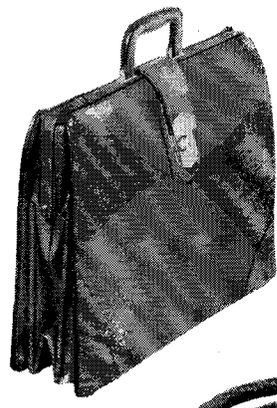

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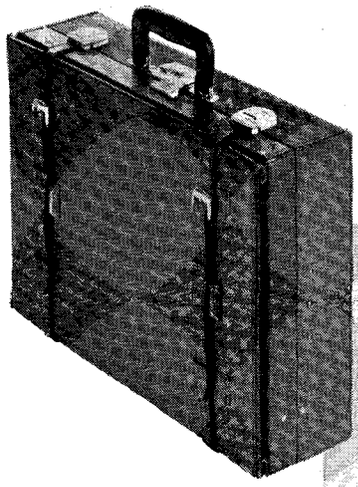

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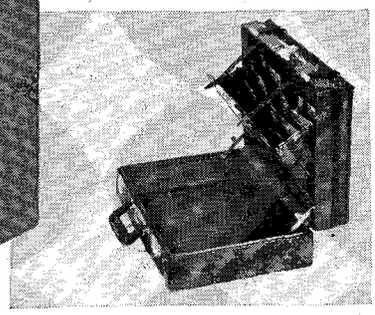

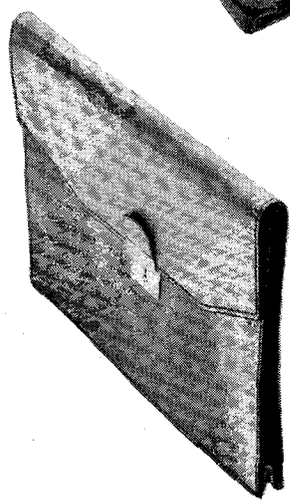

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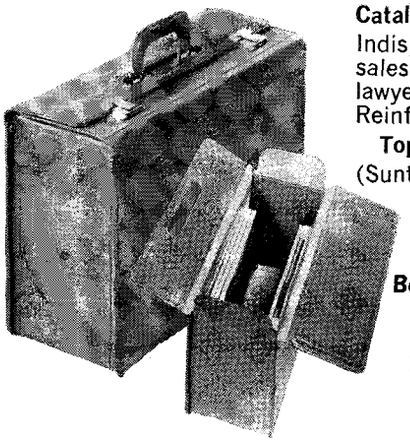

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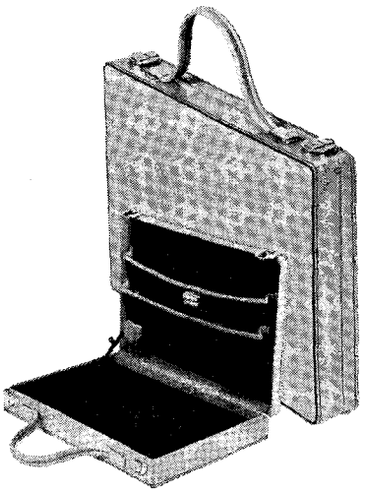

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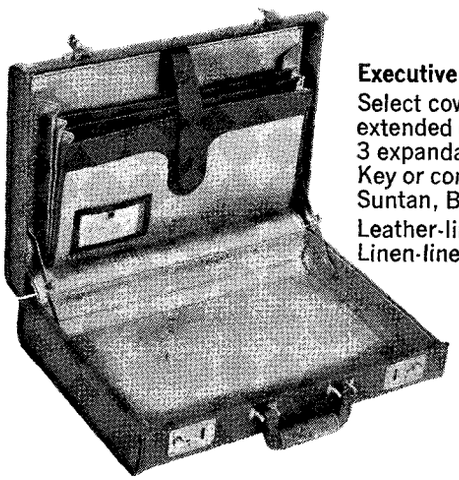

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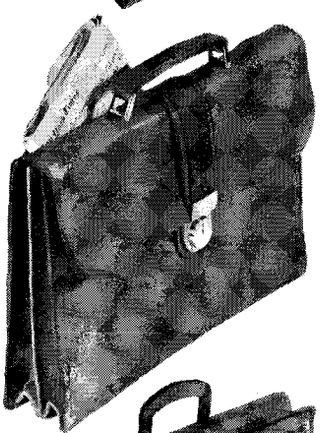

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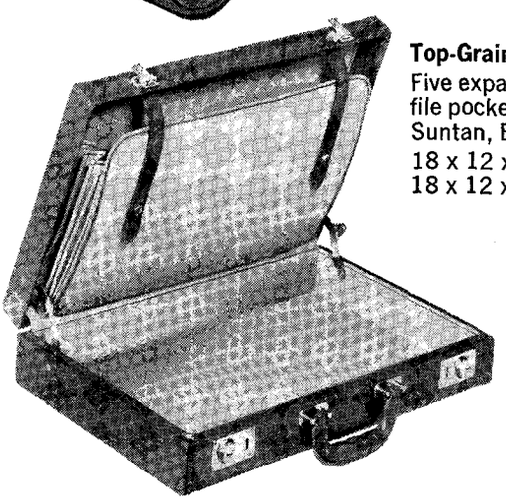

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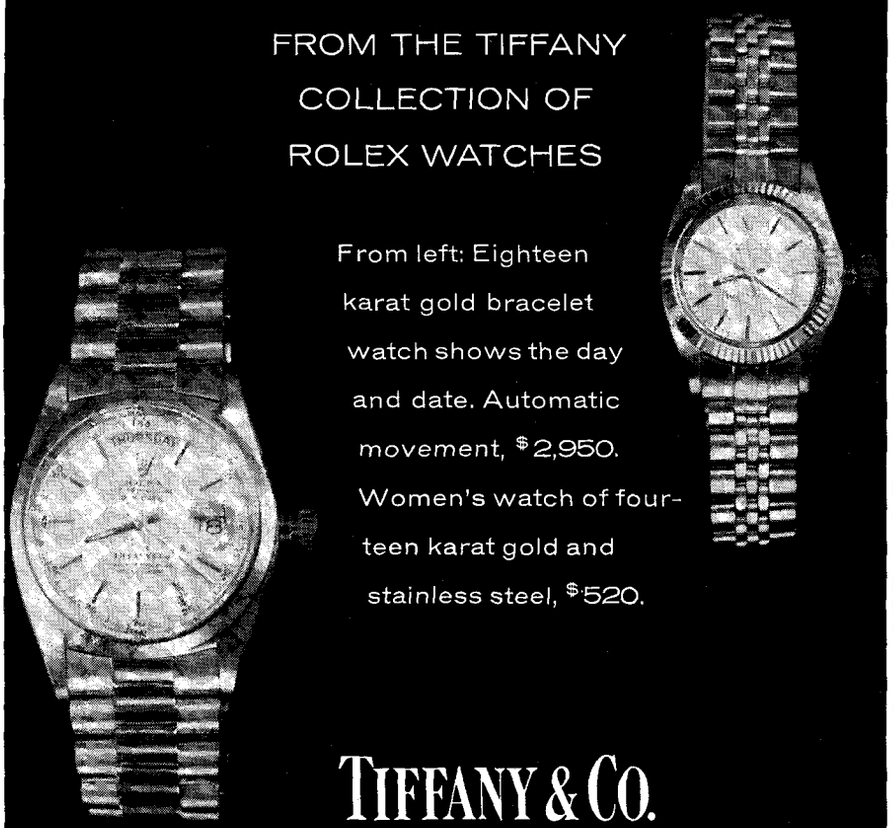

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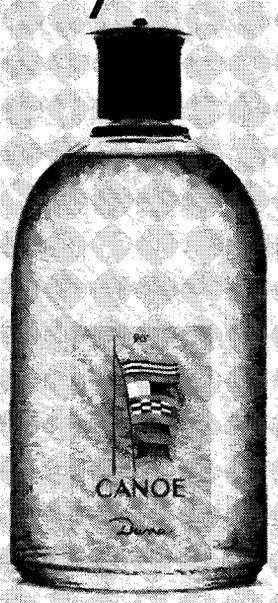

Canoe Cologne by Dana.

it was composed entirely of abyssal ooze and fossils deposited in deep water continuously over the last hundred thousand years—during which the canyon was supposed to have been active. It and later cores just like it were unimpeachable witnesses that sea level had not changed greatly for a very long time, much less left the area high and dry for rivers to flow through.

During the summer of 1950, on Atlantis, Ewing returned to the mouth of the Hudson Canyon and took cores for several days. He got ten in an eighty-six-hundred-square-mile area of the plain which is more than fifteen thousand feet deep. His new device took longer cores than had ever been taken previously, and they included quantities of sand that were almost insulting. Nine out of ten contained amounts of sand that ranged from thin films to layers more than six yards thick; some contained many layers; in one, the sand was on top. The sand beds had an extraordinary quality. They were graded: coarse particles at the bottom grading evenly into finer at the top, just as in the deposits of Kuenen's laboratory turbidity currents.

In a paper published in 1952, Ericson, Ewing, and Heezen disposed of some of the old ideas about sedimentation in the ocean: "While we are quite willing to admit the Pleistocene storms were powerful, we think it is asking a little too much of even a Pleistocene gale to transport the [half-inch] pebbles of the Hudson Canyon gravel a distance of more than 100 miles. . . . Any explanation which . . . involves greatly lowered sea level leads to the embarrassment of having to reduce the North Atlantic to hardly more than a series of isolated puddles." And the water would have to be pumped in and out of the ocean very quickly. A core taken off Bermuda showed "no less than seven alternations of graded shallow-water material with typical deep-sea ooze." Cores from the Caryn Seamount and from every other piece of high ground in an abyssal plain show none of the turbidity-current characteristics—layers of sand, graded sands, shallow-water fossils—but instead an uninterrupted accumulation of deep-sea ooze. The lack of these characteristics was evidence in favor of the turbidity-current explanation of the canyons and plains. If sands had been found on the high ground of the seamount—where they couldn't have been deposited by turbidity currents, which run downhill—it would have been unconvincing to argue that turbidity currents had deposited identi-

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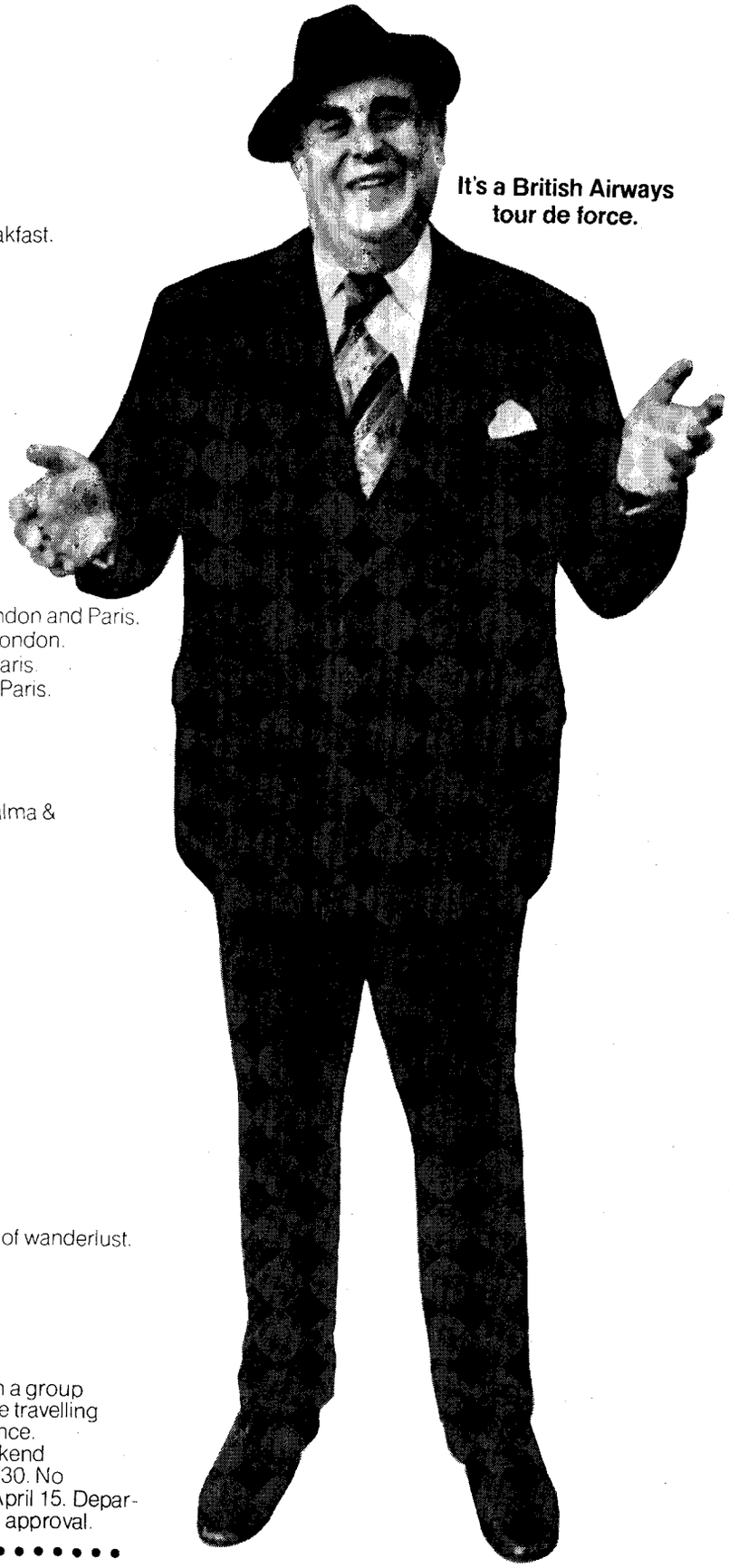

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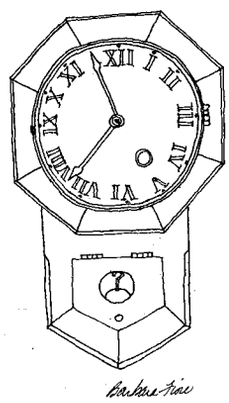
cal sands in the plains surrounding the seamount.

AFTER months of gathering evidence of the passage of turbidity currents, Ewing and his colleagues had a strong urge to take the measure of one, and they concocted what they described in a report as a "full-scale experiment in erosion, transportation, and deposition of marine sediments by a turbidity current." They found evidence of a turbidity current that had occurred recently—triggered by an earthquake near the Grand Banks of Newfoundland, in 1929—and were able to calculate its dimensions and, later, to sample the ground over which it had travelled. "The Grand Banks earthquake was the main topic of discussion at the first national professional meeting I ever went to, in the spring of 1930," Ewing recalled once. "Some very funny things happened after the earthquake. Twenty years later, I remembered the discussion of the aftermath, and I told Bruce Heezen, 'There must have been a turbidity current.' We reëxamined the old records of the telegraph companies whose cables broke during the earthquake and found that unwittingly they had described the course of a large turbidity current—that was our experiment." The Grand Banks earthquake had indeed had its curious aspects. The earthquake center was on the continental slope south of Newfoundland. More than a dozen of the transatlantic telegraph cables that litter the area had broken—not surprising, since the quake also rattled windows in New York—but not all the cables had broken at the same time. On the continental slope, cables broke instantaneously. On the continental shelf, above the earthquake center, cables did not break at all. Farther out to sea, cables broke as much as twelve hours later and in two places at once. When repair ships went out, an expensive loss was seen to be even bigger: the segments between the breaks could not be found, having apparently been swept away or buried. Lost sections as much as two hundred miles long had to be replaced. Yet this was beyond the continental slope, where the cables lay on nearly flat ground—indeed, on an abyssal plain—and in several thousand fathoms of water. Various forces were invoked to explain the breakage. The geologist Walter Bucher suggested a tidal wave, and the seismologist Beno Gutenberg a landslide. It is generally agreed now that tidal waves are caused by submarine landslides, which are caused in some cases by earthquakes; but tidal waves are imperceptible at great depths, and landslides do not cross hundreds of miles of flat ground. Ewing and Heezen thought that the story sounded a lot better with a turbidity current as the culprit. The earthquake started a landslide on the continental slope, where cables broke instantaneously, and the landslide started a turbidity current. Water and mud roiled up together as the slide picked up speed, the way snow and air do when an avalanche starts. Where mud and snow slides are restrained by friction and are slow-moving, however, turbid mixtures of mud and water, or snow and air, bound by no such restraints, will thunder downslope at enormous speeds; avalanches have been timed at over a hundred miles an hour. The Grand Banks earthquake dislodged a section of the continental slope—one can see it in records from seismic profiling—a hundred and fifty miles long, eighty miles wide, and twelve hundred feet thick, stirring up a turbidity current of noble proportions. The first cable beyond the foot of the slope, fifty nautical miles away, broke fifty-nine minutes after the earthquake. Six more cables broke one after another. Ewing and Heezen calculated that the current must have been travelling south at more than fifty knots when it broke its first cable, and must still have been going at twelve knots when it went over the last, half a day later. The turbidity current was—according to estimates by Philip Kuenen, to whom Heezen and Ewing had sent their analysis—some three hundred and forty yards high and two hundred nautical miles across; its flow was six hundred times that of the lower Mississippi River. After twelve hours, four hundred miles from its origin, it passed the last cable (whose breaking strength was ten and a half tons) with sufficient force to carry away two hundred miles of it. The current was then well into the abyssal plain. Three years passed before Lamont could get core samples of the area. For two years, there were hurricane warnings, and Atlantis had to run to safety. The third summer, on Vema, a ship that Lamont had acquired by then, Heezen got cores along the



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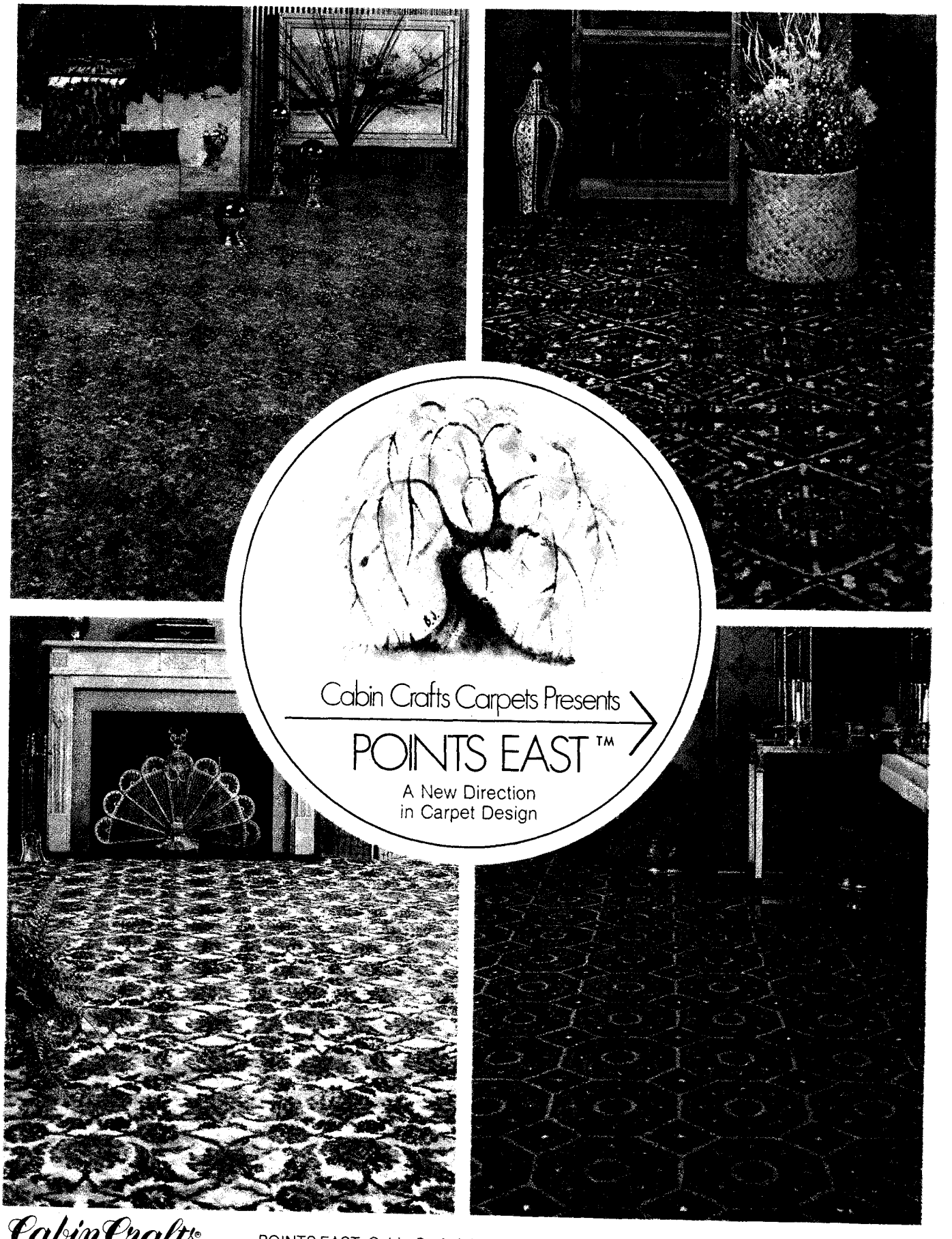

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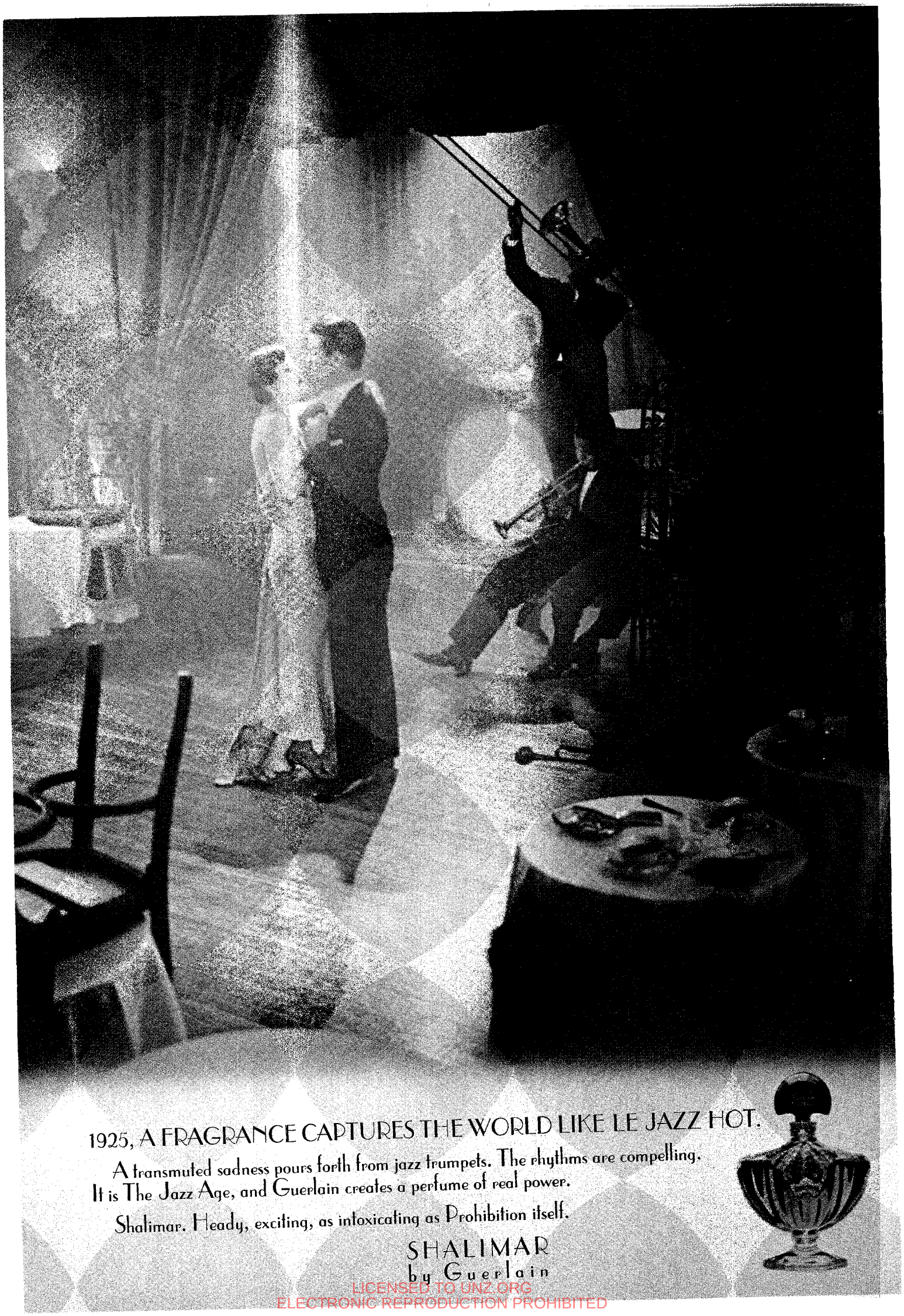

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route of the vanished portion of the last cable. They contained, on top, a bed of graded gray silt with shallow-water remnants, and, below a sharp boundary, normal, recent abyssal clays. Four hundred miles from the earthquake center, the turbidity-current layer was a yard deep. Philip Kuenen estimated that the current had dropped a hundred cubic kilometres—nearly twenty-four cubic miles—of sediment.

During the next several years, nature obligingly provided turbidity currents in different parts of the world, and Lamont documented them more minutely than the cable engineers had unwittingly documented the Grand Banks one. Turbidity currents are now an established fact in oceanic science. The evidence for them that Ewing and his associates offered was accepted after a few years—with certain holdouts. Francis Shepard wrote, "One looks in vain for evidence that turbidity currents actually erode." Börje Kullenberg, a member of the Swedish expedition that had called abyssal plains lava flows, found on some outdated charts a topographic obstruction south of the Grand Banks that he said no turbidity current could pass. A geology professor claimed that turbidity currents were a far greater strain on credulity than the theory that half the ocean floor had sagged twenty thousand feet and then heaved itself up again. "According to one man, no one could help believing in lowered sea level while subscribing to sweet reason," says David Ericson, with a mild air of astonishment. Other geologists, however, recognized that the relatively recent sediments Lamont was bringing out of the ocean were in many respects identical with much older stratified rocks they were studying on land. "Oil deposits in California show all the characteristics we were finding in cores of turbidity currents," says Ericson. In order for oil to form, a great deal of organic matter—including the remains of tiny marine creatures, like the forams—has to be very suddenly buried, so that it decays in the absence of oxygen. Before turbidity currents were observed, it was difficult to produce such a burial, even hypothetically. Certain other ancient sediments had puzzled geologists for a long time. Along the Hudson Valley, near Poughkeepsie, for instance, there are thick deposits of a hard shale, or dirty sandstone, called graywacke; the sandstone is in layers varying in thickness from inches to yards, and the particles in it are graded, from coarse sand at the bottom to fine silt on top. Geologists

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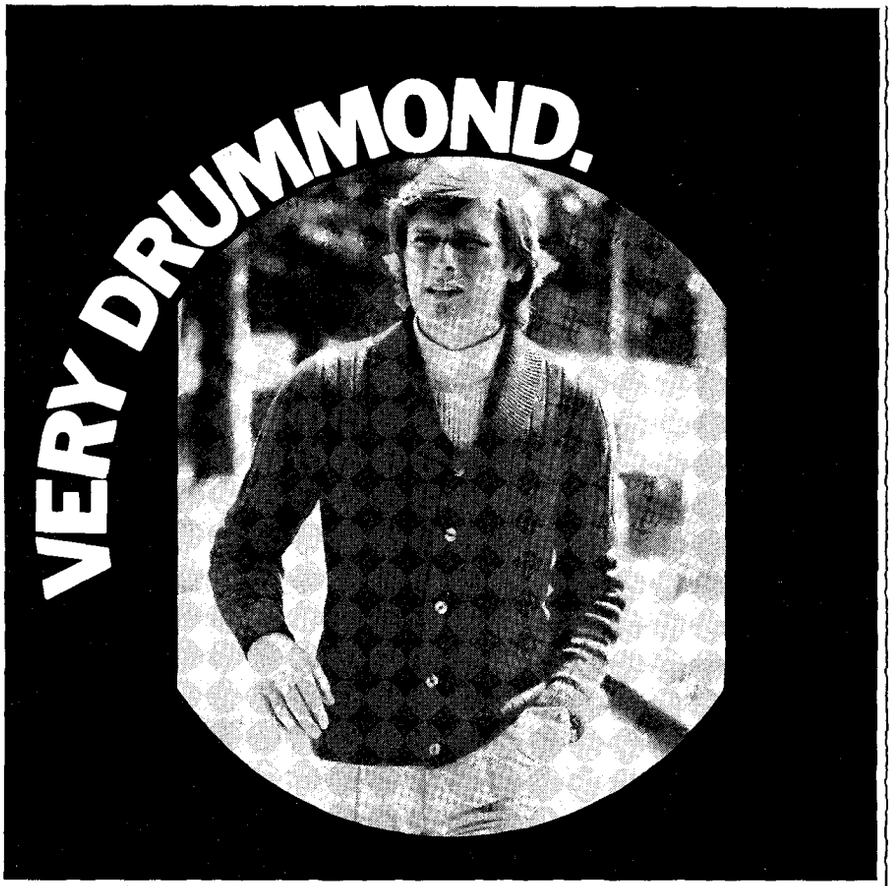

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had been unable to find a mechanism that could produce such graded beds until Kuenen's experiments. (Kuenen went on to find turbidity-current deposits as much as three billion years old.) Mountains are composed of beds that may reach total thicknesses of eight or ten miles, or even more. Almost all the layers are sedimentary, and almost all the sediments are marine sediments. It had always been hard to explain why sediments, even those once buried miles deep, are seen—when upheaval, folding, and erosion expose them to view—to contain shallow-water fossils, as do the abyssal plains at the bottoms of trenches five and six miles below the surface of the ocean. During the fifties, Lamont expeditions found creatures at the bottoms of trenches which live only on shallow-water foods, presumably delivered to their door by turbidity currents. "The present is the key to the past" was the most celebrated axiom of geology for a hundred and fifty years, during which geologists looked harder at the past than at the present. Turbidity currents are one of the chief forces that shape the face of the present ocean floor, and shaped past ocean floors that have become mountains. The sediment they carry fills the deepest depressions and constantly spills over into larger areas, until small pools of it join to make an abyssal plain. The abyssal plains cover a substantial part of the ocean bottom, burying and transforming the original topography. Above the reach of turbidity currents, however, the "endless snowfall" continues apace, and ordinary, meandering currents erode and redeposit abyssal sediments.

A SCIENCE can scarcely be said to exist before its material—whether it be species or elements or geological and geographical features—has been organized and classified. In marine geology, the composition of the picture of the ocean floor that is current today began to be sketched out during 1952, when Ewing put Bruce Heezen in charge of translating the existing soundings into a sea-bottom map of the North Atlantic. As an undergraduate in Iowa, Heezen had been converted from fossils to the ocean floor by a lecture that Ewing gave at his college. Now an associate professor of geology at Columbia as well as a researcher at Lamont, he has been an imaginative and prolific investigator. "You've got to be kind of outrageous or scholars use your ideas and ignore you," he has said. "If they're trying to refute you, they don't mind

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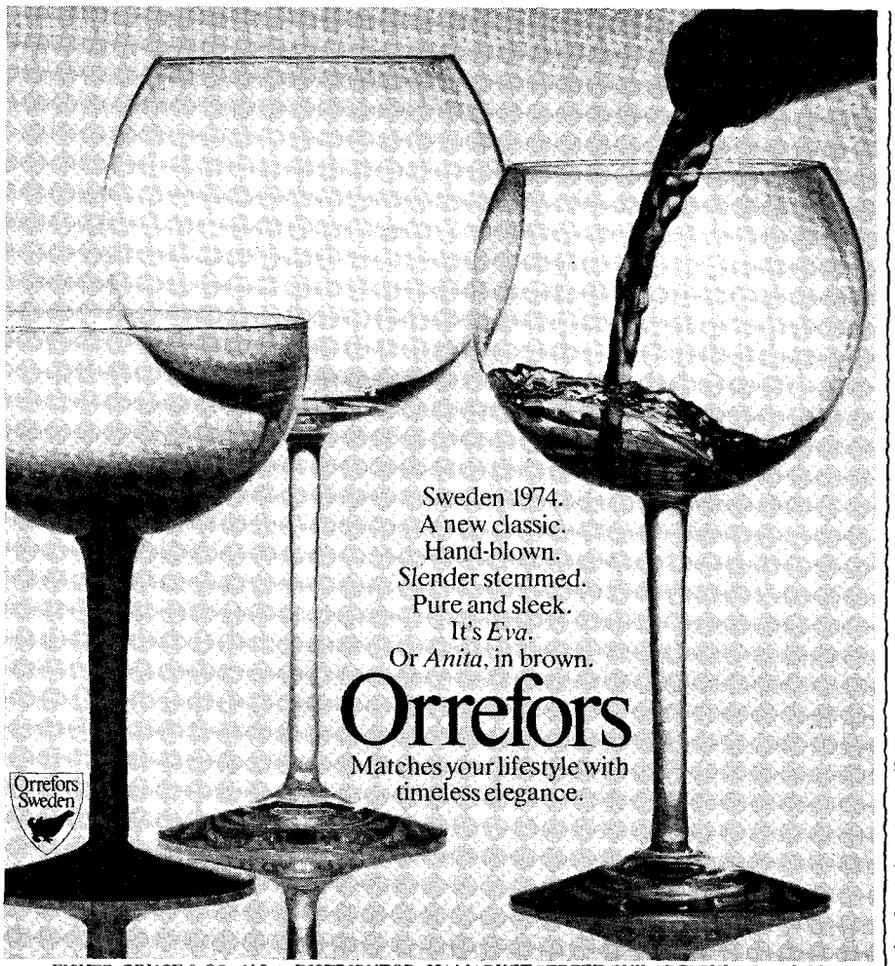

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crediting you. Also, something gets done." In this spirit, perhaps, Heezen has maintained for nearly fifteen years, as a way of accounting for certain characteristics of the ocean bottom, that the earth is expanding. The chart of the North Atlantic ocean floor that Heezen and an associate, Marie Tharp, produced after five years—charts of the South Atlantic, Indian, and Western Pacific Oceans have followed—is not the conventional contour map but a sketch map of the features themselves. Heezen says there were two reasons for this choice of procedure: from 1952 until 1962, the United States Navy classified all soundings from deep ocean, for national security, and there were not enough data to make contours. Poetic truth was decided on. In 1952, just six topographic profiles had been made across the North Atlantic, Heezen says. Only west of Bermuda were data plentiful. "You can't imagine how primitive our knowledge was then," says Heezen. "Just the problem of what was there on the bottom occupied us completely. We were in a state so primitive that other scientists couldn't even understand how this could be science." In the next few years, there was an enormous increase in echo-sounder crossings of the ocean. By 1959, several dozen had been made of the North Atlantic, all essentially similar. In that year, the Geological Society of America published "The Floors of the Oceans: I. The North Atlantic," by Bruce C. Heezen, Marie Tharp, and Maurice Ewing, a small and classic book describing and depicting for the first time the earth beneath an ocean. On an accompanying map are the abyssal plains and abyssal hills, the gorges of submarine canyons, the scarps of the continental slope, and the massed peaks of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. The Atlantic, South as well as North, is particularly symmetrical among oceans—as symmetrical as some of the small seas, such as the Red Sea. But the same features are found in all oceans, and are governed by the same processes. Though not all these processes were understood when "The Floors of the Oceans" was written, the description has held good for the other oceans; the book has had no sequel. At the center of the Atlantic lies the Ridge, occupying the central third of the ocean—a width of a thousand to twelve hundred miles. The borders are the continental margins. Between the margins and the Ridge is the ocean-basin floor, with the great stretches of abyssal plain.

It is a world of darkness, and it is larger than the dry land. The imagi-

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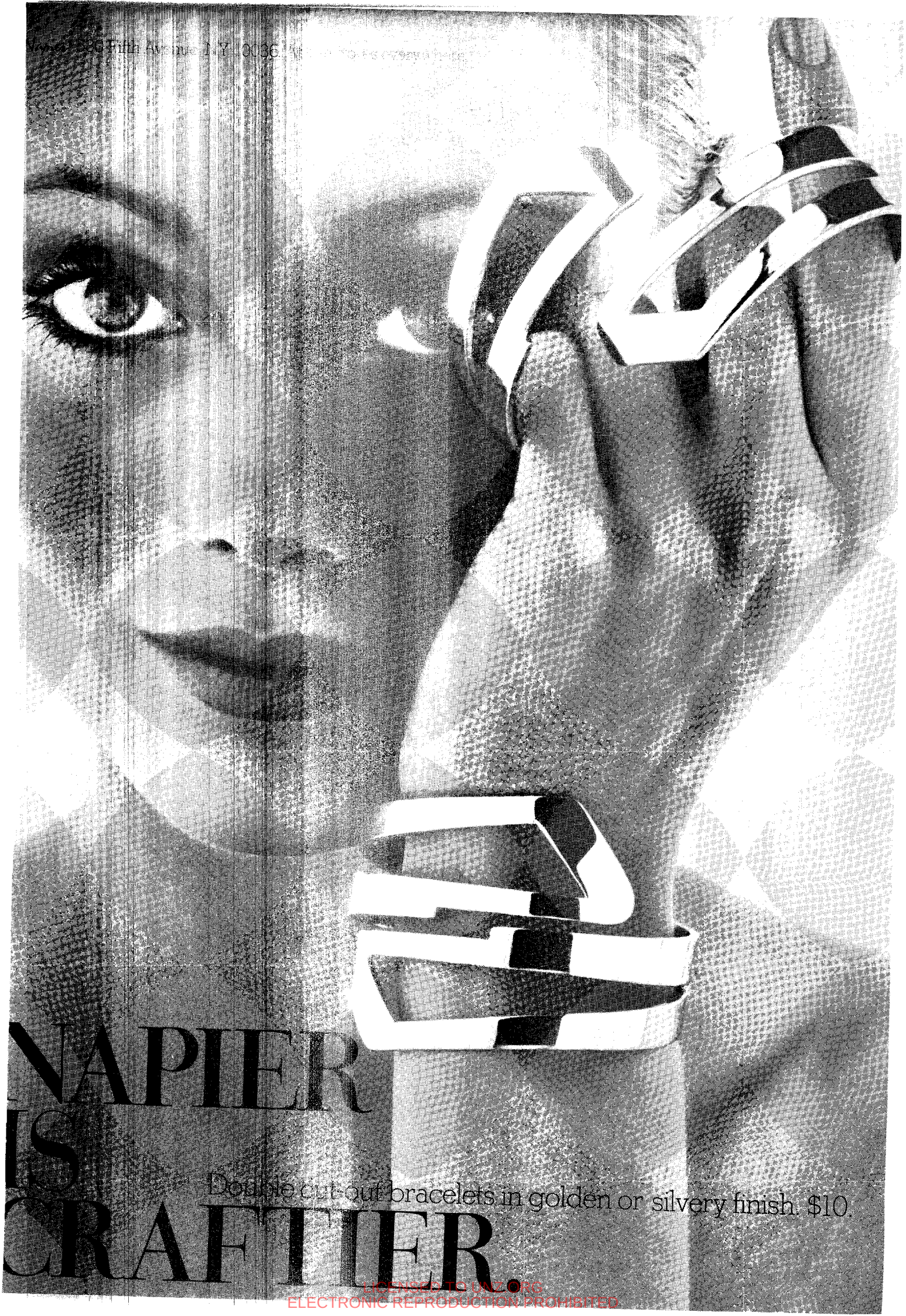

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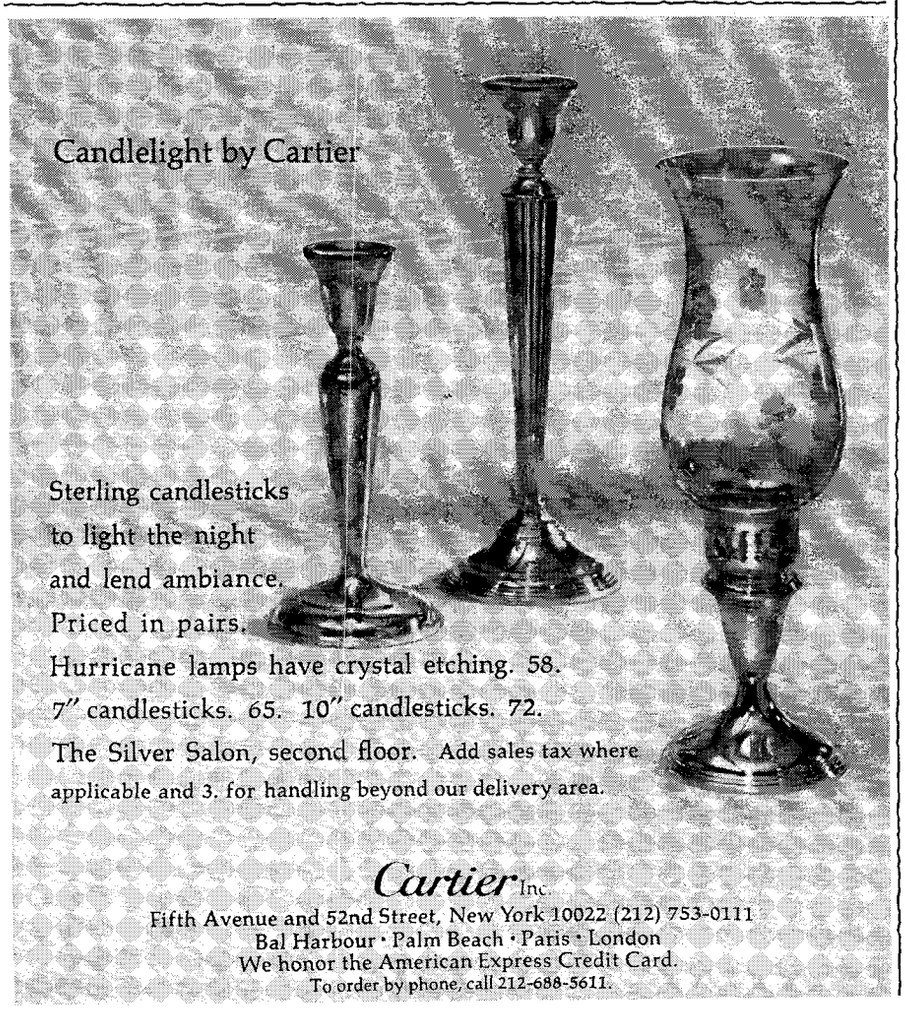

nation constructs it from the scattered echo-sounder records. Start on the ocean floor off the eastern seaboard, between New York and Bermuda, where there are many crossings. A plain stretches seaward a thousand miles without a blemish as high as a man. Landward, the continental slope looms above the scene, a bare cliff three miles high. It stretches both north and south for thousands of miles. Its face is scored and fluted by gulches and ravines, like the side of a dry washout many times magnified. The Hudson Canyon is the largest of these on this coast, as deep and wide as much of the Grand Canyon, but there are dozens of canyons fifteen hundred feet deep between Cape Cod and New Jersey. The continental slopes are the highest and steepest—and by far the longest—cliffs in the world. The east scarp of the Sierras, rising precipitously out of the Nevada desert, is like them but smaller; the upper slope of the Eiger is about as steep. Off Florida, at the edge of the Blake Plateau, the continental slope drops so sharply that it disappears from the echogram, which picks it up again several miles deeper, several miles out to sea. As Ewing showed in 1935 off the coast of Virginia, the continental slope is not structurally the edge of the continent but is eroded sediments and sedimentary rock lying on the gently dipping basement, or bedrock. The top of the sediments is the continental shelf, which off the eastern seaboard is continuous with the sediments of the coastal plains south of New England and has, during ice ages, been dry land itself. At the base of the continental slope is a gentler grade, called the continental rise—the combined deltas of all the submarine canyons and turbidity currents. This shallow, sloping plain drops eighteen feet a mile—just a foot in a hundred yards—for three hundred miles, to the even flatter abyssal plain. Beneath the sediments of shelf, slope, and rise, the transition from continental crust to oceanic crust is made—the mantle (the layer of the earth beneath the crust) getting shallower as the ocean gets deeper, until there is only four or five kilometres of rock between them. This continental margin is typical of the Atlantic, but in the Caribbean there is a second kind, common also in the Pacific, which in appearance is more spectacular. Off Puerto Rico, the continental margin drops twenty-one thousand feet into the Puerto Rico Trench. This narrow cleft extends from eastern Cuba twelve hundred miles to the Windward Islands, but

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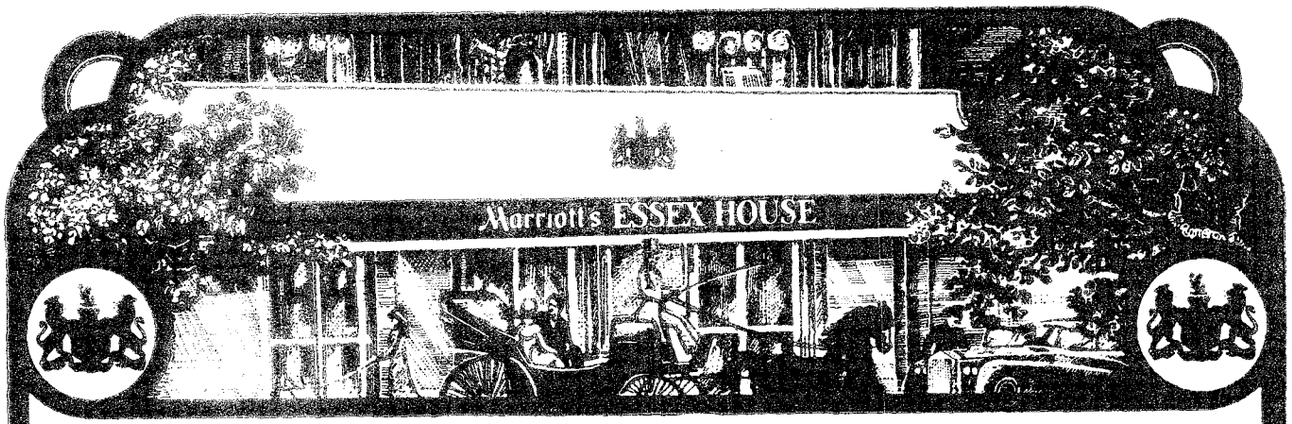

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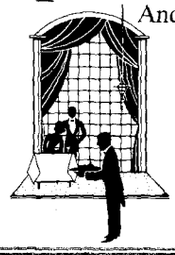

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compared with the trenches that almost completely ring the Pacific it is a small one. The deepest parts of the trench are two abyssal plains, the deeper of which, at twenty-seven thousand five hundred and ten feet, is more than a hundred and fifty miles long. The outer wall of the trench is only nine thousand feet high, rising to the crest of a ridge that slopes gradually seaward to the ocean-basin floor and the abyssal plain.

Down fifteen thousand feet and more, the North Atlantic basin stretches off toward the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. Basins lie symmetrically about the Ridge, but they are irregular in shape and are internally asymmetrical. Off the English Channel and off Newfoundland, it is only eighty miles from the foot of the continental rise to the Ridge; off Hatteras and off Morocco, it is a thousand. Abyssal plains extend seaward from the continent; tracts of abyssal hills push into the plain landward from the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. There are both scattered and clustered seamounts in all basins, and miscellaneous rises. Placid currents whiffle through them, making ripples in the sediments of the floor. Minute burrowers eat their way through the sediments and leave them churned and mottled like marbles. In a few basins, there is no circulation at the bottom, and the water there is stagnant and sulphurous. On stretches of plain where the sediments collect slowly, manganese nodules are as thick as windfall apples, and often larger. They contain relatively pure manganese, iron, copper, and other elements of salt water, which slowly accrete around a shell or a shark's tooth. (The minerals that have been discovered in this form on the Pacific floor alone would supply present world demand for more than a hundred thousand years; several American companies claim they will be mining in the Atlantic by 1975.) Only occasionally since the end of the last ice age, off certain rivers and after earthquakes, turbidity currents have thundered through, burying an entire region and leaving the bottom temporarily lifeless and still; the buried microscopic corpses may become oil. (Traces of oil only a thousand years old have been found in the sediments of the Sigsbee Abyssal Plain, in the Gulf of Mexico.) From time to time, when the cover on the steep slopes of seamounts or hills becomes too heavy, the sediments slump and slide downward. The Bermuda Rise, a vast span of high ground nearly isolated in abyssal plains and peppered with extinct

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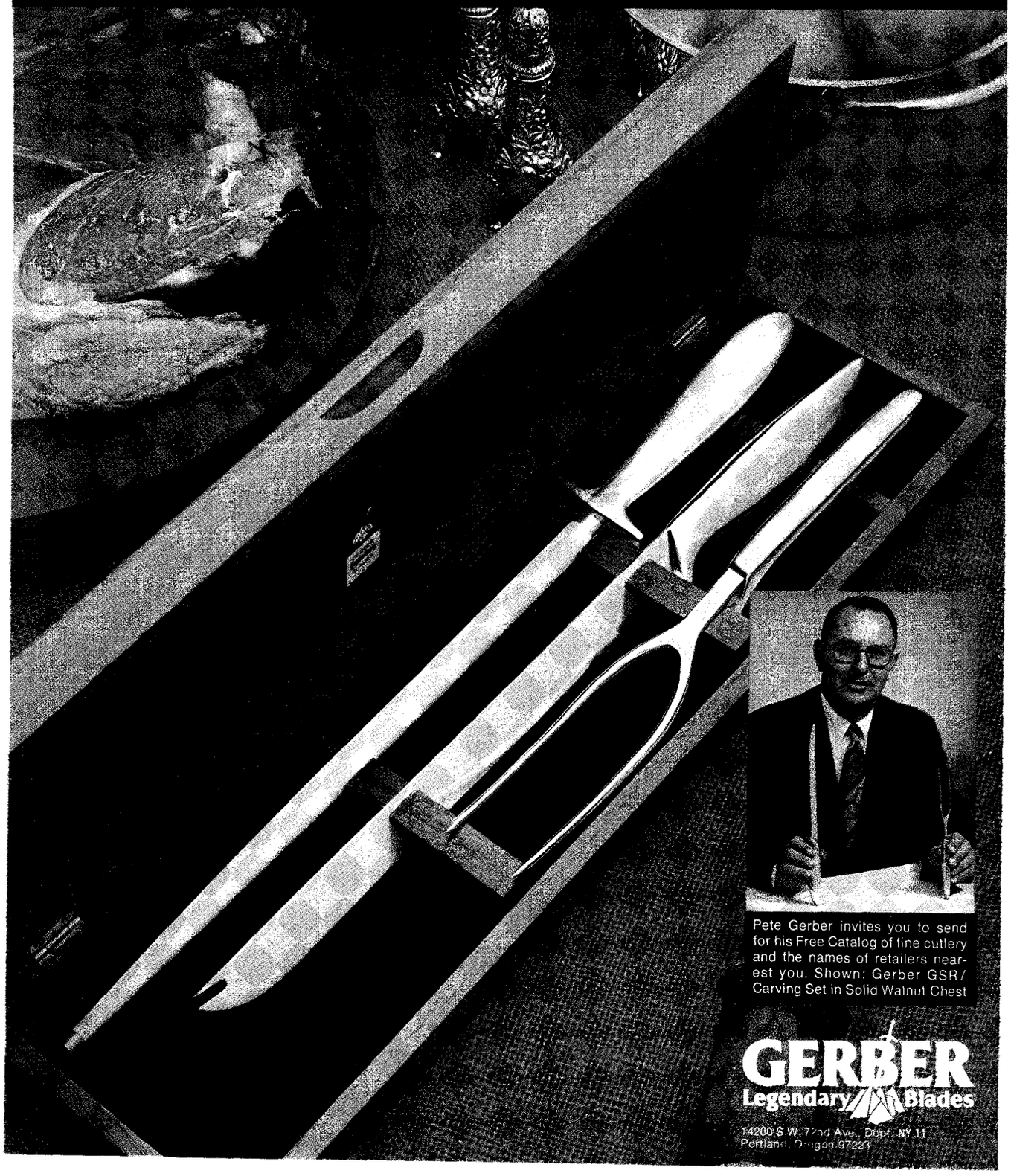

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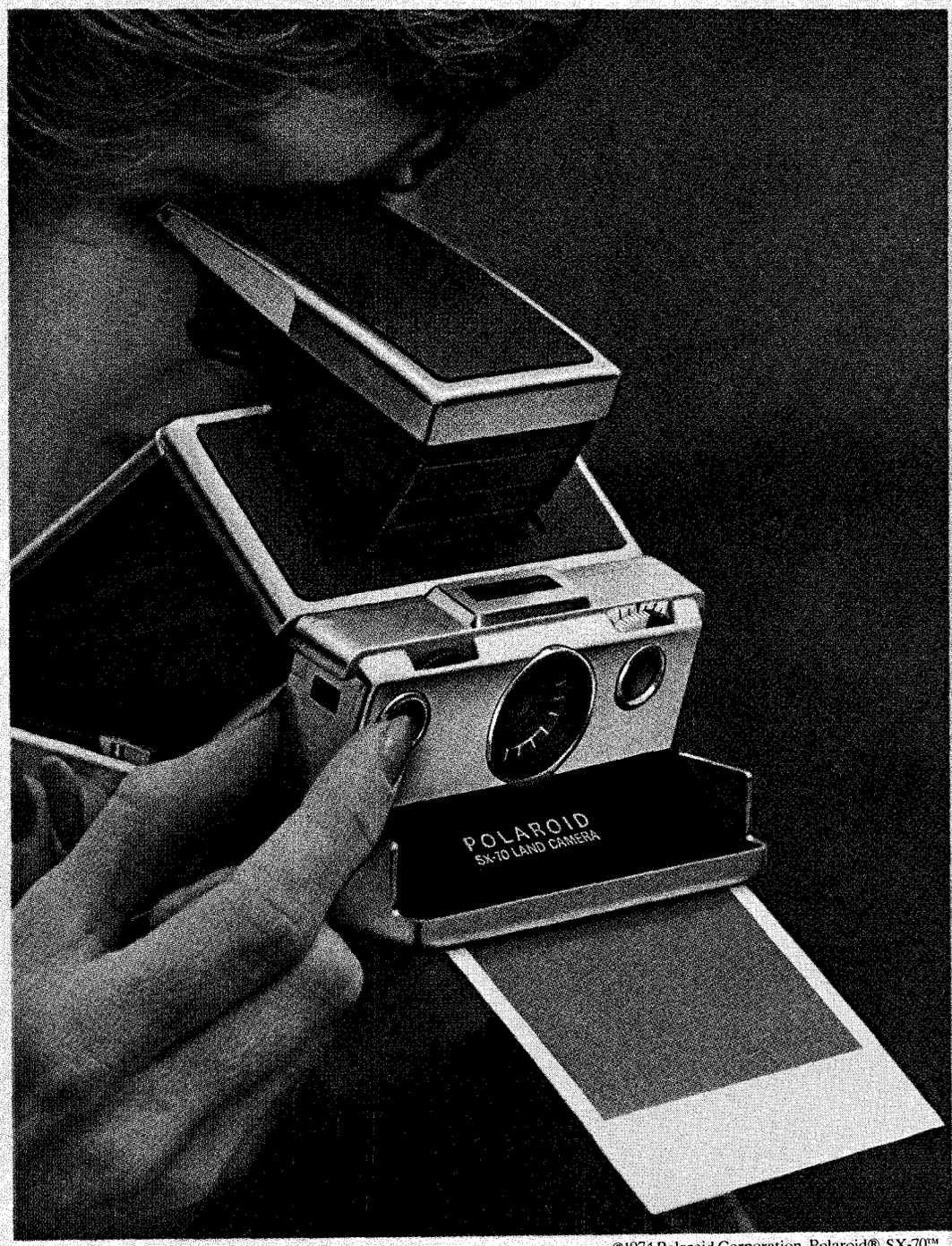

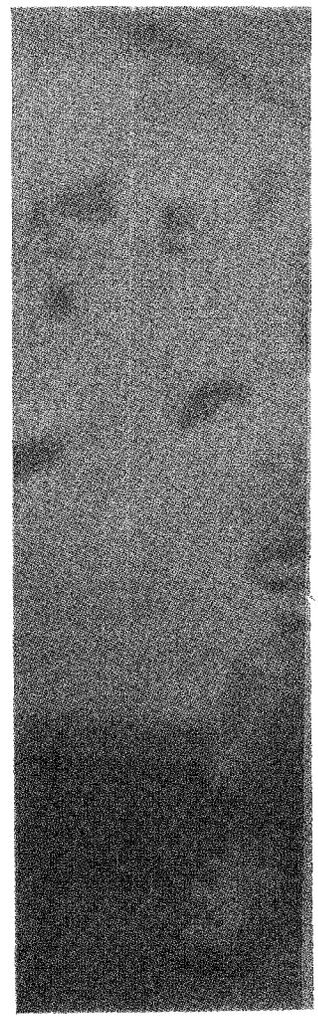

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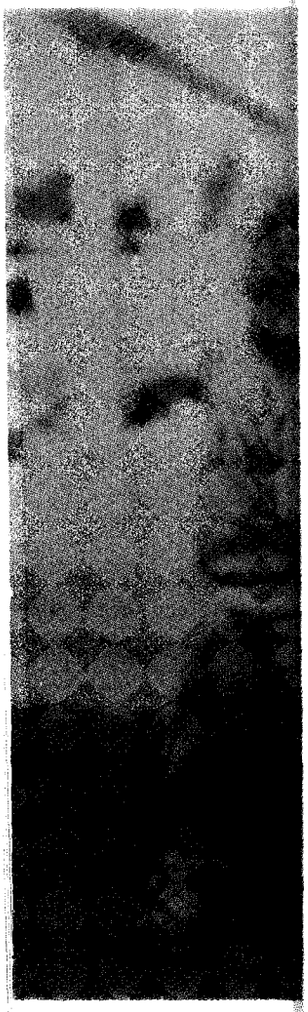

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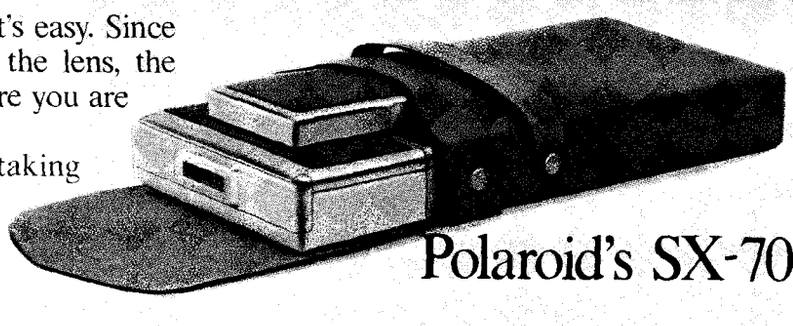

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volcanoes, occupies the center of the North American Basin. To the south is the Nares Plain, named after the captain of the Challenger; to the west is the Hatteras; and to the north and northeast is the Sohm, largest of the plains. The plains, though flat, are ever so slightly tilted—two or three feet per mile—away from their sources. They are at different levels and are joined by short necks, picturesquely called abyssal gaps, through which one spills over into another—the Hatteras Plain into the Nares through Vema Gap (named after the Lamont ship), the Biscay into the Iberia through Theta Gap. The Sohm Abyssal Plain spreads like a great sea anemone from the mouth of the Hudson Canyon to the foothills of the Ridge; its broad stalk laps the abyssal hills to the east and the Bermuda Rise to the west, as far south as the latitude of Florida. A series of small plains lies off Africa, from north of Madeira to well south of the Cape Verde Islands. A sinuous chain of narrow plains flanks Europe. Huge volcanoes pierce the plain off New England. The single peaks—the largest rises twelve thousand feet out of the plain—form a chain, the Kelvin Seamounts, that crosses the plain southeasterly for six hundred miles, ending in the middle of the Sohm Plain. East of the Ridge, another group of large peaks—Atlantis, Plato, and Great Meteor—extends in the same direction, and between Bermuda and the Ridge there is a clump of seamounts called the Corner Rise. The tops of the Kelvin Seamounts—a few of which are flat, having been eroded by waves in some former time—lie in five hundred fathoms, but seamounts are often much shallower, shading as a species imperceptibly into islands. The Vema Seamount, off South Africa, rises to twenty fathoms (some seamounts in the Pacific rise to ten), and has been recognized as both a commercial source of rock-lobster tails and a danger to ships in heavy seas. Most seamounts, however, are not dangerously shallow, and have yet to make the navigation charts. (Once, in the middle of the South Atlantic, a freighter came miles out of her way to inspect Vema, which was, quite properly, displaying the at-anchor signal from her masthead, since she was at anchor, on a seamount.) Fed by sediment from the continent, the abyssal plains are still spilling from their borders into new ground—chiefly the abyssal hills. The surface that the plains have already covered, wrote Heezen, Tharp, and Ewing, should also be abyssal hills. An instrument called a

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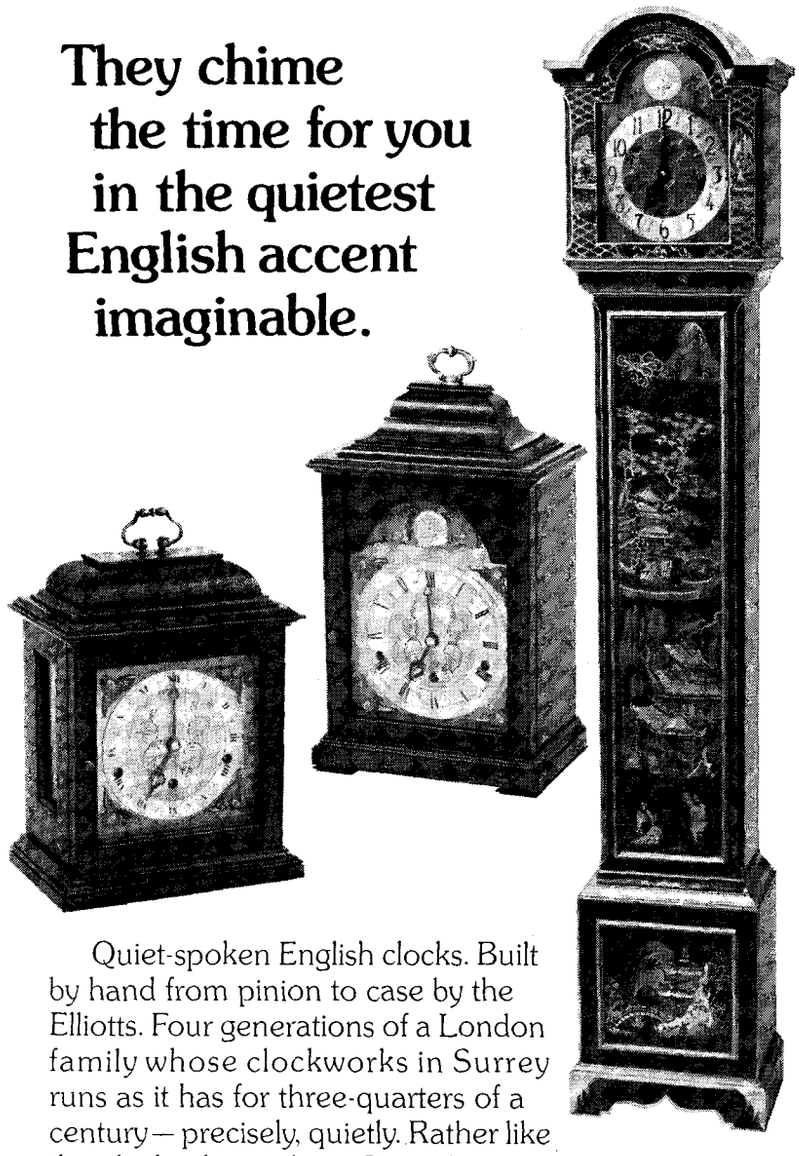

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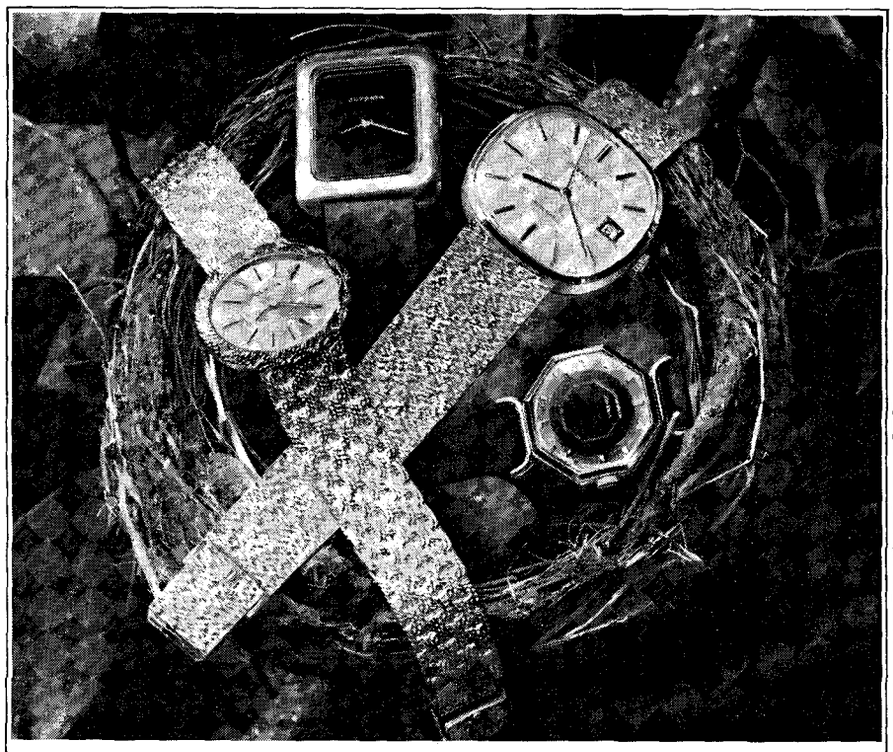

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seismic profiler now makes it possible to see, through a kilometre of sediment, the rough, hilly basement under the plains. As for the abyssal hills, they "are identical to the small hills which rise from the steps of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, and are probably of the same origin," and "can be distinguished topographically only by the contrast in level." Thus, while turbidity currents make the basins appear to be a third oceanic province by burying the abyssal hills in abyssal plains, structurally and genetically there are only two—the continental margins and the Ridge.

ONE of the first fruits of the patient collating and mapping of shipboard data was a discovery that earth scientists have been grappling with ever since. As with many significant discoveries, the manner of its emergence was somewhat fortuitous, even trivial. Marie Tharp was the draftsman for Heezen and others at Lamont in 1952; Heezen says that he solved conflicts in her schedule by eliminating all work but his own and making her his assistant. "Marie's job for me was to decide what a structure was—whether a rise in the echo soundings represented a hill or something longer, like a ridge—and to map it," Heezen says. "In three of our six transatlantic profiles she noticed an unmistakable notch extending up and down in the Mid-Atlantic Ridge, and she decided this was a continuous rift valley and told me so. I discounted it as coincidence and didn't believe it for a year." By then, Heezen had a contract to study cable routes and potential sources of cable failure—earthquakes, for example. The Mid-Atlantic Ridge had been described since the twenties as the site of some earthquakes, but Ewing and Heezen found that they could describe the situation more exactly, and far more interestingly. Neither the sites of the earthquakes nor the site of the Ridge had been known in any but the vaguest way. Coincidentally, Ewing and Frank Press were gathering records for a study of seismic surface waves, for which the best source was earthquakes on the Mid-Atlantic Ridge. Heezen had a draftsman plot Ewing and Press's new earthquake centers on the same chart that Marie Tharp was putting topography on. The centers fell in a narrow band, rather than all over the Ridge. "And it was right in the center, where Marie said there was a rift valley," Heezen says. "Only then did I believe what she had been trying to tell me. Prob-

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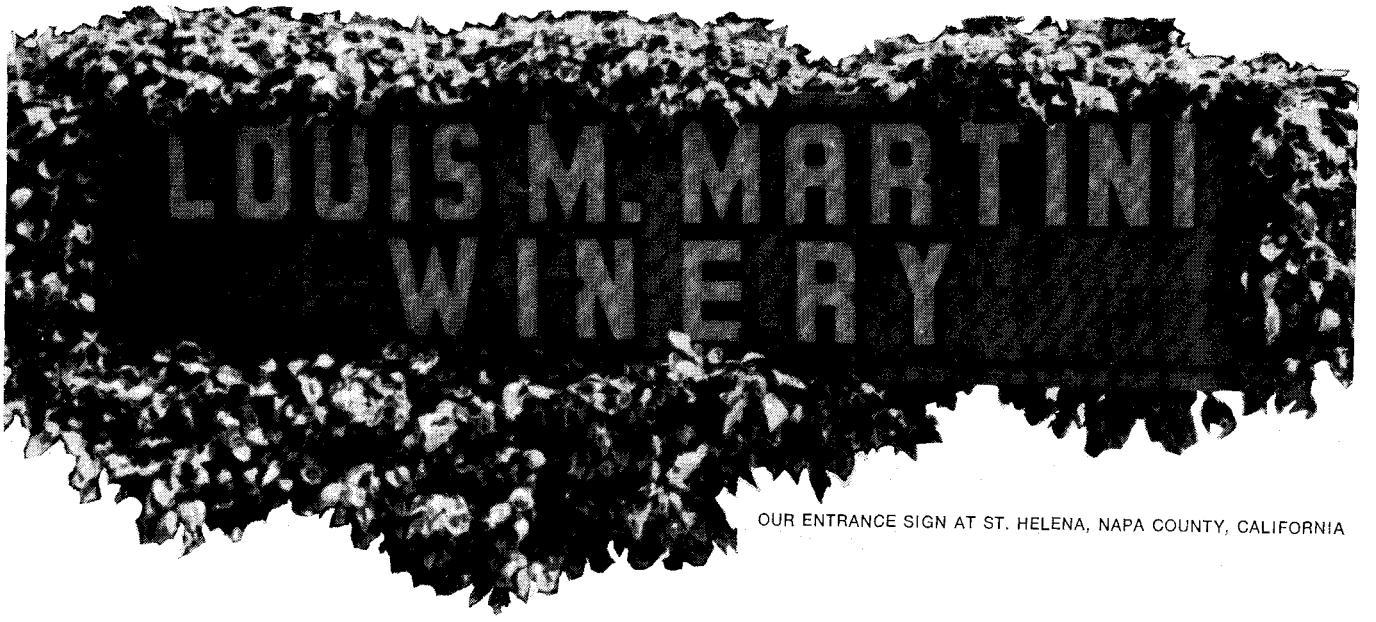

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ably anyone with six profiles would have found the rift valley, but only Lamont had six profiles. It was the combination of the profiles and the earthquake records that made it certain, and you had to be in possession of the data."

After filling the motionless abyss with the tumult of turbidity currents, Lamont was on the track of another, larger kind of action. Earthquakes at the rift meant that it was currently active—a fact of tremendous implications. But to Ewing and Heezen they meant more than that. "It was immediately striking that the earthquakes were all within seventy miles of either side of the rift, and seventy miles was the margin of error in our means of locating them," Ewing recalled early this year. "It seemed probable that all the earthquakes were in the rift valley, and the width of the earthquake zone was the error. This proved to be true. We began to collect earthquake data from every source to add to the records we were making ourselves, and we established seismographs in the Southern Hemisphere, where stations were few and far between. The seismicity charts showed a broad band of mid-Atlantic earthquakes for fifty years back, from the Arctic to the Antarctic, and also showed broad bands of mid-ocean earthquakes through all the oceans. We started relocating those old earthquakes by more accurate methods than had been used before. It was inconceivable that Vema could ever survey the entire length of the Mid-Atlantic Ridge to see if the rift valley continued, or try to follow it into other oceans if it should join a few pieces of high country that we knew about, like the Carlsberg Ridge, south of Arabia, or the Albatross Plateau, west of Central America." But the survey could be done with earthquakes, and in a hurry. As far as the Mid-Atlantic Ridge had been traced, the earthquake belt followed faithfully, narrowly, at the center, where the rift valley presumably was. Toward both the Arctic and the Antarctic, the Ridge vanished into areas where there were no soundings, but the earthquakes continued in a narrow line. Wherever the belt came to soundings, there was a ridge. The belt went through the Carlsberg Ridge, in the Indian Ocean, and the Albatross Plateau, in the Pacific; it came ashore into the African rift valleys and the San Andreas Fault. By 1956, Ewing and Heezen were ready to present some of their ideas in a talk to the American Geophysical Union called "Mid-Atlantic Seismic Belt" and in a paper with

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the unpromising title "Some Problems of Antarctic Submarine Geology." (Much of the earthquake belt is in the Southern Ocean, and at the time orgies of international research and coöperation were afoot there.) They had a map showing a narrow belt of earthquakes that was forty thousand miles long, reaching through all the oceans and around the world, always (it was to be assumed) in the company of a ridge and a rift valley. It was an astonishing thought, in which the original elements, submarine ridges and earthquakes—which had never, separately, been in question—were wholly transformed.

"But," says Heezen, "this idea of a rift valley was so revolting to geologists that some of them from Scripps went right out and, they said, proved us wrong." Many geologists had been revolted by the idea of rift valleys even before someone came along saying that there was one running all around the world. In East Africa, there are long, narrow, cliff-sided valleys (including that of Lake Tanganyika, whose flanks fall more than eight thousand feet, to below sea level) running from Ethiopia to Mozambique—a distance of eighteen hundred miles. These rift valleys, on first geological inspection, appeared to be places where the earth had been pulled apart and the rents filled with lava and rubble. Some geologists, however, even without actually seeing the rifts, found the thought of any real widening in the earth unaccountable and unacceptable. Compression was the force whose signs geologists had found most clearly displayed about the continents, especially in folded mountains, and now ingenious scholarly attempts were made to show how local tension and rifting in East Africa could be produced by compression. A worldwide rift was by no means wanted. In their eagerness to dispose of a rift, however, scientists confirmed the existence of a worldwide ridge, which was far more important. The Scripps expedition of 1958 found a ridge in a part of the Pacific where Ewing and Heezen's narrow line of earthquakes predicted it, and where no ridge of any kind had previously been observed or suspected. The ridge was there, though not "magnificently there," as Heezen described another portion of it several years later, when Vema went into the Indian Ocean and made eight crossings of an uncharted ridge—and rift—as ragged as the mid-Atlantic one.

The name Mid-Ocean Ridge was soon applied to the newly discovered worldwide feature, and geologists now

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call the whole the Ridge, specifying its segments as Mid-Atlantic, Mid-Indian Ocean, and so on. In the Pacific, the Mid-Ocean Ridge is low and broad, with shallow relief and few high peaks. As the scientists from Scripps were careful to point out, there is no rift. Lamont had had the luck to start its exploring where there is one. The Pacific has a good deal less sediment cover than the Atlantic, and, being low there, the Ridge is not in such striking contrast to its surroundings; a few expeditions had passed right over without thinking much of it. Consequently, there was room to argue that the rises in the Pacific were different structures from the more commanding Mid-Atlantic Ridge; and some scientists did argue just that, though the continuous earthquake belt was a brutal fact, in Ewing's phrase, that was hard to evade. But the opposition was not widespread or very determined. The Mid-Ocean Ridge, with its rift, was one of those ideas for which so much evidence had been lying about in different places that when someone put it all together there was not much ground for objection. The idea of the Ridge was, however, something wholly new on earth—one geologist called it, without exaggeration, the most exciting discovery in twenty years—and no one knew just what it meant. (Finding that out, in only the last few years, has left scientists beggared of superlatives.) In succeeding years, when money could be got, ships were sent out, and every time one crossed the earthquake zone, there was the Ridge, too. The mapping continues. The Ridge has been crossed a few thousand times, but there are still many long distances between crossings.

The Mid-Atlantic section of the Mid-Ocean Ridge rises nearly two miles above the surrounding plains, to less than a mile beneath the surface. Lofty peaks at its crest soar ten thousand feet above the floor of the rift valley without intervening shoulders or steps. The mountains are harsh and unweathered, draped in only a light sprinkle of sediment. The Ridge gets steadily lower toward its flanks, but the peaks there are just as sharp and ragged as the ones at the crest. It is like the inside of a shark's mouth. The rocks near the crest are fresh and unworn; coring, dredging, and photography commonly encounter bare rock. Dividing the Atlantic Ridge down the middle, the rift valley falls, on an average, six thousand feet beneath the central peaks, and the distance from one wall to the other is

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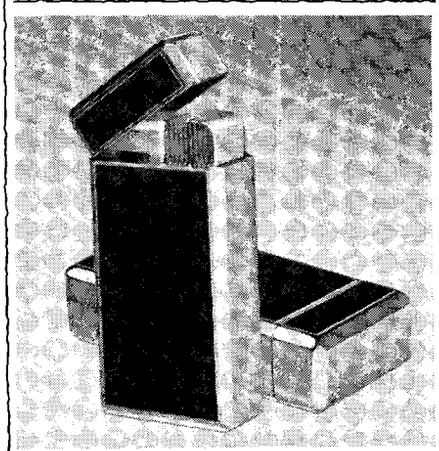

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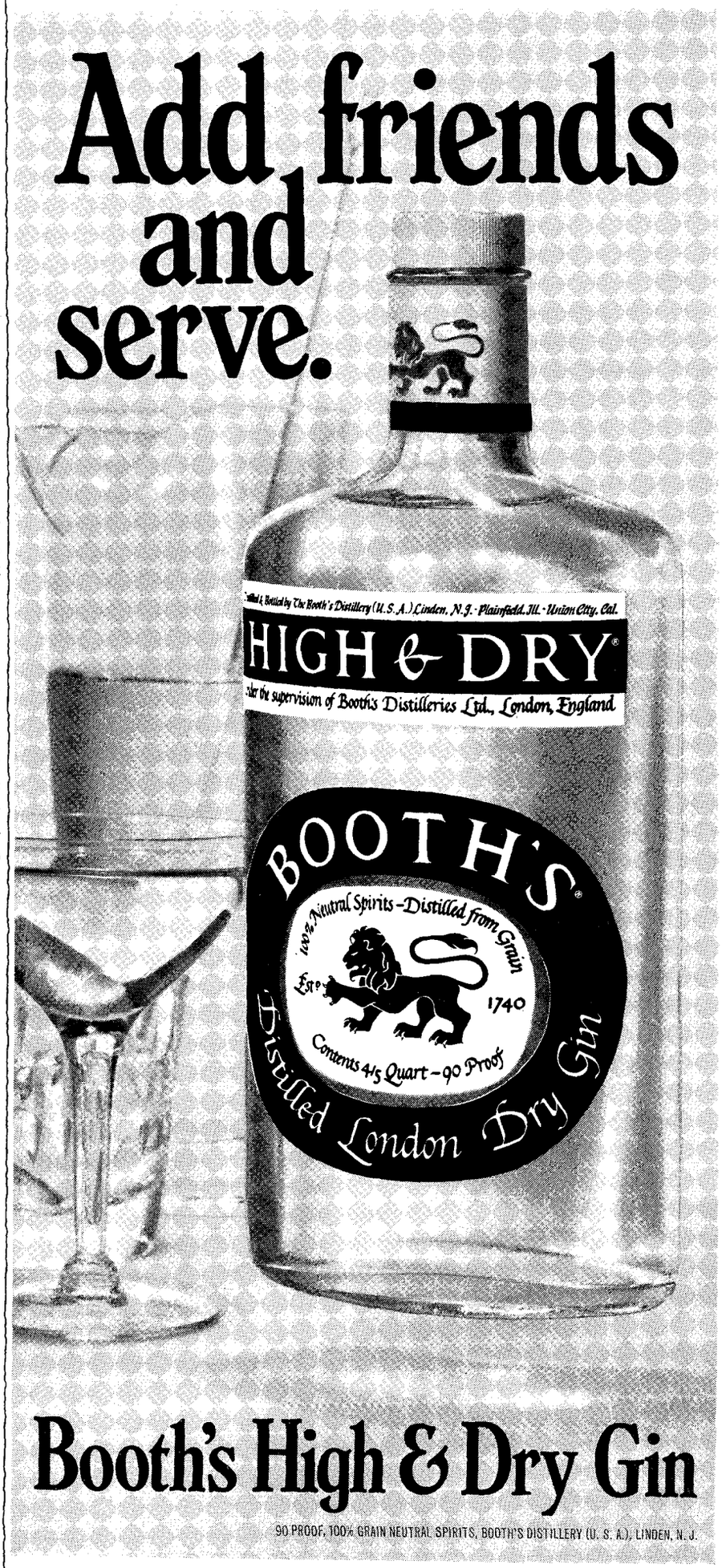
somewhere between eight and thirty miles. It is a gulf into which the most spectacular part of the Grand Canyon could easily fit. This topography continues for twelve thousand miles, from the top of the North Atlantic to the bottom of the South. The earthquakes run north from the Atlantic through Iceland, the Norwegian Sea, and the Arctic Ocean—virgin territory in the nineteen-fifties—and peter out in the Siberian continental margin, well above the Arctic Circle, north of the Lena River delta. The Ridge, too, peters out—into a deep trough in the continental slope, which was first identified as a submarine canyon. Southward through the Atlantic, the earthquake zone precisely bisects the ocean, following the switchbacks of both coastlines at the equator. It turns east below the Cape of Good Hope and runs northeast to the middle of the Indian Ocean, where, beyond Mauritius, it divides. One branch goes northwest into the Gulf of Aden, and thence, splitting again, north into the Red Sea, the Gulf of Suez, the Dead Sea, and the Jordan Valley, and south through an area of recently emerged sea bottom and into the rift valleys of East Africa. The other branch crosses the Indian Ocean southeastward (here the Ridge becomes less rugged, and the rift disappears), rounds Australia nearly halfway to Antarctica, and crosses the Pacific in a grand sweep to the northeast. Near the Americas, the Ridge is called the East Pacific Rise. West of Chile, a branch goes toward Patagonia. The Rise passes just west of the Galapágos Islands, gradually closing with the coast, and enters the Gulf of California. The earthquake zone carries on into the seismically active western part of the continent. A branch goes through the Imperial Valley of California (which is a rift valley), through the Salton Sea, and along the San Andreas Fault, and, with the Ridge, which appears again at sea off Cape Mendocino, in northern California, disappears into Alaska. What goes on in Nevada, the hot springs of Wyoming, the Colorado Plateau, the Rocky Mountain Trench, and other recently uplifted or depressed areas is unclear; their connection with the Ridge is vague. The Ridge may be underneath—much muffled by the great thickness of the continent, preparing rifts like those of Kenya—or the continent may have largely smothered the Ridge. Geology has several versions of reality.

The Ridge rises above water at Easter Island, at Rodrigues, at Tristan



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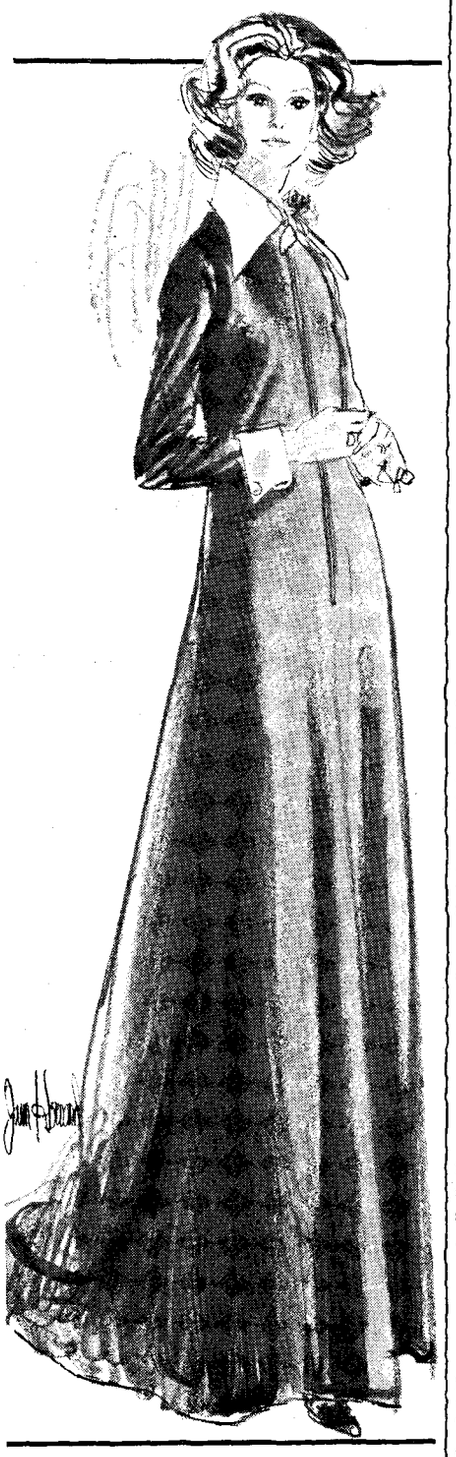

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da Cunha; in ten years it has added new islands to the Azores and to Iceland. Throughout its forty thousand miles, it is volcanically as well as seismically active, and is the locus of an abnormally high flow of heat from the interior of the earth; magnetometers also register large disturbances, suggesting lava flows. Iceland is not an emerged peak, like the other islands: here it is more as though the whole width of the Ridge, narrowing into the Norwegian Sea, and all its peaks were fused into one blob. Ridge mountains abut Iceland north and south; the seismic zone runs right through it. There is a central lowland of a kind that geologists call a graben, flanked by faults along which it has slid down. This is a place of fissures, hot springs, and lava flows. It is said to be getting wider at a rate of three and a half centimetres a year, but then it is the business of rift valleys to get wider. The Ridge is the largest single geological feature on earth, equal in area to all the dry land of the continents. And Heezen and Ewing wrote in 1957, "It must be borne in mind that the rift zone may be the primary feature of the combination, and the ridge simply a consequence of the rift."

"Imagine," Ewing said once, "millions of square miles of a tangled jumble of massive peaks, saw-toothed ridges, earthquake-shattered cliffs, valleys, lava formations of every conceivable shape—that is the Mid-Ocean Ridge." During the sixties, the tangled jumble began to make sense.

—William Wertenbaker

(This is the second part of a three-part article.)

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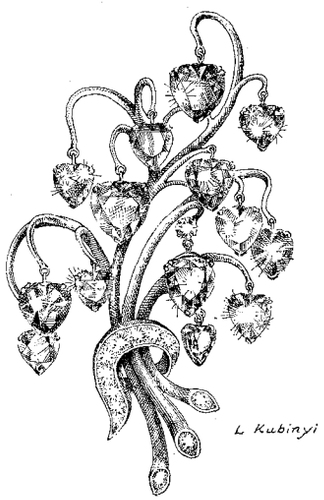

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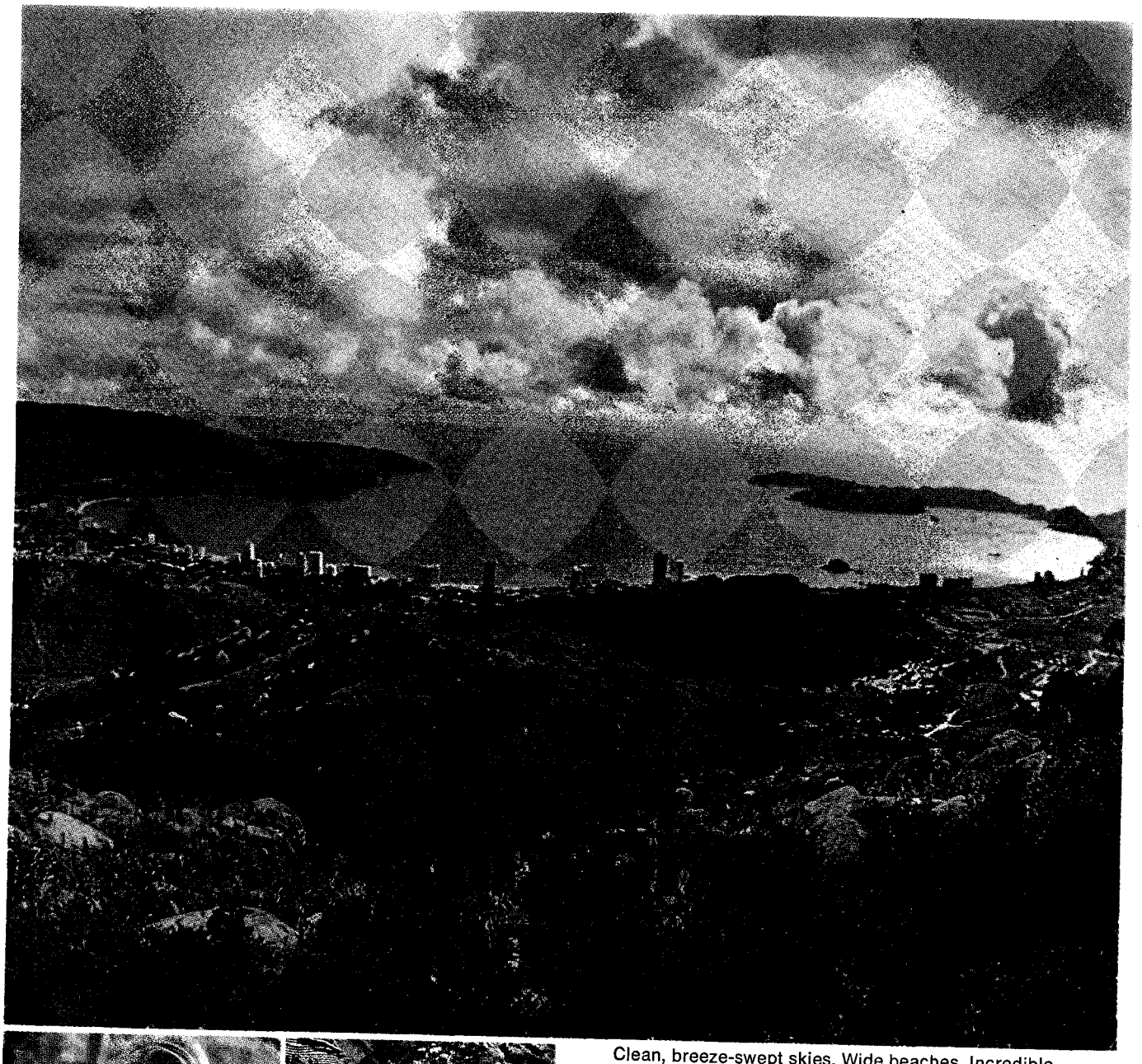

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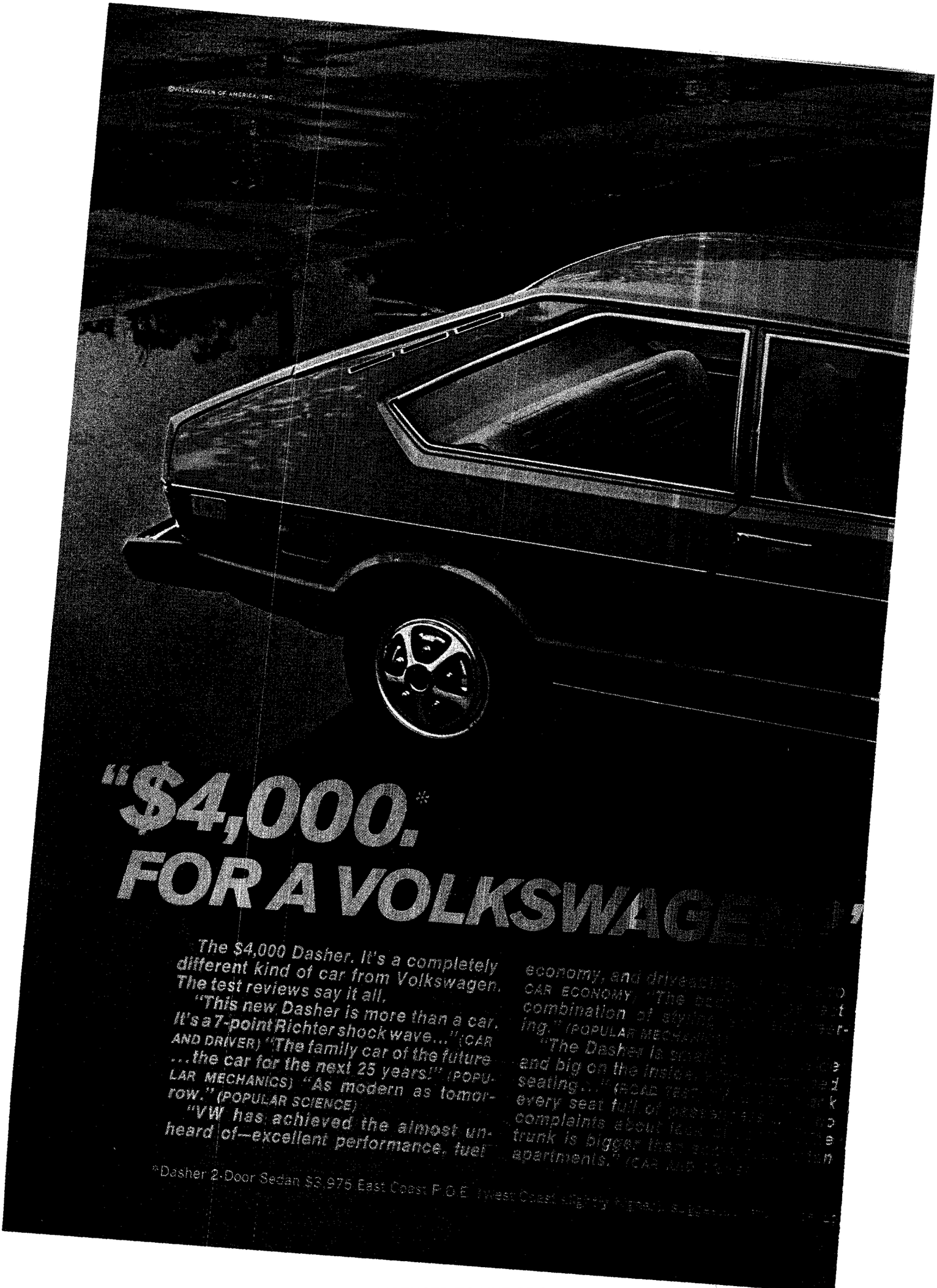

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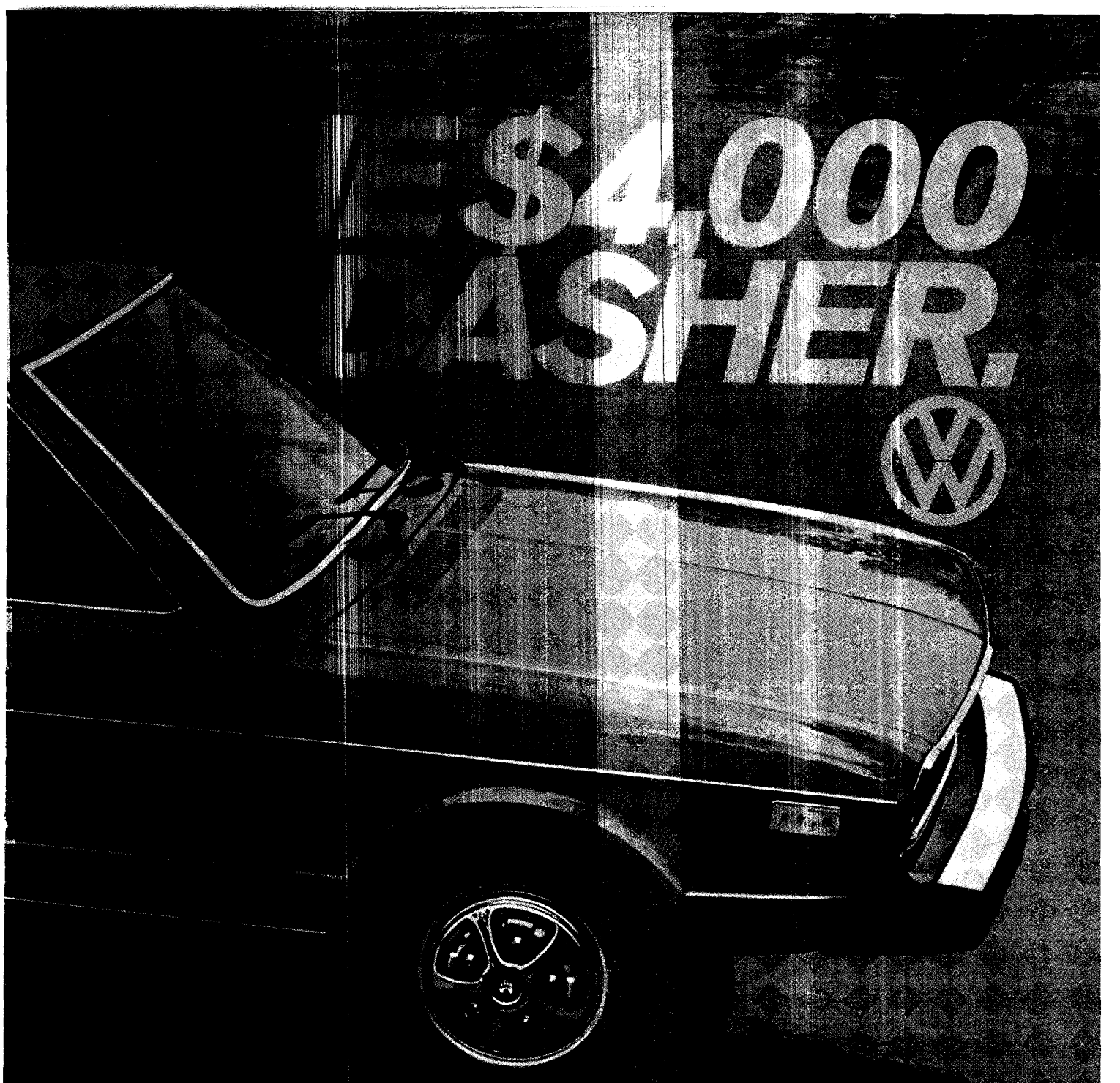

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THE LOWER SHALLOWS

THE New York Shakespeare Festival's first production of the season at the Vivian Beaumont is a play by Anne Burr called "Mert & Phil." The title is unlucky; to me it hints that I may be asked to fix my attention on a couple of dizzy comic-book characters or, more chillingly, on some old-time vaudeville team now facing hard times. (A tiny point worth mentioning, as a symptom of much that is wrong with the play: the title appears to contain a careless, unintentional ambiguity. Assuming Mert to be the diminutive of a longer name, which by rights would be Merton and therefore a man's name, one learns that Mert is a woman, whose full name ought surely to be Myrtle. I grant you that "Myrt & Phil" wouldn't have been much of an improvement on "Mert & Phil," but it would have been subliminally less irritating.) An unlucky title and a still more unlucky play, whose painfulness as a piece of writing is heightened by the ill chance of its seeming to be topical—the heroine of the play has just undergone a mastectomy, and on opening night many people in the audience, their minds full of headlines, gasped at the revelation that the plot of "Mert & Phil" was to circle round that particularly grisly operation.

If Miss Burr, who no doubt wrote the play some time ago, is the victim of a coincidence, we are the victims of Miss Burr, for her handiwork consists of a scrutiny, nearly always on a level of relentless sordidness, of the pyschological consequences not only of mastectomy but also of alcoholism, senility, cachinnatorrhea, and cunnilingual satyriasis. We are in a sick bay, and no mistake; all evening long, we never leave it and are never invited to experience the slightest lifting of spirits. The fact is that the lower shallows are less interesting by their nature than the lower depths, and so less rewarding. The middle-aged couple whose domestic miseries we are expected to share would fail to entertain us under the happiest of circumstances; they are dead souls inside dying bodies, and the integrity of their dreariness as they eat and drink and sleep and fumble at each other defies dramatizing.

Having been obliged to speak so harshly of the play, I am eager to say that the cast and the director, Joseph Papp, have done everything they could to keep the unpleasant truth from me for as long as possible. Estelle Parsons is sensationally skillful in the role of Mert, and Michael Lombard, as Phil, runs through an astonishing repertoire of laughs, giggles, and whinnies, hoping to disguise the fact that his role, though a big one, scarcely exists. Rhoda Gemignani also laughs admirably, while Norman Ornellas and Beverlee McKinsey make a fine, foolish thing of their roles as a visiting couple of exceptionally unbridled lubricity. Marie Wallace's lines as a cosmetics saleswoman appear to have been written into the play in order to give it duration, and poor Marilyn Roberts plays a senile mother so gruesomely caricatured by the author that it would be unfair to pass judgment on any aspect of her performance except her roller-skating, which I found adequate.

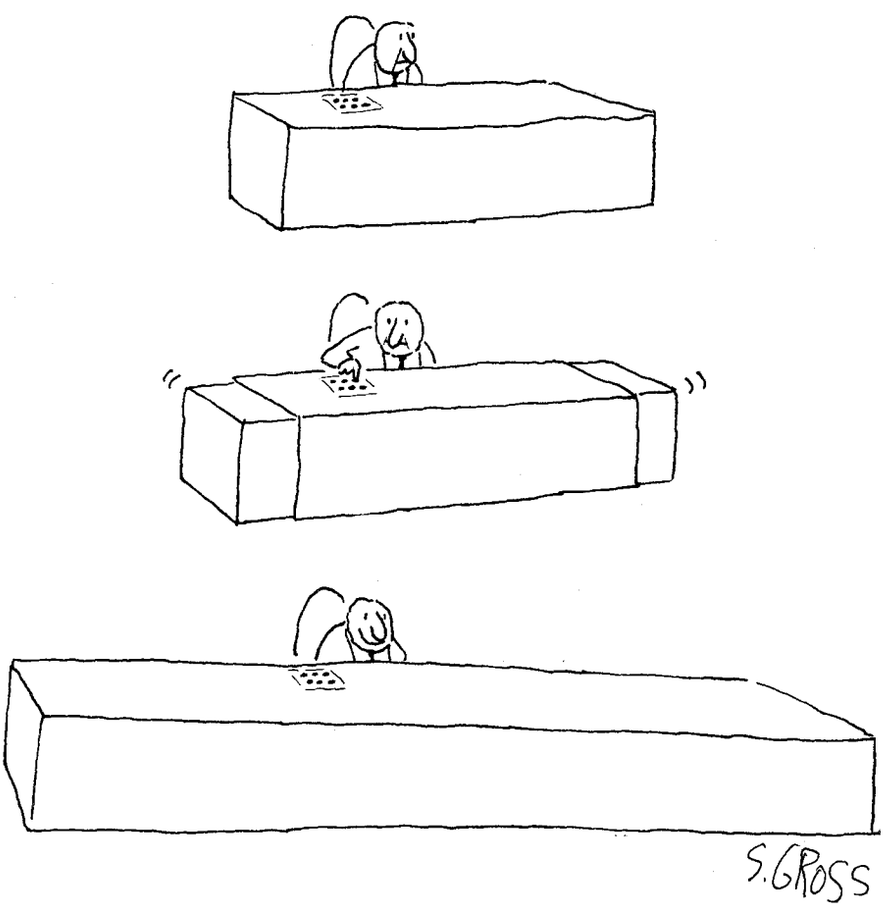
The single set, by my hero Santo Loquasto, is, alas, a match for the play in boringness as well as squalor; the costumes are by Theoni V. Aldredge; and the lighting is by Martin Aronstein. It is the conventional wisdom to say of Mr. Papp that he is better at picking plays than he is at directing them; this time, not so.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

Return of a Winner

S. J. PERELMAN'S "The Beauty Part," starring the late Bert Lahr, opened in December, 1962, during a newspaper strike, and closed after a short run. I missed it then, but I cannot imagine a better production than its revival (for American Place subscribers only, alas!), which has been directed with consummate understanding and invention by James Hammerstein. In a sense, the play stars Mr. Perelman, but Joseph Bova gives a funny, strong performance in the assorted roles once assigned to Mr. Lahr. These are a garbage-disposal tycoon named Milo Weatherwax, a lady magazine editor named Hyacinth Beddoes Laffoon, a movie producer named Harry Hubris, a decaying old right-wing television sponsor named Nelson Smedley, and an imposing Los



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Angeles jurist named Judge Rinderbrust. "The Beauty Part" is about young Lance Weatherwax, Yale undergraduate, who decides to forgo his family's millions and seek self-expression, and whatever fortune may accrue to it, in the arts. "Lay off the muses," he is advised by a painter who could be considered a stand-in for the playwright. "It's a very tough dollar." (And that's the last quote you'll get from me, on the chance that someday, somehow, this show can be made available to nonsubscribers.) After travelling through the best of all possible worlds in Greenwich Village cuckoodom, the fine arts, literature, movies, and television (the play is, so to speak, Mr. P.'s "Candide"), young Lance ends up back in the family business, his innocence unimpaired by the sleazy types he has run into along the way, and having won the hand of his beautiful, wanton girl. So much for the plot. What counts is those sleazy types, and what they do, and—above all—the Perelman words they speak. In reviewing the original production, John McCarten wrote, "A good deal of it shows Mr. Perelman at the top of his game, and when he's there he's a hard man to touch." Just about impossible.

Besides Mr. Bova, the actors are Armand Assante, Ron Faber, Cynthia Harris, Mitchell Jason, Peter Kingsley, Bobo Lewis, Susan Sullivan, and Jerrold Ziman, and all of them except Mr. Kingsley (Lance) and Miss Sullivan (beautiful girl) play many parts. All of them, including Mr. Kingsley and Miss Sullivan, are very skillful. The scenery, by Fred Voelpel, is extremely ingenious and entirely in keeping; furniture is wheeled on and off the stage, occasionally by an actor on a tricycle, as one scene quickly follows another. The lighting, by Roger Morgan, is effective, and the costumes, by Pearl Somner, are funny and wonderful.

THE ROUNDABOUT, making its official move from Off Off to Off, has opened its fall season with a revival of "All My Sons," at its new, large, handsome theatre on West Twenty-third Street—a theatre about the size of a high-school auditorium, which makes it just right for the clumpy high-school production, under Gene Feist's direction. Surely these actors must have met at rehearsal. Even the accomplished Beatrice Straight, curiously cast as a Jewish mother, cannot raise the general level of performance to professionalism. The play deserves no better. One of Arthur Miller's earliest

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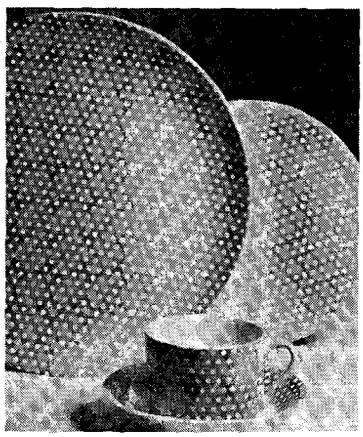

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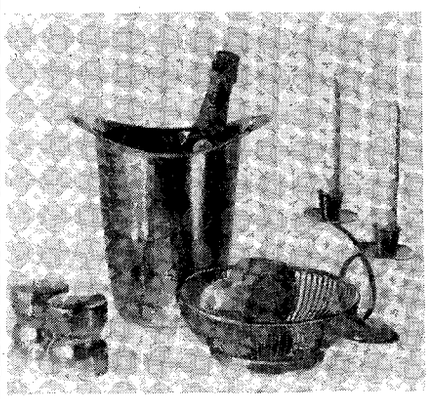

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scripts, originally done in 1947, it shows all the verbal ineptitude and dumb-cluck moral fervor that were to prove such a nuisance in much of his later work. The villain of this piece is a manufacturer of airplane parts who knowingly sells a shipment of defective cylinder heads to the Air Force, thereby directly causing the deaths of over twenty pilots and indirectly causing the death of his own son. The hero is another son, revered as an idealist by friends and neighbors. The only nonmember of his fan club is the wife of the doctor next door, a general practitioner whom the idealist has tried to persuade to give up his practice for "research," as if there were something intrinsically more virtuous in looking through a microscope than in taking care of people.

THE first act of John Ford Noonan's "Where Do We Go from Here?," a farce recently at the Public, was dishevelled, noisy, and garbled; the second act was dishevelled, noisy, and far more intelligible (or maybe I just got used to it). The action takes place in the apartment of a transvestite—an unfrocked advertising executive—on the evening of an important drag ball, and the other characters include the ad man's straight roommate, who, out of affection, agrees to come to the ball in a purple satin gown; the sister of a long-ago lover of the ad man, intent on avenging her brother's recent murder; a cop swinging a nightstick, packing a pistol, and wearing a print dress under his uniform; and a menacing hooded fellow called Zorro, who heads an organization dedicated to wiping out homosexuals. The pace of events and the delivery of lines was breakneck, but although the credentials of many of the people concerned—playwright and players—were of the high quality one has come to expect at the Public, nobody appeared to have served a moment's apprenticeship under the masterly George Abbott, King of Farce, so the result was a shambles, though a sporadically entertaining shambles. For all its dirty language and dirty stage business—both entirely appropriate to these characters—"Where Do We Go from Here?" was as traditional as "Three Men on a Horse." Gabriel Dell as roommate, Kenneth McMillan as cop, Jake Dengel as drag queen, and Danny De Vito as a nephew of the cop did well, but I never missed anybody more than I missed Sam Levene and the late Teddy Hart.

—EDITH OLIVER

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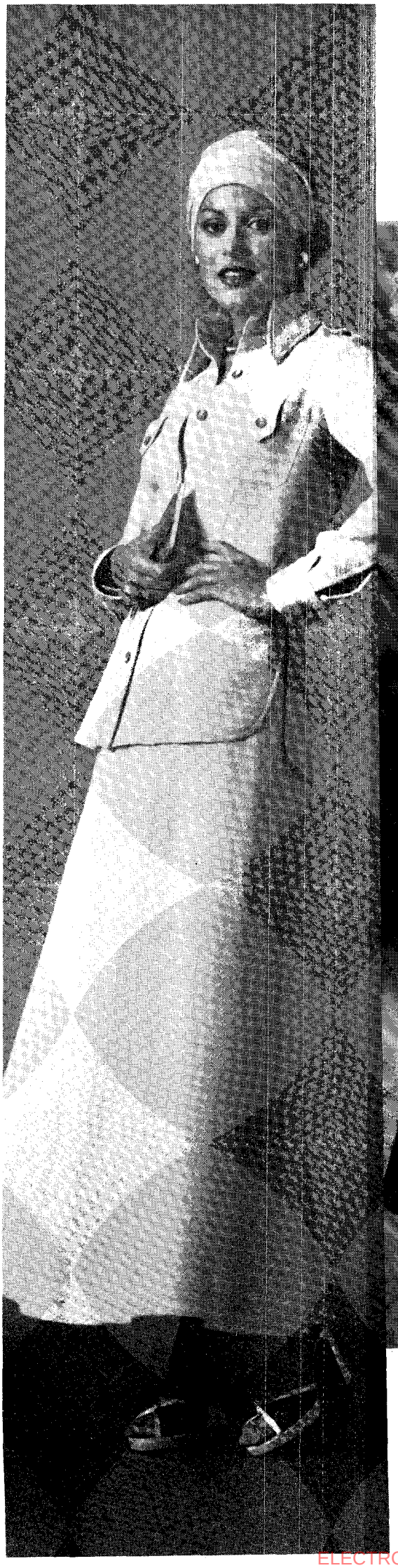

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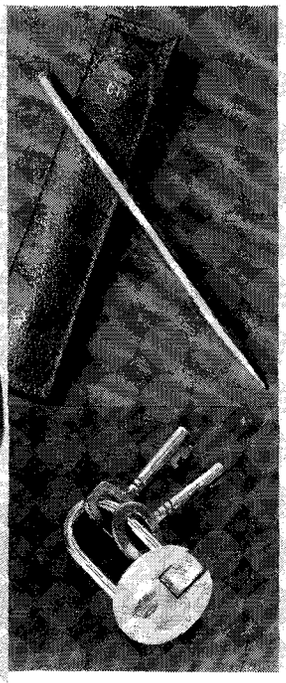

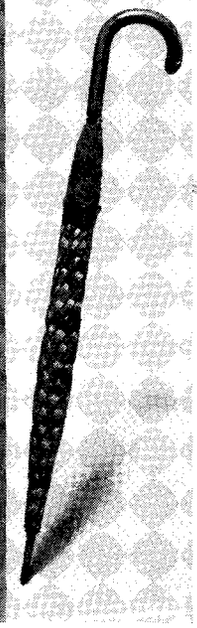

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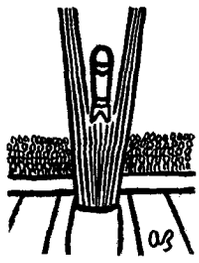
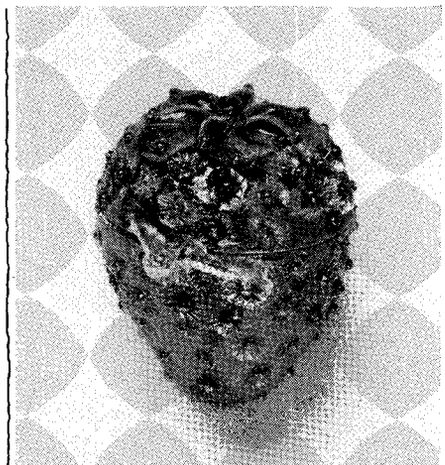
FOOTBALL

Dim View



WHETHER football is any longer a sport for spectators and not merely an exercise in applied physics—that is the question. On the nearly uninhabitable island of Manhattan, it may be that it is not a sport for anyone. Columbia (major) and Fordham (minor) remain, but Columbia returned to form on Saturday last and went down, 24–0, against a Cornell injured in both muscle and morale. The Jets, who have escaped to Long Island, and the Giants, who have escaped to New Haven, are nonwinners on a par with Columbia, and all remedies await next season. Columbia will have good men coming up from its freshman squad; what the Jets and the Giants will bring up from their freshman squads no one knows. Columbia's frustration is enormous, but no larger than Cornell's—an Ivy League tie and two whopping defeats before it undertook Columbia. Pennsylvania, whose Vaughn and Bellizeare and Wixted and Bucola were the talk of Philadelphia early on, in the ebullient commencing of the season, lost most of its cunning and running (its throwing, too) in the second half of its match with Princeton. It lost all of it on Saturday against a Harvard that had mastered the entire repertory of tricks its spiritual adviser, Restic, had taught it, and Pennsylvania, unbeaten this fall, came in a distant second, at 39–0. Princeton, with its Snickenberger back in high gear, was about to recover its momentum and winning ways (it had been nipped by Pennsylvania for a lack of just two points) when Brown, desperately attempting to sort out its quarterbacks, at last called once more on its onetime reliable Beatrice, to nip Princeton again, at 17–13. Yale, unbeaten and nearly never scored upon this fall, took a gift touchdown and a beautiful earned one from an unexpectedly meek Dartmouth in six or seven minutes, and spent the rest of the day fighting for survival and trying to discover (what a quandary for an all-winning team!) who its first-rank quarterback really is. (The jury is still out.) It was Yale 14, Dartmouth 9. Dartmouth, too, is trying to decide who *its* top-rank quarterback is. Yale is, in almost every essential part, the Yale of 1973; the difference (and



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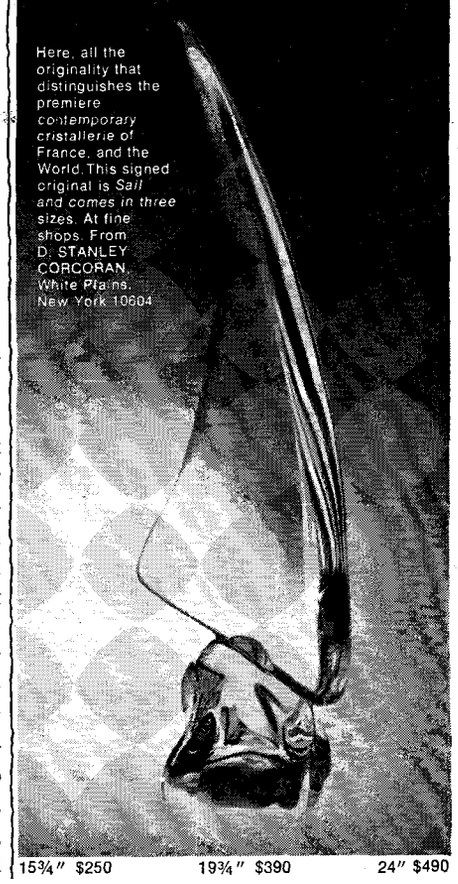

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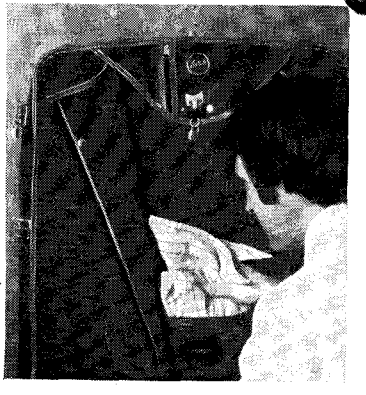

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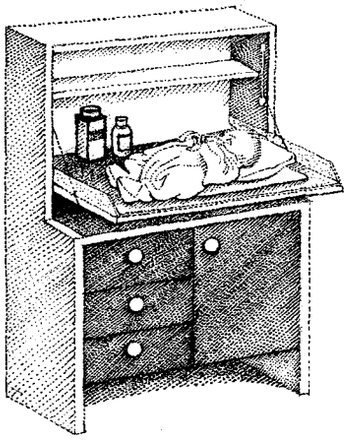
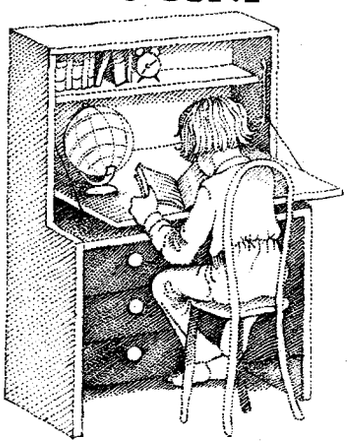


grows up to be a desk.



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there *is* one, despite Saturday's occasional footlessness) must be that Hennings, who, it has been reported, likes to run with the ball instead of blocking, is being given his head (and the ball). On Saturday, he was going where he likes to—up the middle, through the thickest of thickets, and triumphantly. It was Calvin Hill all over; it was Matt Snell, of the times when the Jets were still playing football. How does that compact weight keep threading that needle? Charity, Yale's premier defensive outrider, had little to do that day, but then, enemy raiders have learned all about his territorial imperative. Fencik, who is in the classic mold of Yale ends, snaffled six passes against Cornell, and endured, though not without success, a more difficult outing against Dartmouth.

The punting in Boston was a private triumph for McInally, Harvard's massive end, whose purpose was to keep the ball away from Bellizeare. (He runs back kicks with the mad, dodging speed of the Patriots' Herron, who did his best on Sunday to keep the Bills from winning, 29–28.) Princeton had limited Bellizeare to seventy-seven yards rushing; Harvard cut his allowance to nineteen, and it ran down Vaughn so often that he could never get set for his famous beanbag act. Even so, Harvard was not at full strength: the bruised Alky Tsitsos (there's a name!) was marked absent, but the lately bruised Miller was again in harness. It was Miller amidships, Winn going wide on the pitchout, McInally going deep on the long ball, and Pennsylvania going in circles.

A well-informed authority says that Navy's standing off of Notre Dame for forty-nine minutes before losing, 14–6, was Navy's best in ever so long. He liked most the fourth-down maneuver in which Stufflebeem, who was punting for Navy in the manner of McInally, took the snap from center and shot a down-the-alley slam to Cooper for twenty-two yards and a first down. Army fielded in despair a fledgling quarterback, Hall, who, in the face of an overwhelming Vanderbilt (it won, 38–14), moved Army (on five passes out of six) sixty-one yards. With Hall, a freshman, came the scrub receivers with whom he had been working in a secret laboratory, and it was they who made the catches. Army, unaccustomed to such luxury, took the ball in, on a one-yard plunge, a minute later. Hall was on the sidelines by then; he hasn't worked yet on handoffs. But when he *has* . . .

—J. W. L.

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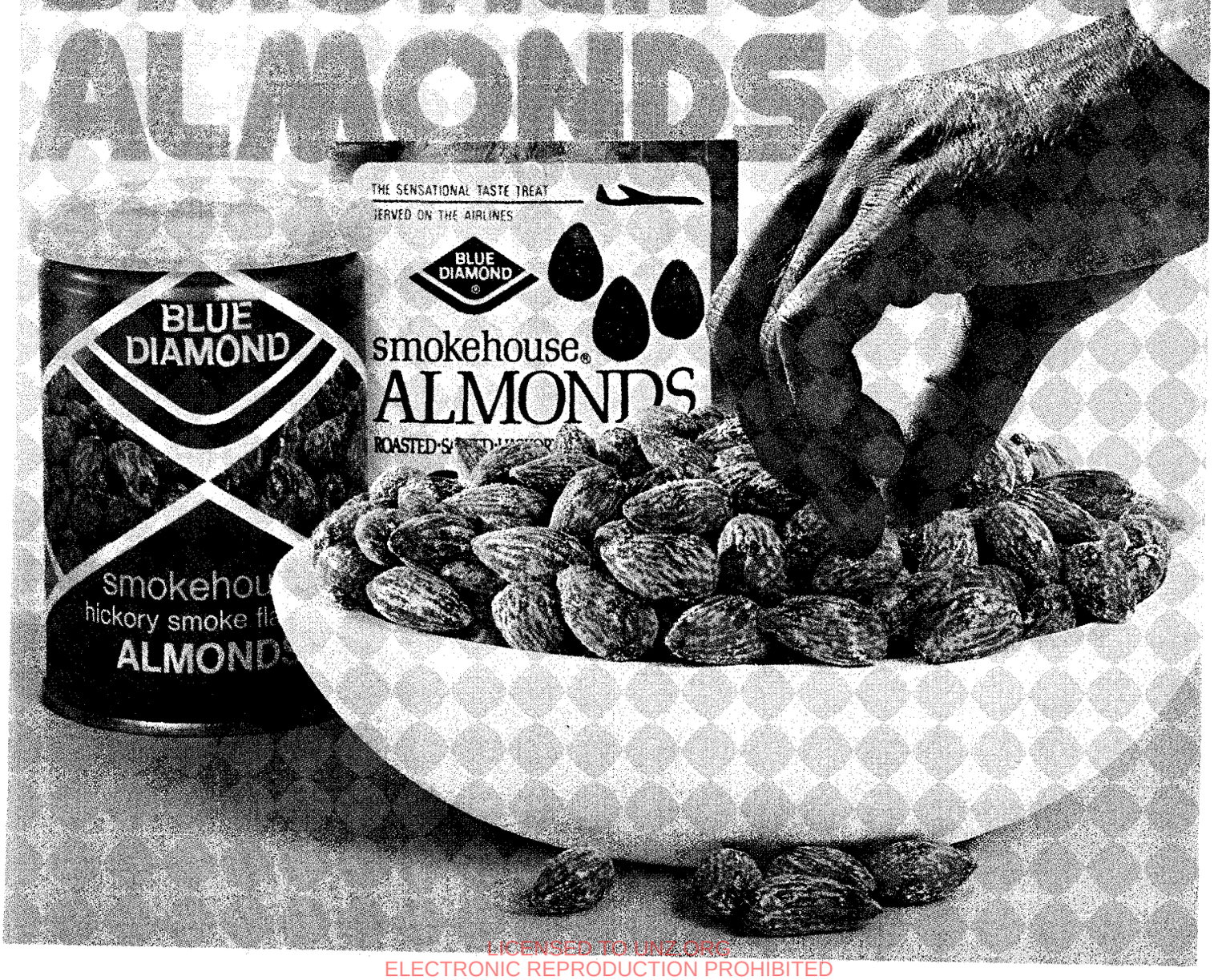

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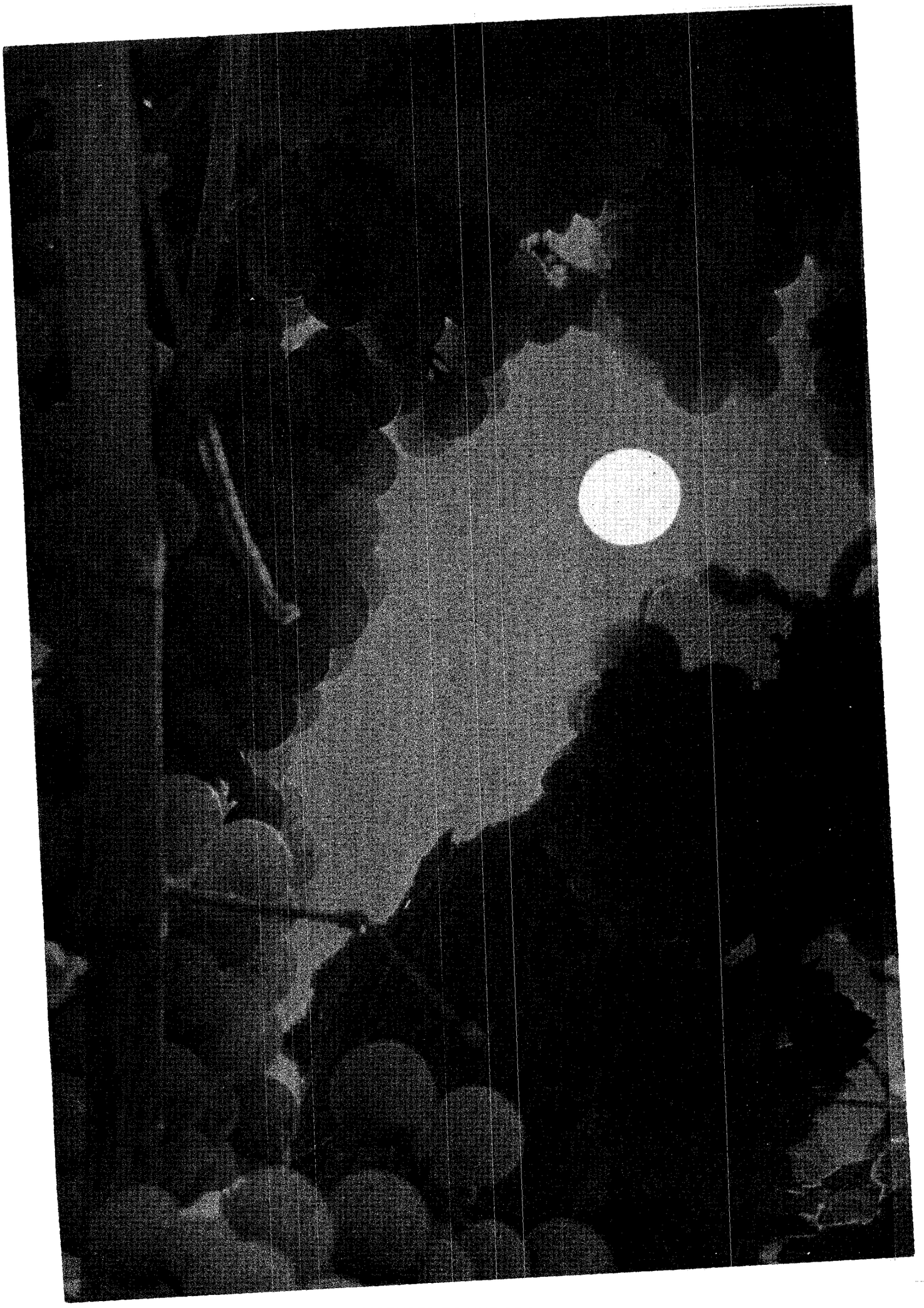

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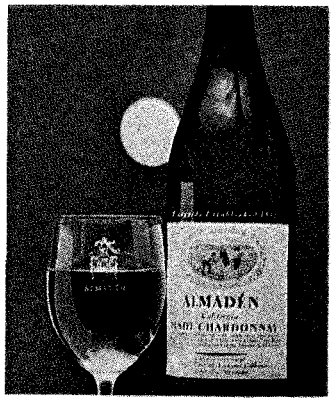

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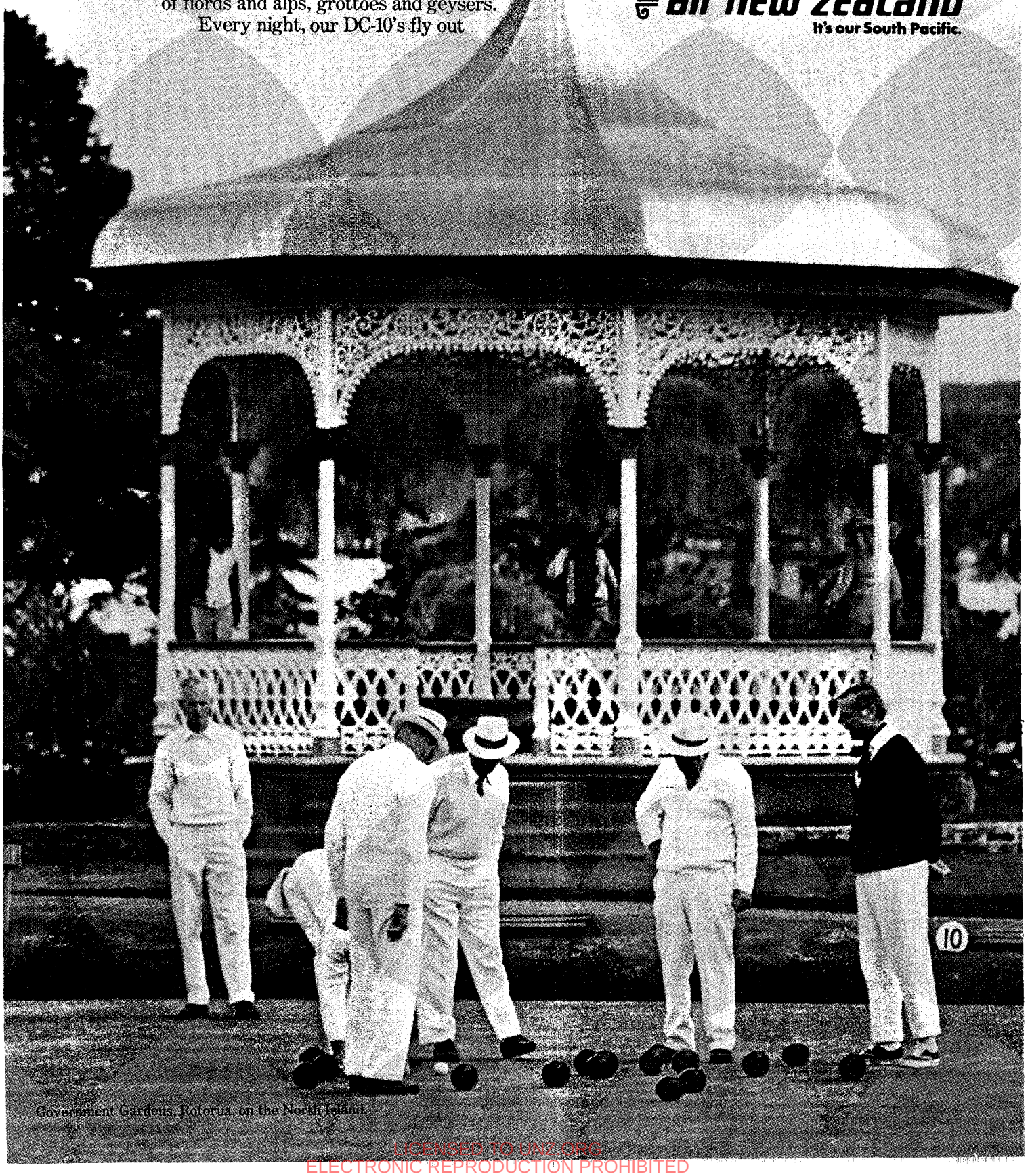

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DANCING

How to Be Very, Very Popular

WHEN the Royal Ballet brought Frederick Ashton's "Monotones" to New York, in 1967, audiences slept through it and woke up to the rabid applause of a minority. The applause caught on, and the piece was given a grudging ovation. These things sometimes happen, and sometimes nothing helps. That was also the year the New York audience disgraced itself by its massive rejection of Nijinska's "Les Noces," one of the most significant revivals of the decade. "Les Noces" never came back to New York, but "Monotones" got a second season. I remember the first trio (the piece is composed of two pas de trois, one set to the "Three Gnossiennes" and the other to the "Three Gymnopédies" of Satie), danced by Brian Shaw and Diana Vere and Georgina Parkinson in brick-red costumes. The second trio was even better. Anthony Dowell and Vyvyan Lorrayne and Robert Mead wore samite white; their dance was a fascinating cross-weave of static and dynamic patterns, all set to the same slow, ticktock cadence. "Deadly dull," said a woman near me; I remember that, too, and also what a constancy of devotion to details of classical style the piece represented. Good old British Cecchetti technique—all chaste and flowing arabesques, limpid contrapposto harmonies, impervious balances, and (especially ravishing to the deprived American eye) strict épaulement. These company virtues had reached one of their periodic flowerings in the production of the "Shades" scene from "La Bayadère," and Ashton not long after made the "Gymnopédies" in what must have been a moment of direct inspiration. The influence on "Monotones" of the corps's opening dance in "La Bayadère" is as marked as the echoes of "Symphonic Variations," the ballet that established Ashton's postwar reputation. Although "Symphonic Variations" (1946) still has a place in the Royal's repertory, its chief importance is to its period. As a spiritual image of British postwar austerity, it undoubtedly hit home, but next to "Monotones" it is plaster-cast classicism. "Monotones" is Ashton's ultimate distillation of English classical style. It is also a luminous, peculiar, and disturbing ballet, and—for the average ballet audience—an uncompromising experiment in concentration. I've described something of its history because of what has now happened to it at the Joffrey Ballet.

The Joffrey production of "Monotones" was reconstructed for the fall season by Faith Worth, the Royal's notation expert. I arrived nervous. Would the package marked "Fragile" be full of broken glass, like last year's "The Dream"? Would the audience detest it? The "Gnossiennes" came on with Burton Taylor, Rebecca Wright, and Starr Danias, dressed in replicas of the original costumes (allover tights) in their original color—pale green—with matching helmets. It was rough going. Splinters and chips appeared, all of them unavoidable. The dancers made a brave effort in an alien style. They did a lovely series of back-curving lunges into tight attitude, and other élancé passages came off well. Taylor's bearing was, as always, admirably correct, and he could clear his head and shoulders in oblique positions (croisé-effacé) with his arms above his head, which was something the girls couldn't do. None of them could maintain an unsupported balance. (In one passage they are required to hold an attitude-back balance, fold the leg through to attitude front, and hold *that*.) These were blood-sweat-and-tears "Gnossiennes." The "Gymnopédies" were something else. Sheathed in white unitards and wearing beanies that deliciously exposed the ears (these "saltimbanque"-style costumes are of Ashton's own design), the dancers had the right look—long, lean, and flexible—and the right kind of unpresumptuous authority. With the marvellous young Pamela Nearhoof partnered by a highly promising newcomer, Kevin McKenzie, and by Robert Thomas, who seemed to be recovering some of the form he had when he joined the company, the dancing took on the calm transparency and sustained momentum Ashton meant it to have. This section contains his finest composing; the continuity of his line is like that of a master draftsman whose pen never leaves the paper. A line so steadily traced makes it difficult to speak of climaxes or even of "moments," but there are

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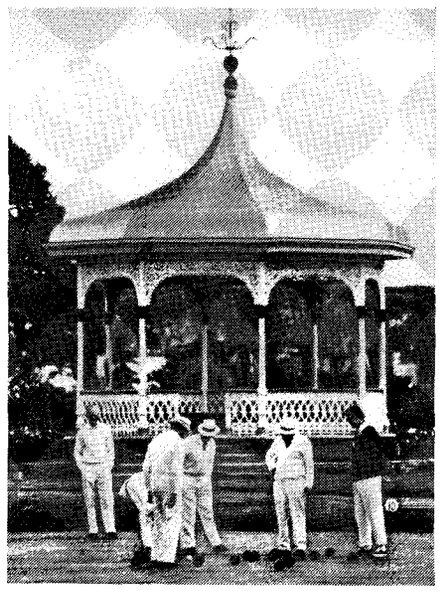

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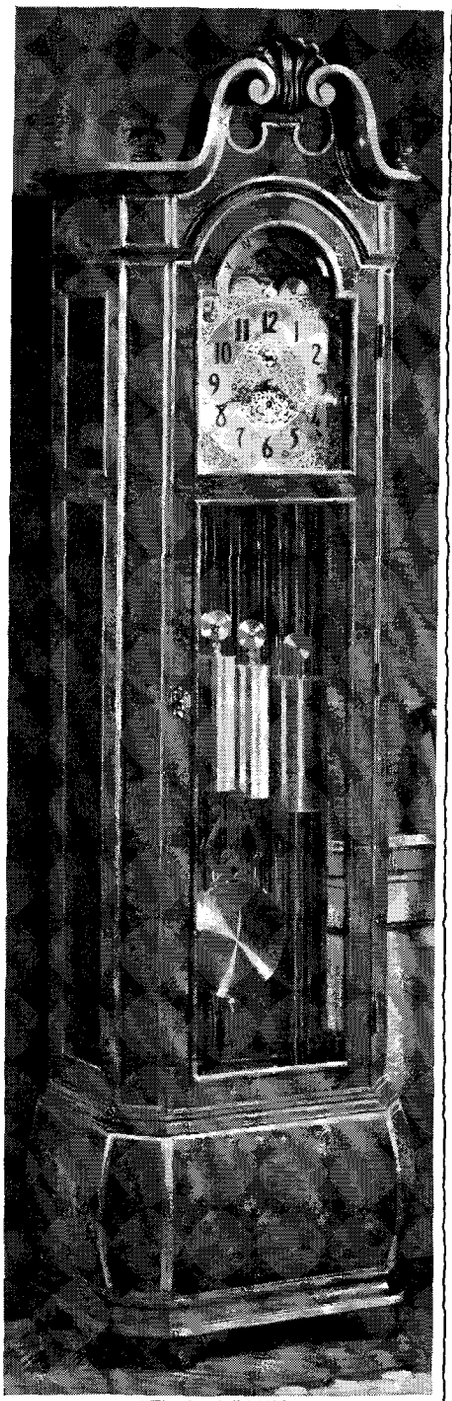

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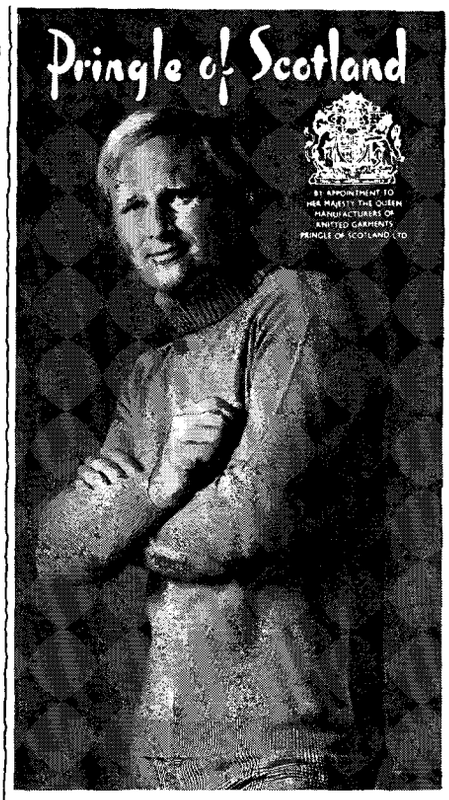
twists or whorls that do stand out, like the girl being promenaded at arm's length as she holds an arabesque while the second boy keeps backing under the bridge formed by the arms, backing and circling her as she turns. The promenade winds to a finish with all three dancers in tandem extending parallel développés to the back, completing the pose with a little "there-you-have-it" gesture of upturned palms. In contrast to this convolution is the simple changement from a left to a right diagonal, performed three abreast. It comes, hair-raisingly, on a key change in the second "Gymnopédie," and the powerful effect it has is out of all proportion to the humility of its means. It's like a shock to the senses.

Henri Sauguet said of the Satie music that it "seems to come from very far and from very high." The same might be said of the choreography. It is not the kind of piece out of which a choreographer hopes to get a hit, yet the Joffrey audience received it with rapture. Of course, half the cast is not quite up to the challenge, and American audiences are quick to sympathize with dancers in trouble, but I can't credit the Joffrey audience with that keen a perception of technical awkwardness. I wish I could. You practically have to fall down for most people to notice anything wrong. As for things like the absence of épaulement or the absence of security and stretch in the classical silhouette, the Joffrey repertory hasn't trained its audience to see stylistic faults any better than it has trained the majority of its dancers to correct them. No, the audience adored all of "Monotones," and if it preferred the "Gymnopédies" (stepped-up applause, yells) it was probably because it is the better of two tightrope acts. The ballet, in the context of the Joffrey repertory, appears bracing in a way it isn't when you see it on a Royal program. The Joffrey audience might have caught that edge of an aesthetic difference, and it might have enjoyed having its faculties tested. (My own concentration breaks in the third "Gymnopédie.") The aristocratic reticence of the ballet, its inward-gazing manner and level, "deadly-dull" rhythm, didn't seem to bother anyone.

So an unlooked-for triumph took place, and for the first time I find myself complimenting the Joffrey on the production of a contemporary ballet not by Twyla Tharp. Still, what does this production of "Monotones" *mean*? When the ballet is danced by its Royal casts, you feel the whole strength of the company rising behind it. It comes



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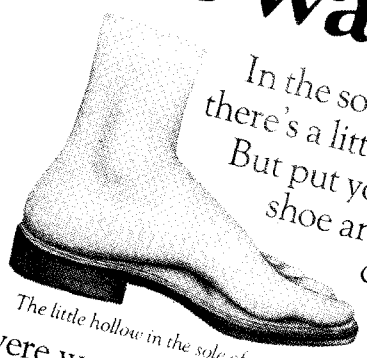

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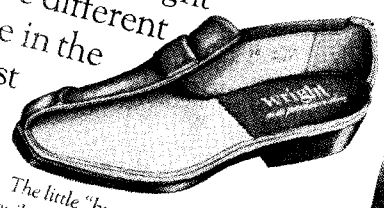

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out of a tradition they know intimately. When it is danced by the Joffrey, it's an isolated, precarious undertaking that depends for success on the singular abilities of a few dancers. The difference between the Royal's "Monotones" and the Joffrey's is that the Royal practices style and the Joffrey only professes it. What it practices is consumer relations in ballet. As the season went on, I noticed that the Joffrey audience tends to applaud everything just about equally, and I wondered what you have to do to fail here. The audience seems perfectly willing to let the management dictate its range of taste; it has confidence in the product, and there are levels of product for levels of taste. The Joffrey produces a shoddy line of goods on its own (see this year's, any year's, Gerald Arpino ballet) and buys better wares for those who are tired of shopping in the basement. The upstairs merchandise has big names attached to it. A Hurok audience may sneeze at an Ashton ballet that hasn't got Fonteyn or Nureyev in it, but Ashton at the Joffrey carries the cachet of the whole Royal Ballet—plus the Joffrey imprimatur. (At the Royal, "The Dream" succeeded as a Sibley-Dowell vehicle. In the Joffrey production, nothing works but the comedy relief, and the audience loves the ballet just the same.) There are the stillborn Massine revivals, the Diaghilev revivals, the bits of Bournonville, Jooss, and Limón, and the nostalgia revivals—Jerome Robbins in job lots. Although some of these pieces are well performed, most of them serve the audience better than they do the dancers. A season at the Joffrey is better than a browse through the dance-history books. Who wants to read about foreign ballets and dead ballets when you can see them?

The desire is perfectly understandable, and I not only respect it, I share it. If somebody announces "Parade" or "Le Beau Danube," I will certainly go. Curiosity drags me. But chances are I won't go back. The dancing isn't always to blame. Ballets that belong to other times and other customs aren't negotiable, and dancers can't save them. Gary Chryst is very good as the Chinese Conjurer in "Parade" (and as Petrouchka); his makeup is fine and his mime is wonderfully specific. And Donna Cowen as the Little American Girl has clarified a lot of the details in her role which were obscure. But Satie's score remains for me the liveliest part of this wilted show. The Franco-Russian performing style so necessary to "Le Beau Danube" did

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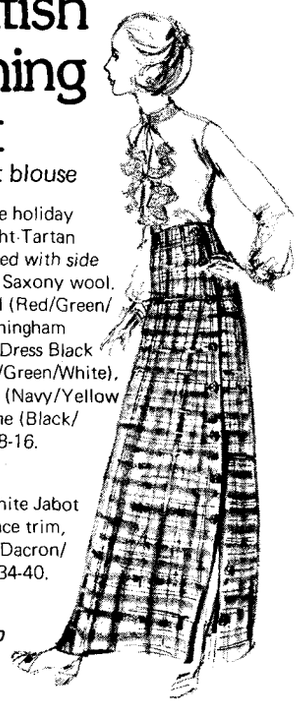

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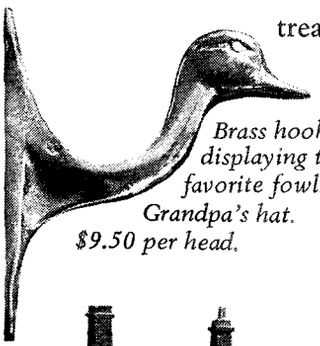

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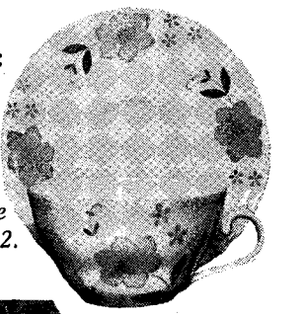

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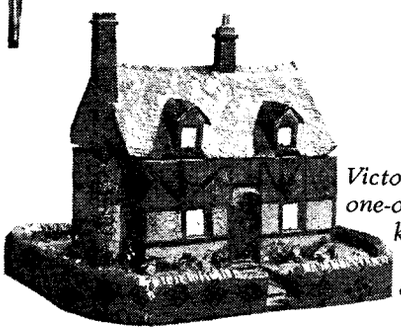

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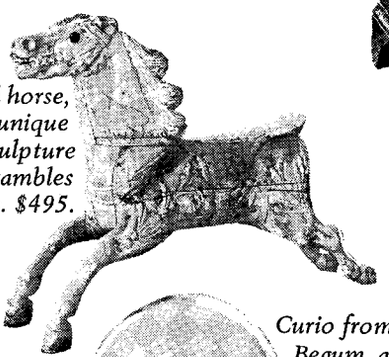

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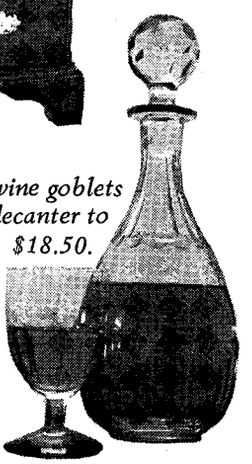

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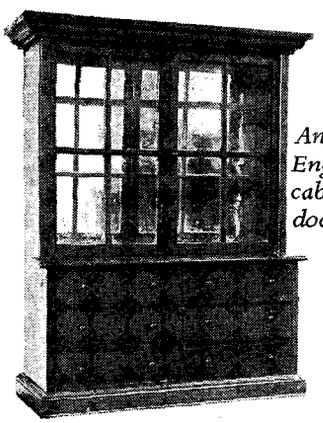

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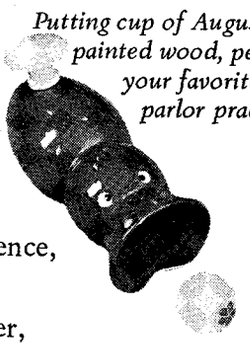

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not survive the Second World War. I hope never to see a worse version than the Joffrey's, or a better one than the performance that exists on a 16-mm. film made in the thirties—badly shot, without a sound track, but with an all-star cast: Massine, Danilova, Baronova, Riabouchinska, Lichine, all of them in their prime. Dramatically, the Joffrey "Petrouchka" is superior to American Ballet Theatre's, but not scenically. This season's Massine revival, "Pulcinella," is a bummer. It's not that the ballet has ceased to be *radioactive*, like "Parade;" it's that one can't believe it ever was.

"Pulcinella," created in 1920 and revived under the choreographer's supervision, is a very pretty spectacle, rather on the quaint side, and pervaded by the fruitless nervous energy that Massine's followers used to mistake for rhythm. As in the recent Balanchine-Robbins version, the music seems unsuited to a straightforward, unfiltered depiction of the traditional Neapolitan street theatre. Despite the authenticity of the Pergolesi fragments he orchestrated, Stravinsky's score has his own mandarin personality. The Picasso scenery is what might be called Cubist-Primitive—childlike in its qualities of freshness and simplicity but sophisticated in its treatment. To their visual and aural backgrounds the dances return no kind of comment. They're innocent of any point of view, innocent of style. Tediously they press a vague plot interest without developing any interest of their own. Picasso and Stravinsky seem to have been in on a joke that excluded Massine and Diaghilev. The joke didn't go far enough. Picasso's set, brilliant as it is, achieved nothing in radical theatre design that had not been achieved by "Le Tricorne" the year before. Perhaps Picasso should have insisted on keeping his original scheme, which called for a stage within a stage and for the classic pantomime characters to be impersonated by "real" nineteenth-century Neapolitans. Cocteau appears to have been the only member of Diaghilev's circle who felt that Picasso's first thoughts were his best. He suggests that Picasso's intention was to "rejuvenate" the old farces "as Stravinsky rejuvenated the music of Pergolesi," and he described the outcome ruefully: "After making a score of designs showing a theatre with its chandelier, its boxes and a stage set, Picasso's taste led him to suppress all that he had striven for and to fill the whole of the real stage with the décor which was previously on the tiny inner stage. Red

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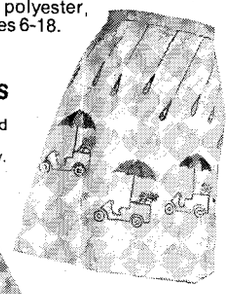

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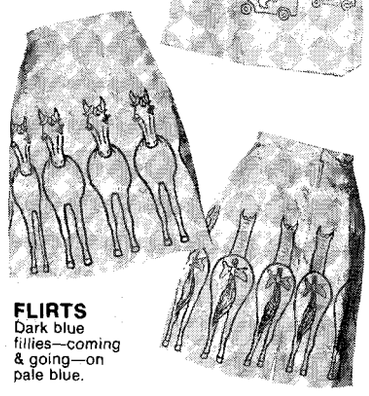

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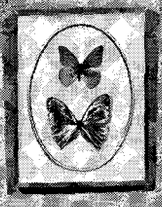

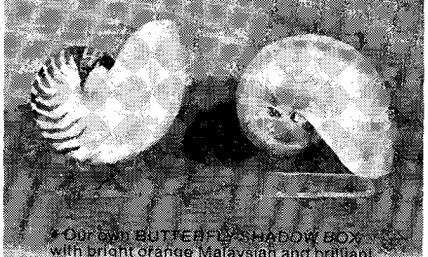

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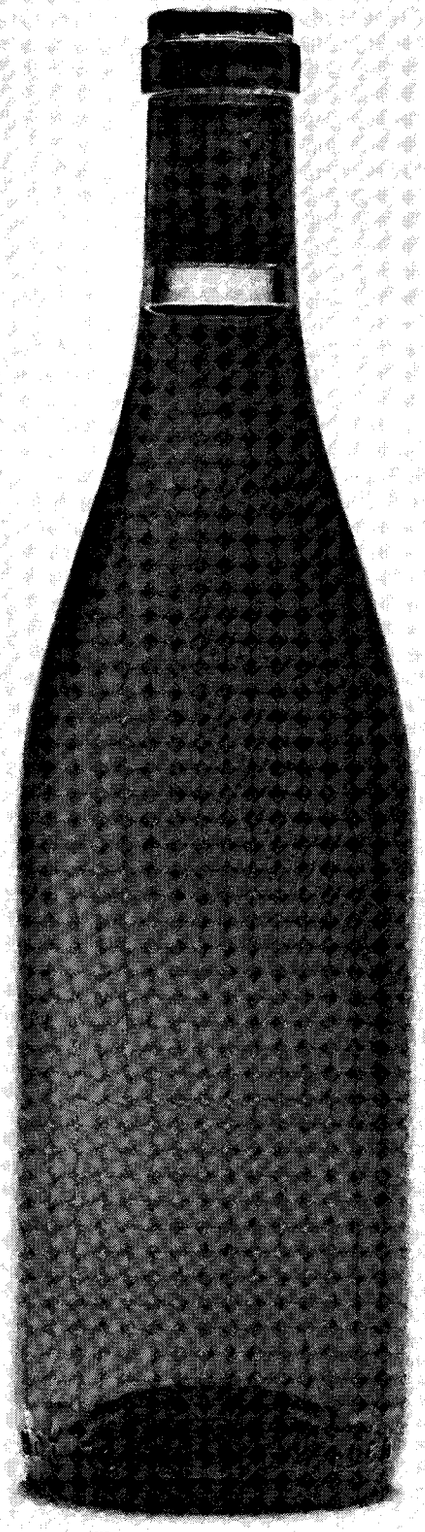

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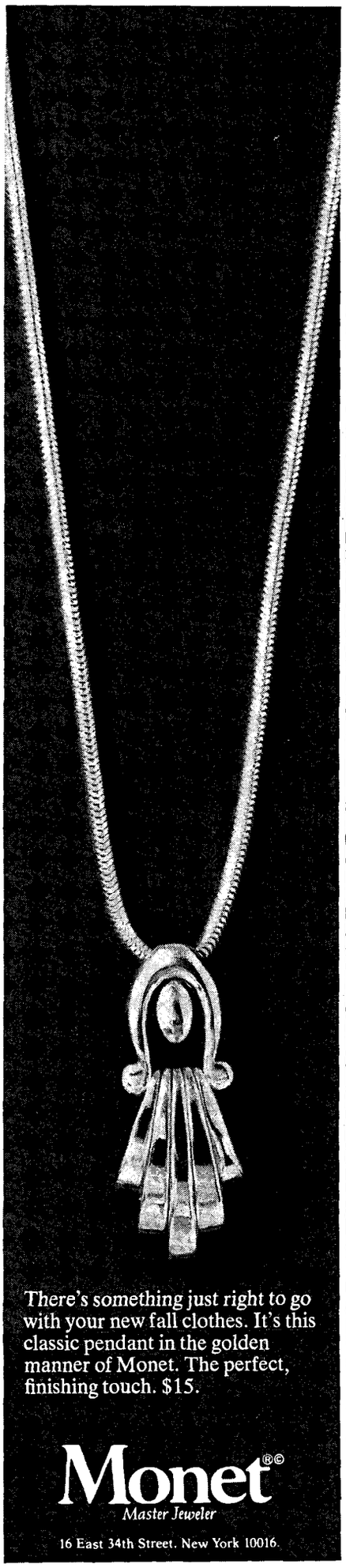
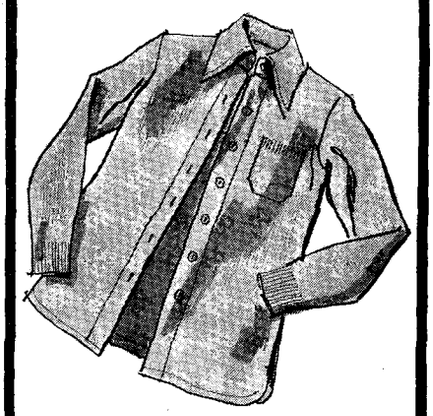


plush was abandoned for the illusion of moonlight and a Neapolitan street."

As a museum exhibit, the production is worth seeing, along with "Parade," the décor of which had been disfigured, until this season, by blundering execution. It has been repainted, and it looks approximately credible as the work of Picasso. The Neapolitan street of "Pulcinella," leading to a bayside view of Vesuvius, is flanked by tall houses in Cubistic perspective; the colors are white, black, blue, and gray. There is a white floorcloth and a drop curtain, which was never used by Diaghilev. It shows a Pulcinella parting a juicy red theatre curtain. Rouben Ter-Arutunian's restorations are skillful. I wondered only about the platinum-blond Mae West wigs worn by the two seventeenth-century gallants. The costumes are more conventional in design and less organically related to the set than the costumes in "Parade" and "Le Tricorne." (Strange that Stravinsky once called "Pulcinella" "a coherent and homogeneous whole.") One recognizes them as Picassoesque because of their unerring sweet-sour color contrasts and their association with his paintings and drawings. The ballet was Picasso's favorite of those he designed; he had been portraying clowns, acrobats, and commedia-dell'arte characters since the earliest years of the century. But what these figures meant to him as symbols of men's souls didn't get into the ballet. At moments—the mock funeral, for example—Picasso's poetic fancy seems alive on the stage. The choreography can double the pictorial force of his images, but it can't give them theatrical depth. The ballet doesn't have Picasso's spirit. It takes his themes and turns them back into the raw material he drew on. There's more Picasso in "Monotones" than there is in "Pulcinella."

THERE are signs that the management is getting a little impatient with the dreck ballets of its resident choreographer, Gerald Arpino, and is seeking a classier house line. Its two Twyla Tharp commissions, "Deuce Coupe" and "As Time Goes By," gave the company custom-tailored choreography, a genuinely contemporary identity, and a chance to make history in its own right. But Robert Joffrey's heart seems to belong to the safe, the respectable, the genteel "art" ballet. Last year, he choreographed "Remembrances," a maundering, dusky affair set to Wagnerian concert lieder, with endless visions of the young in one another's arms. This season he got Jon-



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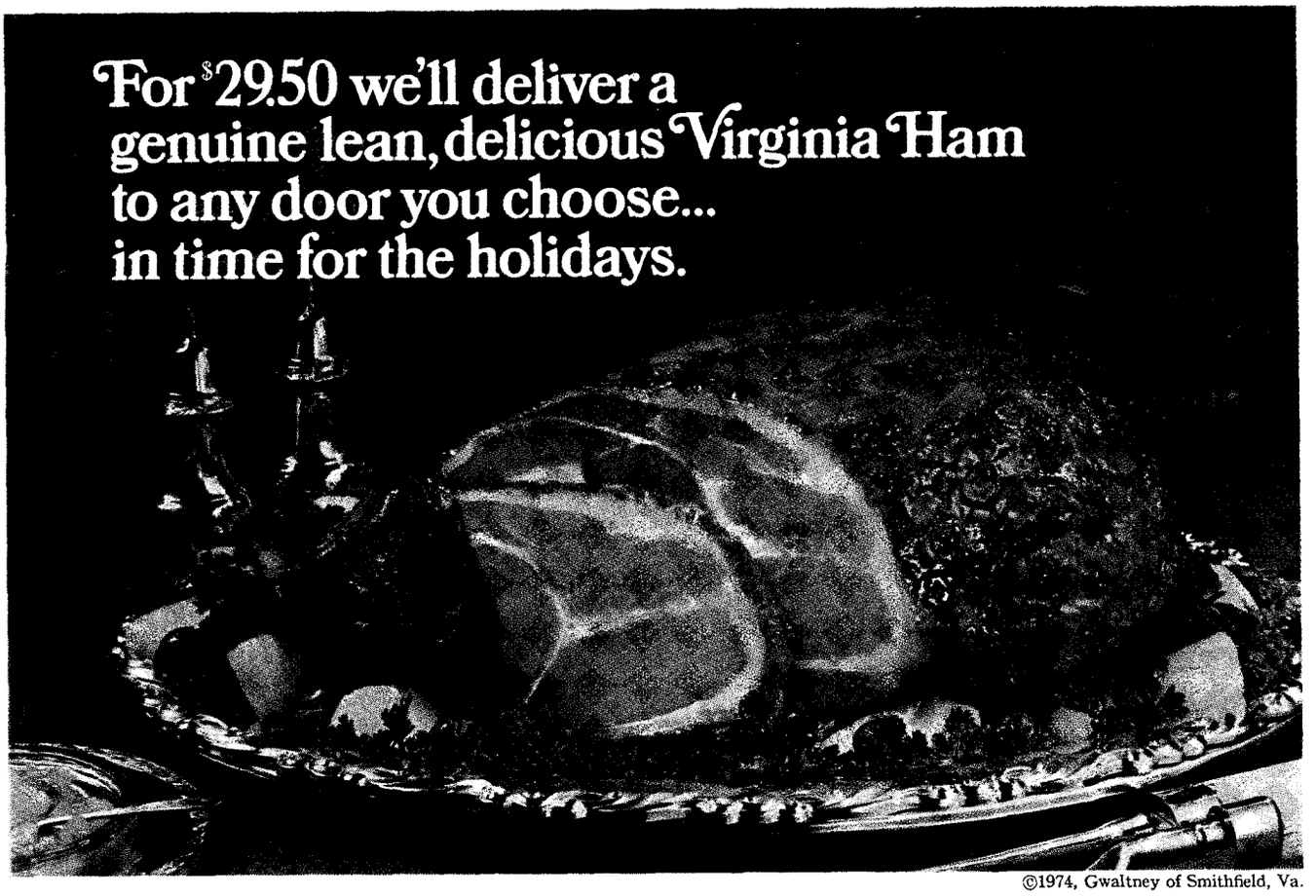

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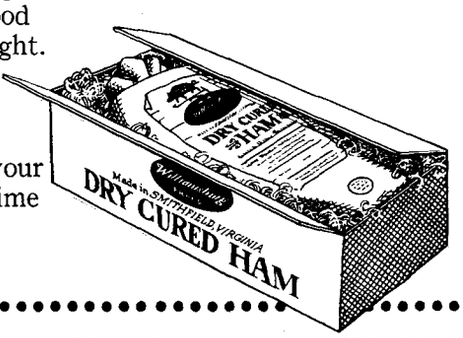

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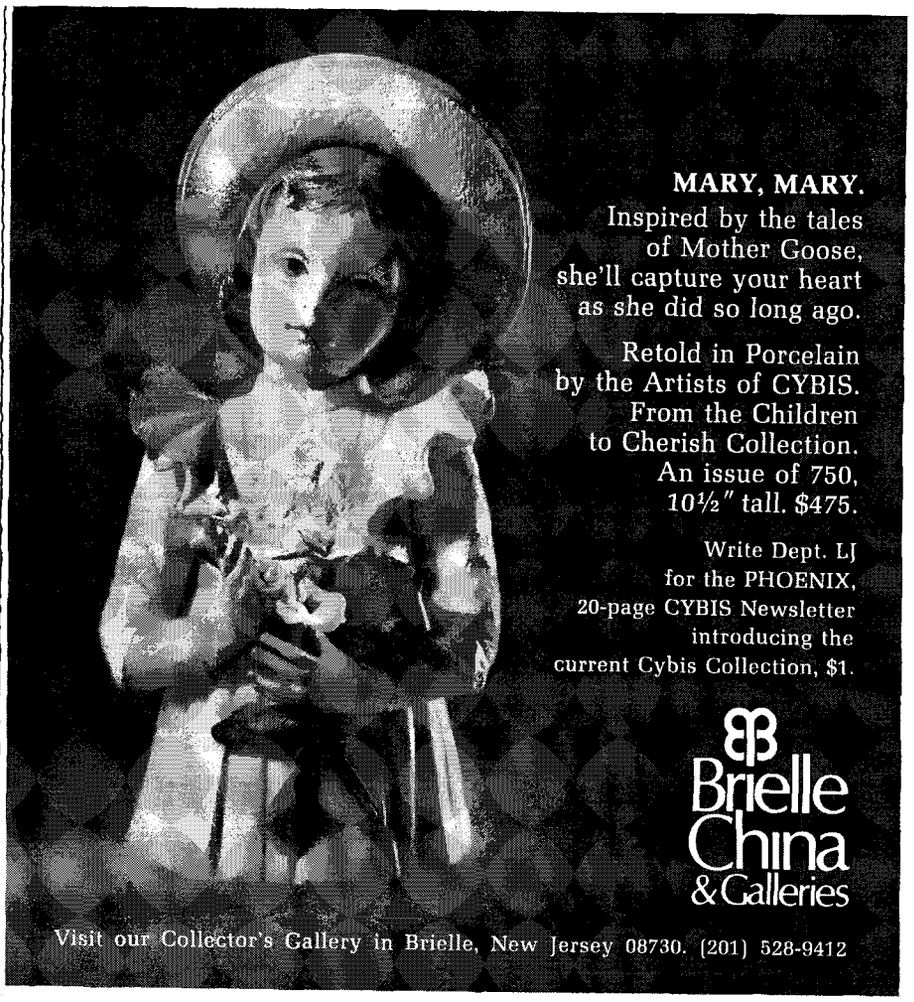
athan Watts, the director of the Joffrey junior company, to do it all again, to Schumann's "Davidsbündlertänze." And it is not as if we hadn't already seen countless examples of this frail, fragrant, piano-*cum*-partners type of thing done by every ballet company in the land. It has become a fixation as deeply rooted as "The Moor's Pavane." Watts' ballet, called "Evening Dialogues," is the genre seen from the peculiarly effaced viewpoint of the male partner: the women are caught, turned, held, lifted, but their images in space are never in any way incised by the presence of the men assisting them; they're just women dancing and being propped. Watts as a dancer was a fine partner (and still is; he appeared in the première performances of "Remembrances"). As a choreographer he hasn't much to say.

Arpino still has a lot to say; the man simply won't down. "The Relativity of Icarus," his first ballet in almost two years, is in four parts: (1) a hard-driving solo for the Sun, danced by the company fireball, Ann Marie DeAngelo; (2) a very long and very slow gymnastic pas de deux for Icarus and Daedalus (Russell Sultzbach in the air, Ted Nelson on the ground); (3) reprise for DeAngelo; (4) finale, in which Icarus kills Daedalus and the Sun rules in triumph. The pas de deux is an endless vision of the young and gay in one another's crotches, and for the insanely credulous a verse meditation on the Greek myth is sung during the action. Arpino has gone pretty far this time, and probably will go farther still. The audience was thrilled. Arpino gave the company its first flash of nudity back in the sixties. He was into male love as long ago as "Olympics," in 1966. He has done rock orgies and peace vigils, Doomsday Machine holocausts and Jesus-freak weddings—all of which remain in repertory to maintain the company's reputation as popular, accessible, and hip. He ought to do a full-evening opus called "Zeitgeist." His last ballet before "The Relativity of Icarus" was "Jackpot," a duet for Erika Goodman and Glenn White. The subject was orgasm and the décor was a box that lit up every time. The pro-Arpino critics were getting restless, and the ballet was dropped. But "Jackpot" was, I think, Arpino's best ballet—a straight dirty joke built around a few good inside jokes that the critics didn't want to laugh at. White's part, and the piece as a whole, were closely modelled on the work of Murray Louis, the Grand Street Marcel Marceau. Besides that, "Jackpot" was unabashed, unsolem-



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nized porn. Arpino's work is howlingly vulgar, but "Jackpot" showed that it might be amusing if it didn't take itself so seriously so much of the time. Most of the fake significance in "Icarus" comes in at the ear, but it's still a pretty pompous as well as a pretty blatant piece of choreography. A popular theory of pornography holds that its appeal is enhanced by pretensions to art and culture. That may be the reason people are willing to pay eight dollars and ninety-five cents to see gay porn at the ballet when they can get it with wraps off at the movies right across the street.

Ann Marie DeAngelo's performance in this ballet couldn't really be called dancing, because Arpino's arrangement of her solos doesn't go beyond the barest presentation of her technique. She enters in a high split-jump à la seconde and then proceeds to do all by herself and in about two minutes what another dancer would need a whole "Black Swan" pas de deux for. Her leg, wheeling high in rond de jambe from a steady-as-a-rock base, is like the swing of a cannon in its turret, and her specialty—throwing a leg up past her ear and promenading on point—is staggering. She's too touchingly young to look brutal, but that's how Arpino means her to look—not really for dramatic reasons but because brutality is his idea of powerful expression. Dancers in Arpino choreography customarily look hard as nails, driving themselves small distances on an absurdly big scale. Steps come in successive bursts, not in linked phrases. In adagio the body looks flung apart. In allegro it jabs in all directions. Arpino's "classical" ballets, such as "Viva Vivaldi!" and "Kettentanz," are as abrasive as his sex extravaganzas and testaments of our time. They're indeed worse, because the music exposes his extraordinary tin ear. Arpino's choreography wrecks dancers; that's the worst single thing I can say about it. It makes them feel movement as a series of violent strategies rather than as an emanation from a calm center. I think it shortens their tendons. Their Bournonville is hopeless because they have no ballon.

The dancers have an easier time with "Moves" and "New York Export, Opus Jazz" than with "Interplay," which is pop ballet with a classical base. The airiness had left Robbins in the fifties. He was adopting more and more of Anna Sokolow's ironclad gesture and combining it with his own nervous intensity. It's a lethal combination in the "Opus Jazz" piece; the So-

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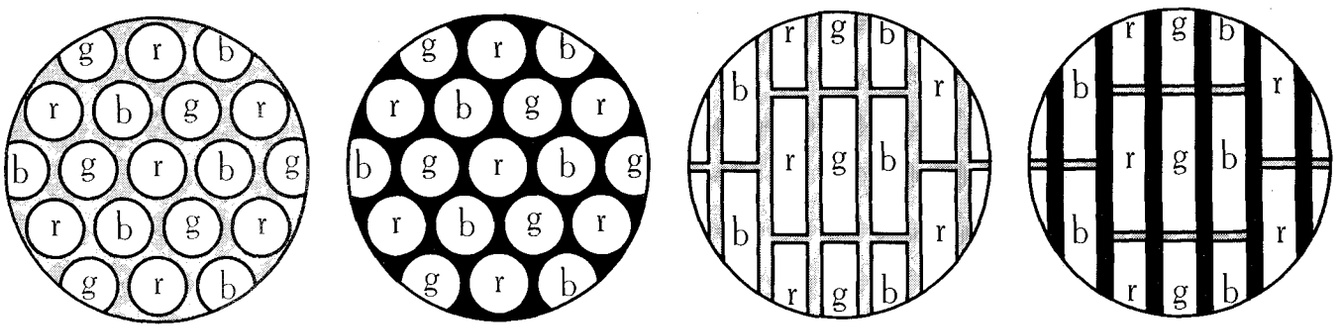

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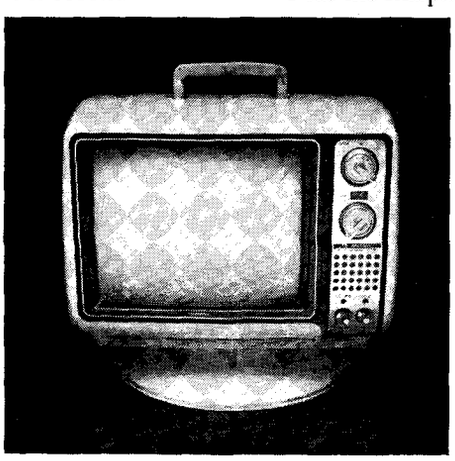

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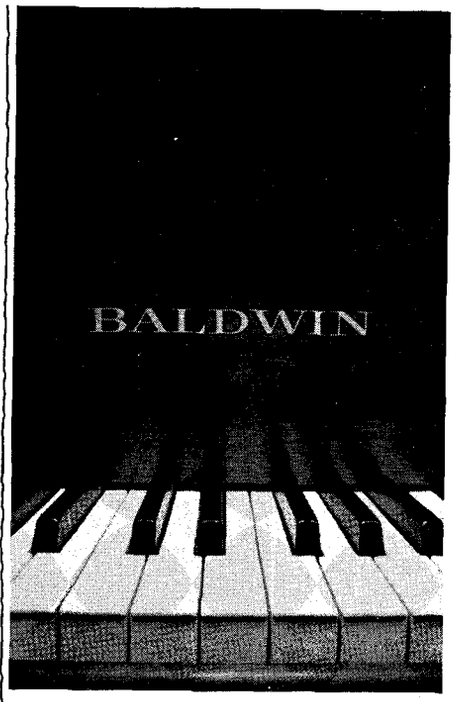
kolowisms aren't nearly as well integrated in "Moves," and I'd like to see the piece danced without all the histrionic touches and rude manners. In "Opus Jazz" the dancers are locked into their impersonations of those fictitious teen-agers who on stage or screen are ever with us. They have two moods: sullen and larky. The ballet is as synthetic and sentimental as anything Robbins has made, and as entertaining. I watch it—the first three sections of it—with a light head and a guilty heart. It has Pamela Nearhoof as the girl who provokes five boys unspeakably and gets thrown off a tenement roof. With this and "Monotones" and "As Time Goes By," in which she still does the part of the girl in white whose feet run away with her and who looks around to see if anyone has noticed, Nearhoof (a good name for a dancer) has become the princess of the company. The mantle seemed to drop across her handsome shoulders after her first minute or so in "Monotones" had passed. Nearhoof has something few young dancers have—relaxed power. She can wrap herself in a stage illusion and appear as if she were dancing for no one in the world but herself—and still sting you with her presence. She hasn't yet been overhauled by the Arpino repertory. Sexy-elegant, with an indispensable touch of brass, Nearhoof represents the Joffrey's image of itself in something like its ideal state.

The Joffrey has yet to put its various identities all together in one crisp package like Pamela Nearhoof. That's why it is a third-rate company, but a successful third-rate company. When the New York City Ballet has failures, they are failures by its own standards. But because the Joffrey audience is stratified, different *audience* standards are at work and everything, or almost everything, is a hit. The audience may not be as stratified as I've made it sound, but there's no way I know of to check except by taking a poll. You can't judge by familiar and unfamiliar faces in the audience which people are going where, because the movement from one station to another is down as well as up. You can't tell by people's ages; there are masses of young people who may have become interested in the prestige attractions through their schoolwork and then found themselves in Arpino. And evidently there are always enough people in transit between levels to give the applause that baffling sound of unanimity. When I happen to enjoy what's on the stage, the Joffrey Ballet is a great place to be. The atmosphere



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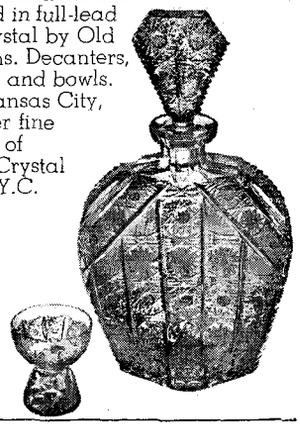

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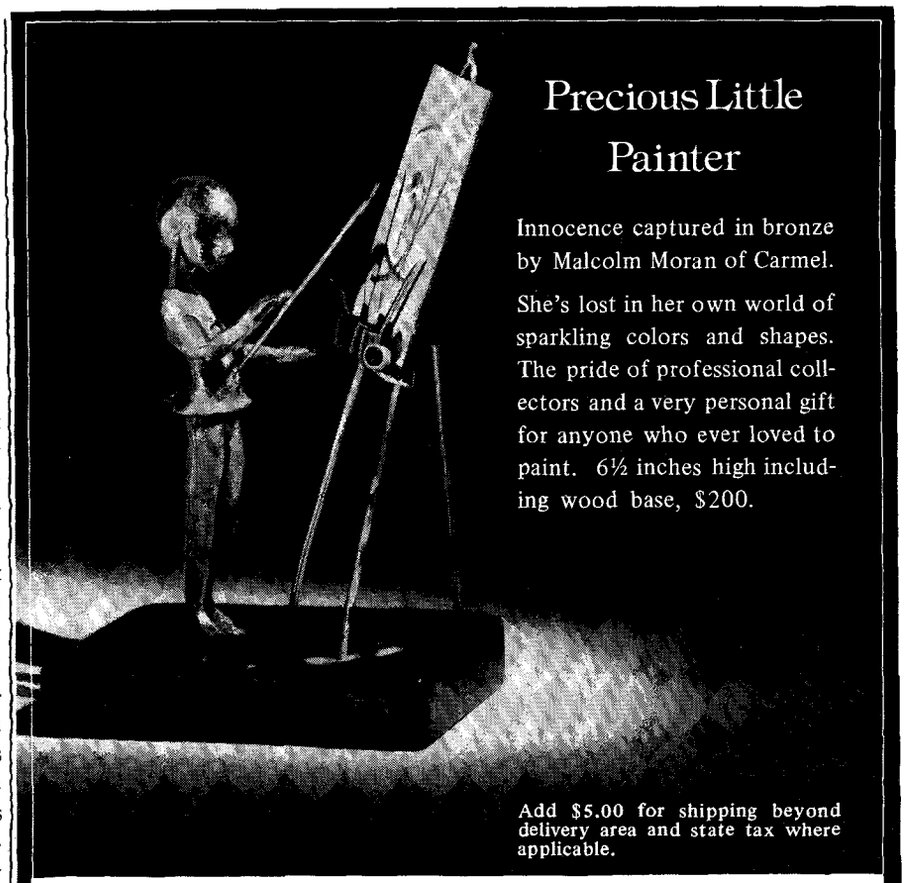
around the company is a happy one, like a jammed party at which no one knows for sure, or cares, what's being celebrated. We have in this country three major ballet companies. The New York City Ballet, in its present period of slipped ideals, is a second-rate first-rate company. Ballet Theatre, our most conservative company, is just second-rate. But the Joffrey is first-rate at being third-rate. It's the only one that doesn't let down the side.

PEOPLE in search of intelligent lyrical entertainment on Broadway could not have done better than to buy a ticket to the Paul Taylor company during its week at the Alvin. There were two programs—a mixed bill that included a new work called "Sports and Follies," alternating with "American Genesis," the evening-length ballet about our vicissitudes as a Puritan nation. There wasn't a dull moment in either show. "American Genesis" has some structural flaws and it lacks the seriousness one might expect of its theme, but it is a fine example of Taylor's capacity to set a stage abundantly flowing with ideas by means of a few props and gestures he seems to have pulled out of a hat. The piece is good to see again when you've digested the ideas, which are not difficult. Then its rhythmic continuity becomes even more powerful and sensuously exciting.

"Sports and Follies," a suite for uncertain athletes set to a Satie miscellany, is expertly made and silly, the kind of Paul Taylor silly I enjoy. Carolyn Adams has a jumping solo in which she never seems to touch down or take a breath. The high point of the week was "Churchyard," a hypnotically morbid piece, as engulfing as a good horror movie. There were those long, rolling rhythms again, but here the ideas—if they are ideas—never come unstuck from the nightmare of what we're seeing: people piling onto and around each other in frenzies, their lower bodies covered with tumors. Taylor, who was abandoned years ago by the snobbishly avant-garde audience, has become the master of a kind of popular theatre without losing any of his integrity.

YES, Rudolf Nureyev appeared with the Taylor company, and no, he is not a Paul Taylor dancer, but who ever said he was? Fifteen years ago, I would have given anything to see Taylor dance "Apollo." He was not a classical dancer then, any more than he is now, and I don't think his presence in the ballet would have done



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it anything but good. Nureyev's presence in "Aureole" was a little like the Joffrey doing "Monotones;" he didn't get it all, but it was surprising how much of it he did get. And more impressive than his dancing was the way he put himself imaginatively at the service of the choreography and the company, even changing the way he takes his bows. Nureyev is the kind of dancer who causes categories to have a nervous breakdown. It's his personality rather than his technique that does it. He seems able to go anywhere and do anything, and even those who have never seen him on the stage have an impression of him as an extraordinarily unconfined being. The impression stems, naturally, from his defection to the West, but he no longer seems especially Russian. He seems, instead, the man from nowhere, the man with an erased past and a completely restructured new life.

And when he arrived in the West, it was at a moment of upheaval in public morals and popular culture. Nureyev's behavior on- and offstage appeared related to a new trend, and he may even have instigated it, in part. It was amazing how many British rock stars suddenly turned up looking like him. He has never really belonged to the Royal Ballet; he has said that he is an interloper wherever he goes and that he will go anywhere if he is asked. I'm not even sure that he belongs to the dance profession, and it's always a bit of a surprise to see him turn up for his entrances on cue. A picture book devoted to his career would be dull if it were limited to pictures of Nureyev just dancing. When Nureyev comes out onto the stage, he brings this large, magical aura of freedom with him. It is greater than any gift he has as a dancer, and it is an aura very different from the one he projected when we first saw him, twelve years ago. Then it was his pride and idealism, which sometimes took the form of defensiveness, that were so moving. Nureyev has got the world to accept him exactly as he is, because that is how he accepts himself. There's plenty of showmanship in his makeup but not an ounce of self-deception. He has chosen to live as a gentleman of the West.

—Arlene Croce

•

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

UNDERLYING all this fall's fads for hemlines, capes, and feathered hats that droop, curve, or swoop are two fashion rages: for quality and for good taste. The sudden fashionableness of these two notions has attracted many people who had been strangers to both, and the effect of the encounter is not always edifying. The craving for lasting value and traditional materials—which inspires the trade to step up production of what it likes to call "investment clothes for the quality market"—stems partly from the mature sobriety of our times and partly from the same materialistic integrity that, in our houses, makes us go in for the "honesty" of wicker and the "reality" of undyed, roughly woven cloth. The fashionableness of quality is also boosted by manufacturers—who, naturally, are obliged to charge ever-higher prices for clothes of *any* description—and by customers, who will go along with those prices but who would at least like to be able to tell themselves that they are getting something special that will last for years.

No aspect of the commercialization of good taste is more thickly strewn with false positions than the haberdashery-for-country-squires school of fashion. This is the division of the "quality market" that takes the fustiness of Harris tweed and the high moral tone of Viyella and succeeds in making them look nouveau riche; this is the style that would have the hard-bitten, free-spending metropolitan women who make and break fashion designers look as though they were on their way to the hunt, the polo field, or an idyllically twig-strewn path through an autumnal wood. (The school is most thoroughly represented by Ralph Lauren, whose emblem is a polo player with mallet at full flail, and whose considerable success has inspired a horde of imitators.) This style involves a reckless plunder of the hidebound uniforms of county life, in order to provide an uprooted American middle class with a sentiment of tradition. The fault of the style lies in the way it leans portentously on the authority of its ancestral past, and pretends to the noble aim of lasting well into the future, though it is actually concerned most of all with status and with impressing people in the immediate present. All the grim serious-mindedness of status-seeking attaches to these ascots, weskits, jodhpur-like trousers, hacking jackets, and even more robustly rustic coats that look straight out of L. L. Bean. If it were simply a question of make-believe, there might be more joy in the current style. But any fun that survives the shock of the price tag is extinguished because these country fantasies are all concerned with looking utterly sensible and down-to-earth.

YOU can tell right off that the shop called San Francisco, on Lexington Avenue at 71st Street, is "into" the newfound good taste, for the walls are painted chocolate brown. The "classic" materials—pure silk, cotton, wool, and similar "realities"—are exclusively in evidence, and prices are definitely in the "investment" class. (A hand-knitted sweater might set you back a hundred and fifty dollars.) There are even some rubberized riding macks, and a skirt in beige gabardine with more than a hint of sidesaddle riding style. In spite of all this, there is about the establishment and its homegrown designs a heartwarming liveliness that is lacking in most of the fashionable country-tweedy variety of bon ton in evidence elsewhere. For one thing, the store's styles are not so obsessively, so authentically masculine as other designers' offerings in the same mood, which allow traditional uses of natural fabrics to crush all freedom of invention. (The strict, natty-tailoring aspect of countrified "investment" dress is apparent in both men's and women's versions, and is supposedly "unisexual." In practice, this means that impeccably tailored glove-tight tweeds are often seen on aggressive women and effeminate men.) A softly feminine quality, with closer ties to the art of dressmaking than of tailoring, distinguishes the styles of Cindy Luthey, San Francisco's house designer. This soft-spoken young woman from Iowa has a fluffy blond flapperish bob and a finely honed sense of style that only a hasty observer would find at odds with the innocence of her manner. Dreams, private jokes, and historical cross-reference play a discreet and intimate role in the clothes and general atmosphere at

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San Francisco. But these abstractions, and even the idea of "quality" itself, never take precedence over the practical business of cutting and draping handsome fabric in flattering ways. One of the happiest products of Miss Luthey's reasoned reveries for this fall is a middy blouse and a skirt (the set is a hundred and sixty dollars) in a wide choice of lightweight wool-and-cotton blends with such respectable and sonorous titles as Viyella, Clydella, Liberty, Cantoni, and Tootal. The blouse has a V neck circled by a loosely knotted triangular scarf. (This gentle Boy Scout scarf neckline crops up quite often in the shop's styles, even on hand-knitted sweaters.) The matching mid-calf skirt has bias movement and a dirndl effect, but actually a mere three inches of extra width at the waist, and that mathematically controlled by means of cunning tucks.

The clothes at San Francisco are indubitably ladylike, and they simply ooze good taste. But they avoid the sterile "chic" that normally attaches to such qualities, largely because of the youth of the people responsible for the shop. It is possible for the stranger to gauge the skittish age of the S.F. team by the hints of a genteel wackiness—a sort of Bertie Woosterism that wafts about the place like cigar smoke at The Drones—that pervades the clublike décor of the shop. (Shops that, by contrast, proclaim their wholehearted faith in modernity through chromium-and-glass fittings generally turn out to be run by and for people over thirty-five.) There is an abundance of dark wood, with old armoires to display clothes, and a wall of shelves that might have been constructed out of recycled mahogany tea trolleys. There are a leather armchair on an Oriental rug, a pile of Pullman blankets (c. 1920) from the Canadian National Railways, an assortment of antique hatboxes decorated with Dickensian scenes, a model of an ocean liner in a glass case, and a series of framed advertisements from nineteen-thirties outfitters, including studies of pipe-smokers in Norfolk jackets and toffs in white tie and tails with Brilliantined hair. But the chief factor in defining San Francisco's character is the family of mannequins that usually resides in the store's display windows on Lexington Avenue. Among these prewar European dummies are three men, three women, and a number of small children. The women wear their plaster hair in shingled bobs or with a Polish-sausage roll of curl around the face. The men have painted stares,

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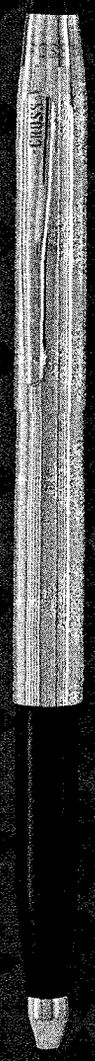

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slick, bootblacking sideburns, and craniums chiselled into innumerable cubistic planes. And yet these stylized forms are palpably human, and infinitely more sympathetic than more realistically lifelike contemporary mannequins. David O'Grady, a young man who works in an advertising agency by day, makes it his spare-time hobby to arrange the family of figures, each fortnight, in often hauntingly surrealistic tableaux. The passerby who pauses to peer in at the frozen goings on in San Francisco's windows is often both puzzled and delighted by O'Grady's conceits. One week, all the dummies were crowded into just one of the three windows, dressed in the nightshirts San Francisco furnishes to both sexes, and looking for all the world like somnambulists at a cocktail party. Another time, he arranged his props in a tableau he intended as a tribute to the French photographer Lartigue. And in a recent arrangement O'Grady swaddled all but two of his mannequins (who sported some of San Francisco's latest modes) to look like mummies, in yard upon yard of crumpled brown paper, and with an effect that might well have appealed to Man Ray. With the exception of Henri Bendel, no other shop in the city explores the possibilities of window dressing as an art with such boldness and wit.

Each ingredient of San Francisco, from the doormat to the last pair of cuffed and buttoned woolly gauntlets, reflects some highly individual enthusiasm. Such encompassing statements of personal taste, which is what small fashion shops ought to be all about, are in fact extremely rare. Of the two partners in the S.F. enterprise, Howard Partman and Michael Fitzsimons, it is the twenty-seven-year-old Partman who interests himself more closely in the way the clothes look. It is Partman who encourages Miss Luthey to incorporate in her designs his own favorite details, such as covered buttons and neckerchiefs, and who brings together the efforts of a number of young women in England in what must surely be the best collection of unusual hand-knitted sweaters in New York. These creations are like set pieces for an exhibition of the arts of knitting and crochet. They provide an encyclopedic display of the traditional patterns of Norway, Iceland, and the Isles of Aran; of such effects as popcorn, basketweave, pointel, cable, and stocking stitch overlaid with weaving; of textures as airy as lace or as gnarled as bark; of peplums, kangaroo pockets, and rolled funnel collars; and of but-

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tons that suggest bone or little leather footballs, and tassels like doll's-house brooms.

San Francisco in its present form is a study in how to do something of limited scope at the right time, and do it well. The store's history, which coincides with that of the "youth movement," began seven years ago, in unassuming quarters on First Avenue, as the San Francisco New World Clothing Trust. The rambling title—contemporary with Haight-Ashbury euphoria and well suited to what was then a jeans store, a pioneering boutique beside Limbo and The Different Drummer—was pruned when San Francisco moved its more mature and profound self to an up-and-coming part of Lexington Avenue a year ago. These are hard times for manufacturers of women's clothes in New York, even for giant and well-established firms. But it is particularly difficult for small houses like San Francisco, which have also to contend with contractors' reluctance to undertake small orders. (It is presumably because S.F.'s profits are so slender that it refuses to run the risk of accepting checks from strangers without clearing matters through the mails.) And yet it is precisely because the place is so little that its clothes are so likable. It would be heartening to see San Francisco thrive (and others like it) without getting so much bigger that it has to tangle with the compromises and the stale ballyhoo of Seventh Avenue. Because it is not there, where "quality" is being rolled out in quantity for status-minded sheep, that proper satisfaction can be found. *Real* quality resides in a minute place like San Francisco, where it has been allowed to ripen naturally and is still full of verve.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

Scott spelled his next three words—"whimsical," "aardvark," and "stentorian" correctly.

Tim got the next two right—"sexophone" and "naturtium."

The judges asked for Tim's spelling of the word to be played by the tape machine. They seemed to think he had given the word a final "n" rather than the correct "m."—*Jacksonville (Fla.) Florida Times-Union.*

That's one on the judges.

•

"Hook 'Em Horns" by Denne Freeman is the definitive historical work about UT football from the tough, unbeaten team of 1893 right on through recruiting day, 1974. The book literally explodes in your hands.—*Adv. in the Austin Texan.*

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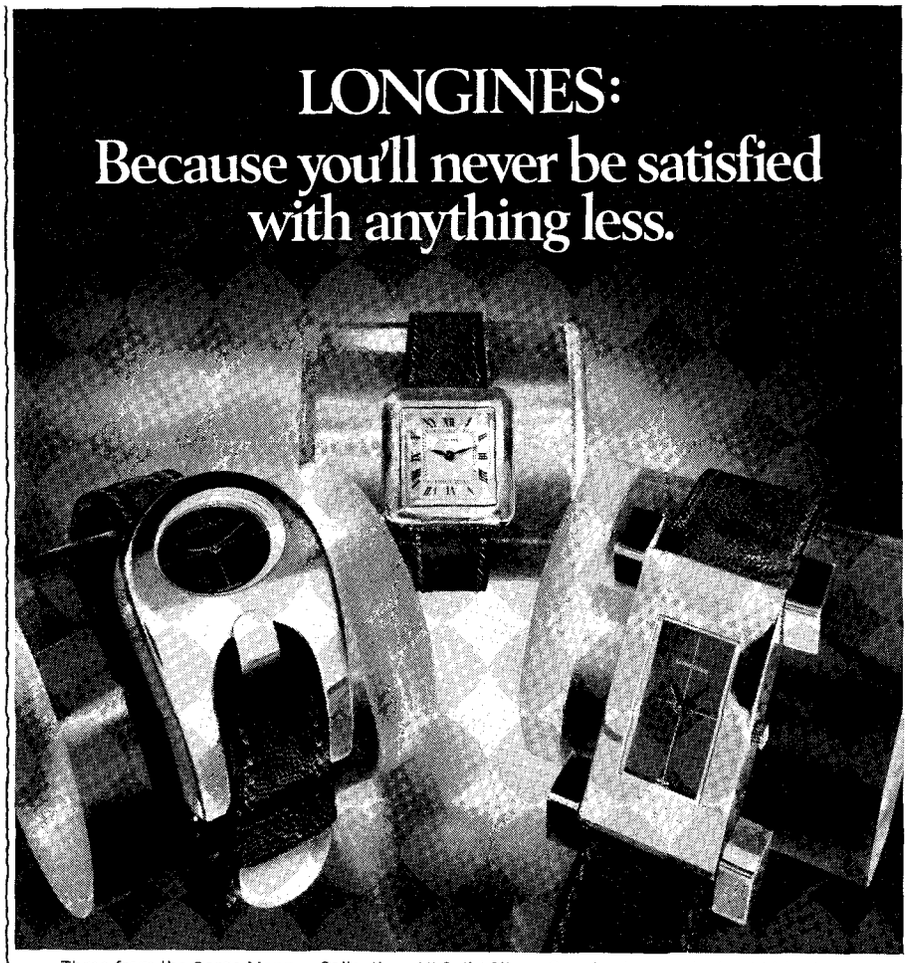

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LETTER FROM THE MIDDLE EAST

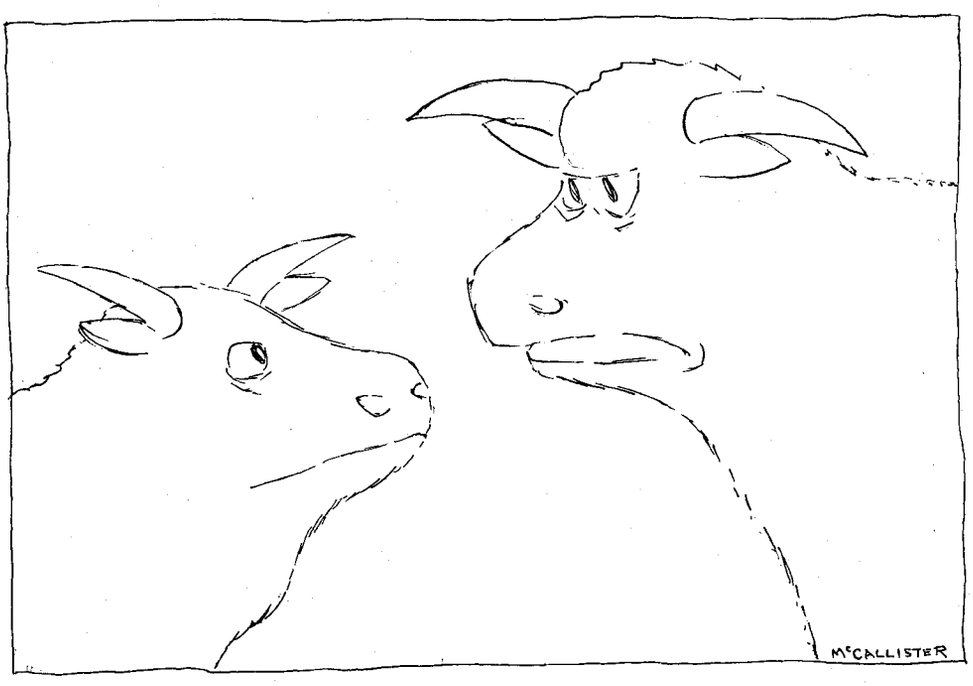
IT was Ramadan, and Secretary of State Henry Kissinger was in Cairo, finding ways to kill time until he could see Anwar al-Sadat at the end of the President's day of fasting and prayer. Kissinger was scheduled to meet with the staff of the American Embassy, and it was getting late, so Victor Girguis, the curator of the Coptic Museum, which the Secretary was visiting, was anxious to get him through the exhibits and out. The curator was rattling off a thousand words of broken English a minute, hoping to tell the entire story of his museum at once. Kissinger paused occasionally, to examine a fresco here or to study an ancient, tattered fragment of cloth there, and chided his host for rushing. "I know nothing can happen until I get there," the Secretary said. "So I'm relaxed."

Here, in a dozen words, I realized, was the key to Kissinger—to the way he treats his staff, to the way he deals with the press, and, most of all, to the way he conducts international diplomacy. He had come to the Middle East six times since the October war of 1973, always with the notion that nothing could happen until he got there. Now he was in Cairo to initiate a new round of negotiations, and he had not been in the Middle East one full day before he was talking of yet another swing through the area. Ahead of him were at least four other trips, with or without President Ford, including one scheduled twelve days from then which would take him to the Soviet Union, Bangladesh, India, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Iran, Rumania, Yugoslavia, Italy, and possibly Turkey, and he was suggesting that he might tack on perhaps half a dozen additional countries in the Middle East. Because nothing could happen unless he went there. Events, presumably, would await his presence.

From the time Kissinger started his secret trips to Paris in 1969 to meet with the North Vietnamese, he has made it his distinctive style to intervene personally in the day-to-day business of negotiations. Had the Vietnam talks been an isolated episode, they might have been regarded as an aberration—a special assignment for a special assistant. But then he went to Peking and to Moscow, and even after he became Secretary of State he continued to act as a special assistant, travelling to the Middle East again and again. Kings and Presidents around the world have, as a result, come to believe that Kissinger is the only American official worth listening to—so much so that the Secretary could now say, with some credibility, "*La diplomatie, c'est moi.*"

Kissinger has logged well over two hundred thousand air miles in his year as Secretary of State, and about an equal amount during his four years as Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs, but not necessarily because he has been eager to get out of Washington, and not because he has any love of flying. (I have seen terror cross his face when his plane hit particularly bad air pockets.) Kissinger travels because he is convinced of the alchemy of his personal contact with foreign leaders, especially in the Middle East. Arab leaders, he has said frequently, need to relate policies to people they trust, and he has succeeded in making them trust him. He has apparently forgotten, and made us all forget, that there was a time not long ago when competent, trained American ambassadors also enjoyed intimate contact with foreign leaders, when a call from an American ambassador was regarded as an important event even by the head of state of any of the world's most powerful nations. Only one other Secretary of State in modern times—John Foster Dulles—has perceived himself as the indispensable center. But where Dulles saw himself as the Almighty's instrument to preserve the world from godless Communism, Kissinger sees himself as the statesman and strategist who stands between international tranquillity and thermonuclear holocaust.

IN the Middle East, Kissinger has been able to draw the maximum advantage from the position of the United States as the one country capable of dealing with both sides. For if there was any single belief that Arabs and Israelis held in common over the past few years it was that the Nixon Administration would help their cause, and Henry Kissinger was its instrument. During Kissinger's most recent trip to the area, from October 9th to October 15th, the first since Gerald Ford became President, one of the Secretary's main tasks was to convince his hosts—Arab and Israeli—that American policy remained unchanged. Only if both sides were assured that the United States would continue to serve as an honest broker could the radical Arabs be neutralized and the Soviet Union be kept in diplomatic limbo. Kissinger's seven-day, seventeen-thousand-mile trip to seven countries, therefore, had one major, if unstated, goal: to make the world safe for shuttle diplomacy. All he had to do was keep the Russians out of Middle East negotiations while preserving détente, convince President Sadat that he had been right in moving away from Moscow even though he had not yet received one penny of promised American aid, prove to President Hafez al-Assad of Syria that there was hope for further Israeli withdrawals on the Golan Heights, persuade



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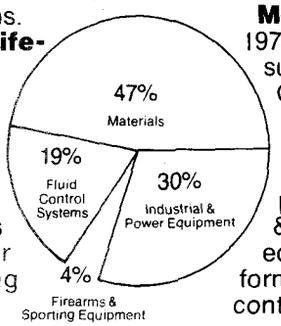

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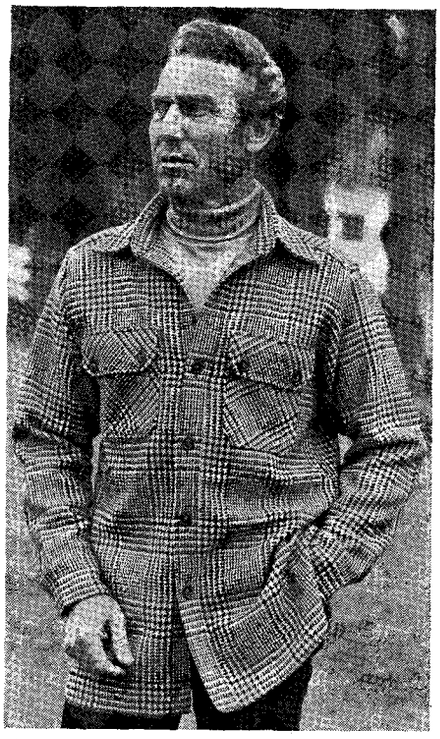

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King Hussein of Jordan that the Palestinians would not take over an important part of his kingdom, neutralize the Palestinians, fend off another oil embargo and price increase while insisting that this was not the purpose of his trip, and provide the Israelis with a sense of security about their future. More immediately, he hoped to line up Arab leaders behind a new round of negotiations, giving each of them a stake in further talks and furnishing a scenario that everyone could justify to every constituency, in order to head off a radical explosion at the Arab summit in Rabat on October 26th. Extreme demands for immediate Israeli withdrawal from all Arab territory and for the reconvening of the Geneva conference, at which the Soviet Union serves as co-chairman with the United States, would preclude the type of bilateral negotiations, including a Kissinger shuttle, that the Secretary believed could lead to an agreement by stages. It was the kind of multifaceted operation, with complicated, unexpected angles at every turn, that Kissinger, the master of diplomatic prestidigitation, delights in.

As Kissinger and the customary contingent of fourteen reporters left Washington, he reflected on the logistics of the trip, on the fact that he could see most of the leaders only after sunset, because of Ramadan, and on the realization that he would have to go to a couple of countries more than once, and declared that this journey was going to be "an unbelievable nightmare." Then, when he had begun his round of meetings and had discovered that the Arab leaders were far more tense, and were torn by far greater dilemmas, than he had thought, he lamented, "It's like making your way through a minefield." Still, his most recent Middle East venture was, after all, not so very different from other diplomatic exercises. There are always contingencies and countervailing forces. What makes his operation appear such a bravura performance is that Kissinger insists on acting alone. Like a Leonard Bernstein of diplomacy, he writes the score, sits at the piano while wielding the baton, and then narrates what he is doing as well. It is his style.

Special Air Mission 86970 took off at one in the morning on October 9th. To insure Kissinger's safety, Secret Service men were already fanning out in all the cities he would visit. The Secretary arrived at Andrews Air Force Base, in Maryland, about an hour late—just minutes ahead of President Ford, who came in the evening clothes he had worn at a White House

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dinner he had just given for Poland's Communist Party Secretary, Edward Gierek. Along with the other Cabinet members, James R. Schlesinger was there, his suit wrinkled, his shirt hanging out; he looked very much the man who hates to leave his family in the evenings. His reputation as a rival to Kissinger made his presence necessary; if he hadn't come, he observed, with some logic, everyone would have reported his absence. All the Cabinet members, in fact, had received invitations they apparently couldn't refuse, for Kissinger was to have a big send-off—unlike any he had ever had before, even during the days when President Nixon eagerly sought opportunities to identify himself with the Secretary's triumphs. When a reporter remarked to Ford that it was rare for the President to come out to the airbase, Ford replied, "He's a very unusual Secretary, on a very important mission."

Kissinger spoke into the assembled microphones and, probably with more hope than candor, expressed satisfaction that it was "the first time in a long time that one can go on a mission with an America that is at peace with itself." But there was in fact no peace in Congress, where Kissinger was under a more sustained attack than ever before. There he was being cut down to human scale, and the Administration was being shown, in one vote after another, that it could not act above the law by sending military aid to a country (Turkey) that used American arms for an invasion of another (Cyprus), and that it could not conduct covert operations in Chile without hearing cries of congressional dissent.

Thousands of miles away from Washington, there was still no respite from domestic troubles. In Damascus, when Kissinger entered the Presidential Palace—a sprawling modern building of white stucco, whose gates are flanked by blue-red-and-white gendarme boxes in the style of the country's French colonizers—there was nothing to warn him of what was ahead. As always, Kissinger opened with some pleasantries—jokes about Nagwa Fouad, the belly dancer he had seen in Cairo. President Assad, his eyes playful, his demeanor calm, recalled that during the Secretary's last trip, his thirty-three-day shuttle to negotiate a disengagement of Israeli and Syrian forces along the Golan Heights, he himself had been able to improve his English. But when the television cameramen were gone so were the smiles. Now that President Nixon had

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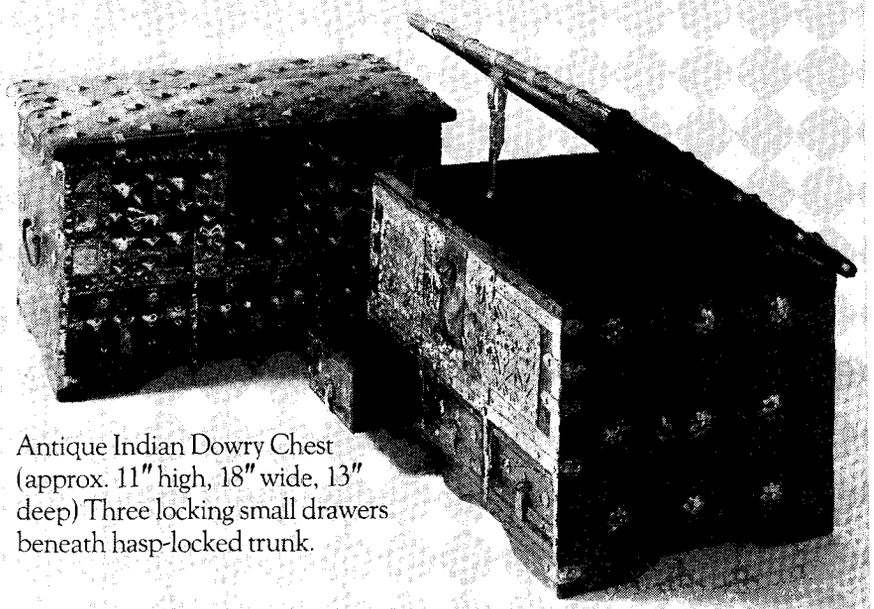

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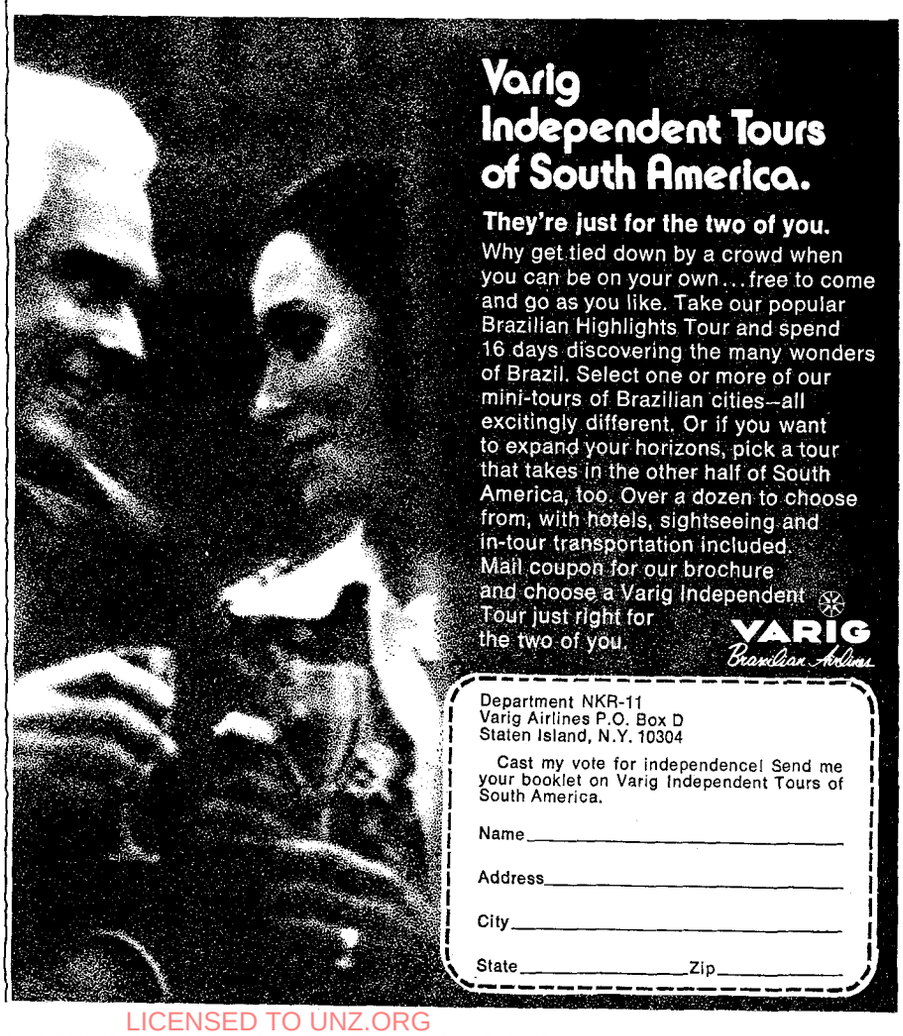

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been retired to San Clemente, Assad was convinced, American policy had changed. No longer could he count on pressure to push Israel back to its 1967 frontiers. Wasn't it clear, therefore, that Nixon's removal was caused not only by his own corruption but also by the Jewish-Zionist conspiracy, which wanted him replaced by Ford, whose record in support of Israel was unblemished? How long could Kissinger himself survive, since he had shaped the Nixon policy on the Middle East? The questions were to be the same in Saudi Arabia and in Algeria. In Egypt, President Sadat had the same thoughts, but Kissinger figured that he was too polite to express them. In Jordan, too, there were underlying doubts.

Even on the surface, this was a trip different from all other Kissinger trips. From the outset, he had said there would be "no concrete results . . . or dramatic announcements." There were none. Accordingly, he rarely made the front pages back home. There were the usual American reporters on his plane, but on the ground the usual crush of cameramen and photographers was missing. For the first time in five trips I had made to the area with Kissinger, I didn't get trampled and poked each time Sadat and the Secretary made their ritual joint appearances. There were rumblings that the magic was gone, that Kissinger could no longer work miracles. Kissinger insisted he had come to the Middle East this time "at the urgent request of the Arabs." But no Arab was prepared to admit having extended an invitation. Prime Minister Zaid al-Rifai of Jordan had been the first Arab leader to visit Washington during the preliminary round of negotiations, and he had told me that even then Kissinger was preparing his trip, at the request of no one. Nevertheless, with typical Arab hospitality, Rifai had told him, "*Ahlan wa sahlan*"—"You have become a member of the family," "Your stay with us will be peaceful," "Our house is your house." The phrase is an abbreviation for a dozen terms of welcome. And Kissinger would be welcome even during the month of Ramadan, although it is a bizarre time to go to the Arab world, especially when one is no longer a miracle worker.

President Sadat could make five thousand explanations to his people about why two hundred and fifty million dollars in promised American aid and thousands of tons of American wheat still had not arrived. He could attempt to explain why the nuclear reactor that President Nixon had so graciously bestowed was not on its way

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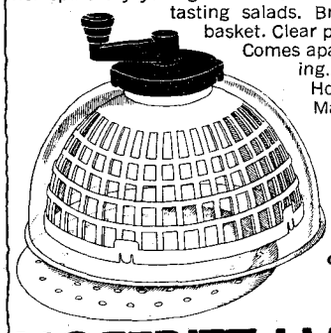

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and might never arrive—because of congressional reluctance and arguments over safeguards. But there were ambitious politicians around him who could see that Syria was getting new and better arms from Moscow, and who were ready to demonstrate that Sadat had gravely miscalculated when he exchanged Soviet for American support. Congress had refused to approve a new aid package, so Kissinger was in the unenviable position of having to elucidate the realities of the American executive-legislative balance and the mysterious workings of Washington's bureaucracy. There were mutterings around Cairo about John Foster Dulles and the Aswan Dam.

ON October 14th, the day Kissinger left Cairo for Syria after his second stop there, Foreign Minister Ismail Fahmy of Egypt took off for Moscow to mend fences and, not incidentally, to gain some leverage against the United States. When Sadat asked the Russians to leave Egypt, in 1972, Soviet stock had gone down in the Middle East. But the Russians were not out. The Syrian arms-resupply operation, which provided Damascus with more sophisticated weapons than ever before, provided a clear lesson for Cairo: Moscow delivers to its friends, and there is no nonsense about bureaucracies and legislatures. Before Fahmy returned to Cairo, the Russians announced that Soviet Communist Party Secretary Leonid I. Brezhnev would make his first visit to Egypt in January. That's just about when Sadat is supposed to go to Washington.

Kissinger still seems to enjoy enormous rapport with Sadat. They can have reasonable conversations; they exchange information about their families; they crack jokes. Now that Sadat has given up wearing his Army uniform, each time he greets the Secretary he presents a spendid figure in pinched-waist jackets and slightly flared trousers. For all his elegant Western tailoring, Sadat is the epitome of Arab graciousness and hospitality. The President often defers to the Secretary: "Dr. Kissinger is going to brief you." Kissinger thinks they understand each other.

Sadat has been a major supporter of Kissinger's strategy of getting peace by stages, largely because Egypt has had the most to gain from such a process. Israel is not likely to insist on keeping the Sinai desert forever, and the Egyptian leader wants to regain his territory and develop his country. He particularly wants control of the oil wells at Abū Rudays, near the southern

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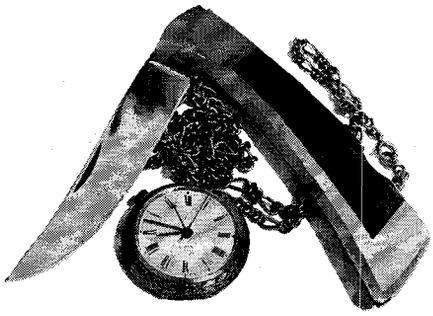

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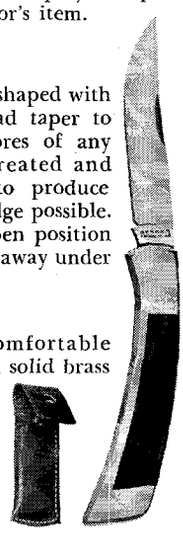

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tip of the Suez Canal, which have been occupied, and improved, by the Israelis since 1967 and are gushing oil worth at least four times what it was a year ago. Sadat even appears to be willing to pay part of the price being demanded by Israel—a lowering of the level of belligerency between the two countries. But it is here that Sadat's personal inclinations collide with the compulsions and requirements of the rest of the Arab world, because the Palestinian problem constitutes a major obstacle to the fulfillment of his desires. Many influential Egyptians will admit privately that they are fed up with the Palestinians. They have fought three wars for them, lost Egyptian territory, and got nothing in return but bankruptcy. No Arab leader, however, can afford to abandon the Palestinian cause in public. Sadat tried to find some middle ground last July when King Hussein made an official visit to Egypt. But their joint communiqué was immediately attacked by the Palestine Liberation Organization as insufficiently orthodox. Within days, Foreign Minister Fahmy was explaining publicly that Egypt supported the P.L.O.

The Arab leaders, who agreed to establish a united stand on the Palestinian issue at the Arab summit of October 26th, floundered around in search of a formula. Although the Palestinians are divided among themselves, radical and moderate Palestinian groups generally agree that they want a state of their own, in territory that Hussein considers his own. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Jordanian monarch has been receiving mixed signals from his Arab brothers. One report reaching Amman had it that Sadat and Assad would back Hussein as the leader who would negotiate with Israel on the return of the West Bank, and that the Egyptian and Syrian leaders would then agree to a plebiscite to determine the status of the reclaimed territories. Another report designated Hussein as the negotiator and the Palestinians as the recipients of every piece of land given up by the Israeli occupiers. The latter arrangement, of course, would mean no deal. No Israeli government is going to relinquish territory to the Palestinians, many of whom are dedicated to the destruction of the Jewish state. Anyway, Hussein has said in the past that he would not negotiate under such conditions. It would be a no-win situation. He would recapture no territory for himself and could only further alienate the Palestinians, who would complain that he had made too many concessions. For months, Hussein has

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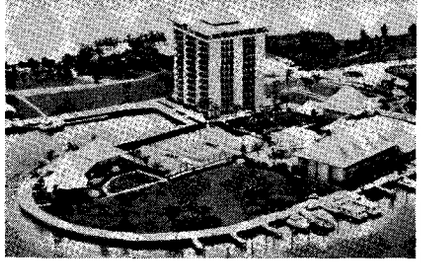

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said that if the Arabs should collectively decide that the West Bank is the province of the P.L.O., he would wash his hands of the whole business and turn his attention to what remains of his kingdom on the East Bank, making it a viable state. The value of his rich reserves of phosphates, used in making fertilizer, has quadrupled. Copper has recently been discovered in Jordan.

For the Arabs, here was the classic dilemma. In reality, only Hussein can hope to get even a part of the West Bank, but there is public pressure in all Arab countries to support the Palestinians. If the Arabs give their support to the P.L.O., there is no chance of progress toward a settlement; if they want progress, they must back Hussein. "They have a choice between making declarations and making progress," an American official concluded recently. But it is an Arab dilemma. Kissinger spent the greater part of his time in Jordan recovering from what he called "the Damascus bug." Still, he insisted upon demonstrating his strength in adversity by climbing over the dusty sandstone of ancient Petra, the "rose-red city half as old as time." Rifai, in a loud blue-and-yellow sports shirt and looking not at all like a proper Prime Minister, playfully offered Kissinger the choice of a camel, a donkey, or a mule for the trip from Amman to Petra. Instead, the Secretary left Amman by helicopter, and toured Petra in a Land-Rover, which gave him a good bouncing around. When the helicopter came to pick him up in Petra, Kissinger looked at it with dismay, his face showing the misery he felt, and remarked, "If it weren't for the honor, I'd take a camel."

THERE was no sightseeing in Damascus. President Assad was ready to talk at length, even during his fast, which had not visibly weakened him. Besides Watergate and what he thought it proved about the strength of the Jewish-Zionist conspiracy, Assad had other things on his mind. He had made a deal with Israel when he agreed to a disengagement along the Golan Heights five months before, despite the fact that the statutes of the ruling Arab Ba'ath Socialist Party require him to pledge not to acknowledge the existence of Israel. Unless he can demonstrate that the disengagement was only a first step toward a complete settlement, he may be in real trouble. Syria is the one front-line Arab state that seriously considers going to war again, and the one front-line state that

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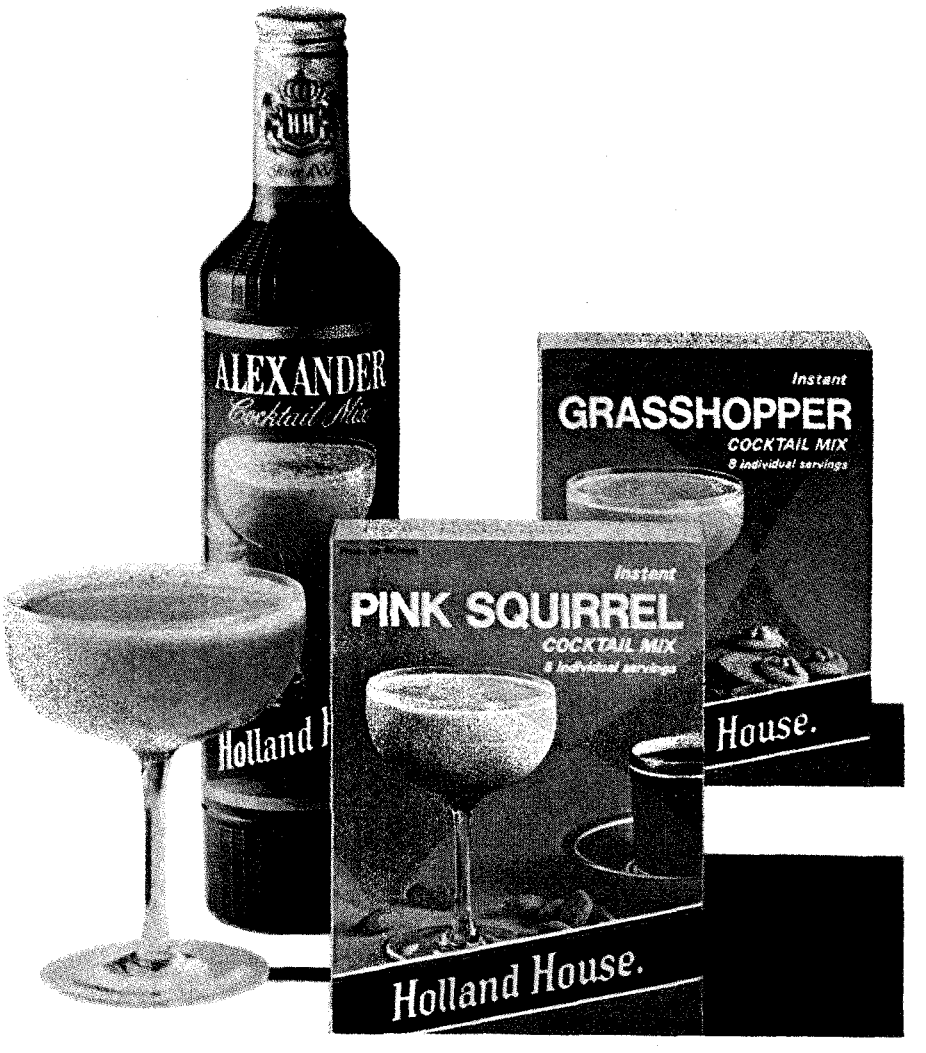

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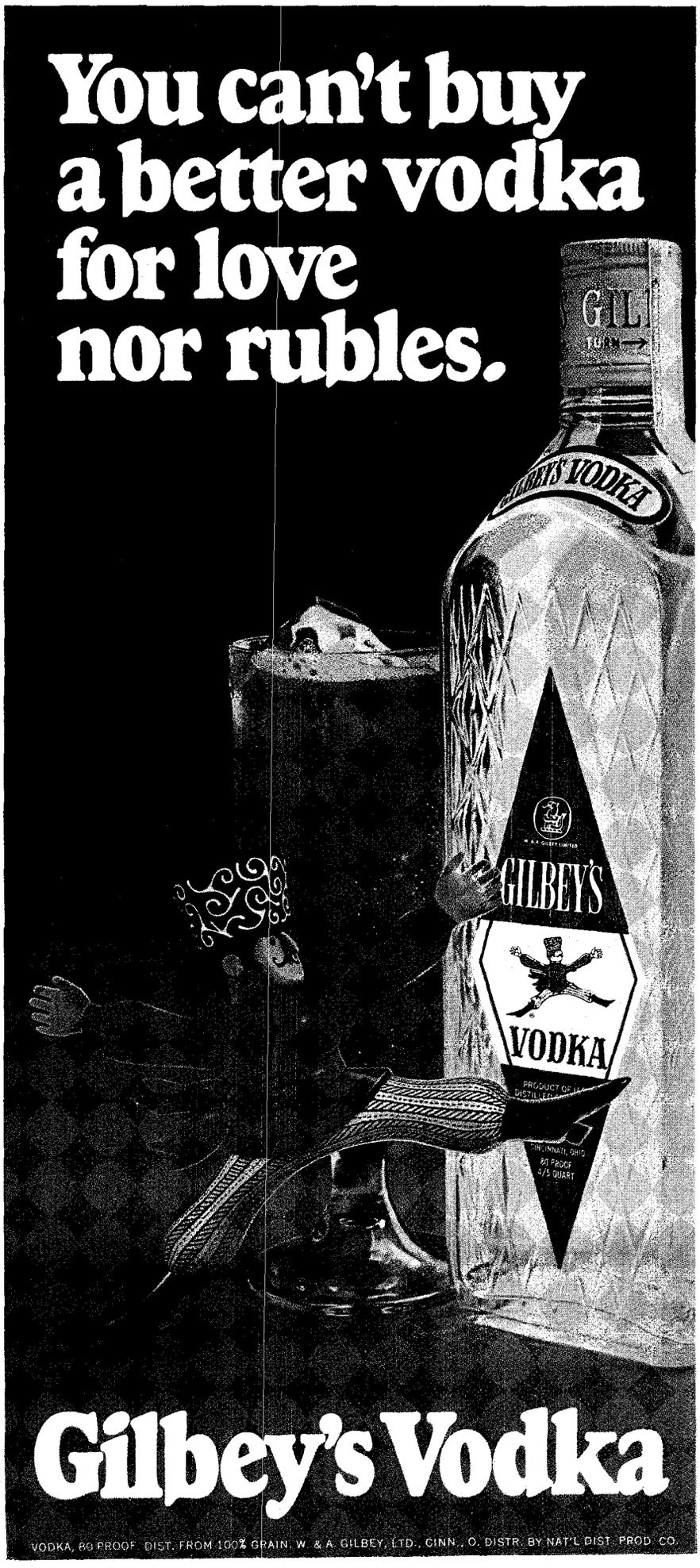

has little prospect of regaining much more territory through negotiations.

The Syrians present an odd combination of Western outlook and Middle Eastern fanaticism. You can talk to Syrian officials—many of whom, incidentally, are employed by one or another branch of the secret police—and discover a finely tuned sense of humor, even whimsey. As you walk down tree-lined streets of the kind you find in so many cities that were once part of the French colonial empire, it is easy to think you are in the heart of Burgundy instead of in one of the most radical, secretive capitals of the Middle East. There are abrupt reminders. On Monday, October 14th, during Kissinger's second stop in Damascus, I went to lunch at the Versailles with a West German television correspondent who was in the city on temporary assignment. We had barely sat down at the restaurant before Don Mudd, an officer of the American Embassy, walked in, feigning surprise to find me there.

"How did you know I was here?" I asked him when it was clear that he had come to tell me Kissinger might leave ahead of schedule.

"I asked the Syrians," he replied. "You got here in a very fast white Citroën. They knew how you got here, when you got here, whom you were with."

"This is Syria," my German friend reminded me gently.

Kissinger was still lobbying to forestall any Arab summit decisions to demand an immediate and total Israeli withdrawal and a revived Geneva conference, where all Arabs—including the Palestinians—could press their demands at once in the presence of the Soviet Union. The summit loomed as the ideal arena for the impassioned rhetoric so natural to the Arabic language, which can whip up a frenzy for unity behind the most radical of Arab causes. Such pressure could scuttle the Kissingerian strategy, which consists of breaking off those parts of a problem which are immediately soluble, leaving the rest for the future, with each successful step creating an opportunity for taking further steps. This was a strategy that President Assad, who is possibly the most moderate of all Syrians, was not prepared to go along with. From Damascus, Israel appeared to be an expansionist nation. Assad could gain nothing from the next stage of negotiations, so why should he compromise his principles? Hussein's choices were limited. He was solidly behind Kissinger but pessimistic about the prospects of regaining lost territory. Sadat

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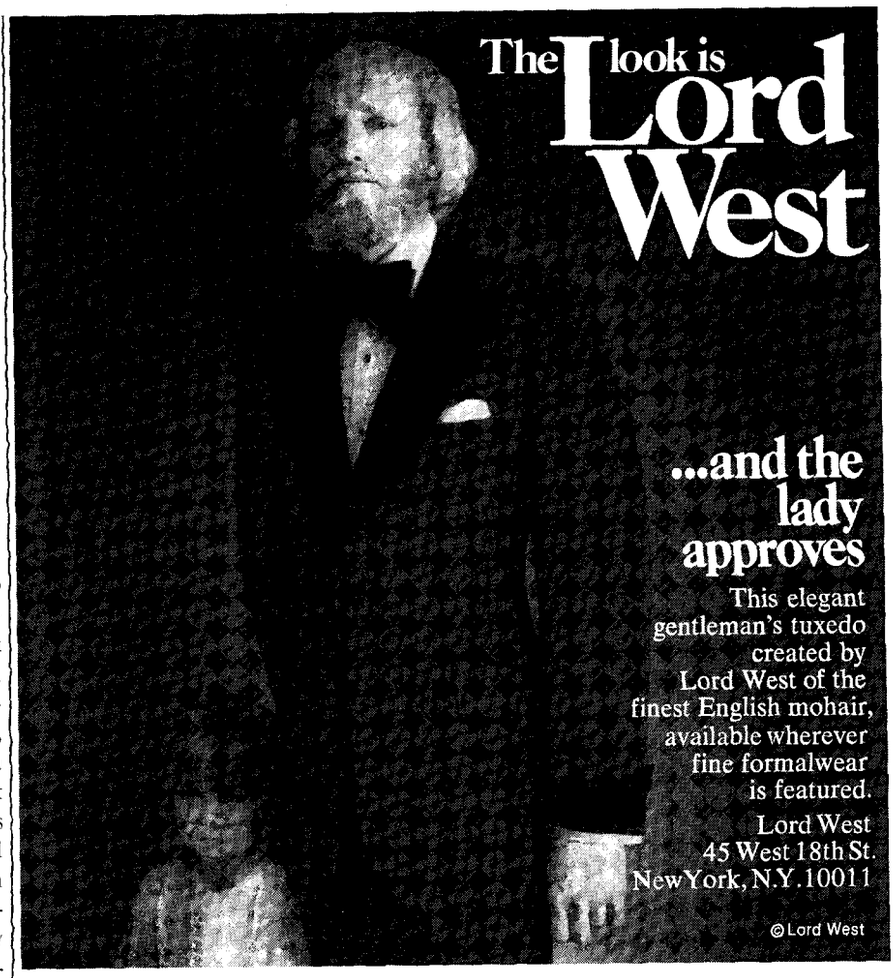
was willing to go along with Kissinger, provided that the Arab summit did not tie his hands.

American officials like to think the moderate Arabs will realize that the ideal of unity makes good rhetoric but that self-preservation is good politics. But it is dangerous for Western statesmen, in predicting the course of action that might result from the Arab summit, to assume that decisions will be taken in accordance with Western standards of rationality. In a society driven by the Word, Arab leaders must outbid each other in demonstrating their orthodoxy. The imponderable in the Arab world is that it has a dynamic of its own, and leaders can become the prisoners of their own declarations.

Nor were the Russians going to make life easy for Kissinger. On October 11th, the day Kissinger went from Cairo to Damascus to Amman, Secretary Brezhnev, speaking in Kishinev, the capital of Soviet Moldavia, called for a renewal of the Geneva conference at "the earliest date." At first, American officials shrugged his words off, saying that Brezhnev could not be expected to support a mission in which the Russians were not participating. Kissinger supposedly had a strategy to bring them in, but there were no details as to how or when. Brezhnev lashed out at Israel and her "traditional foreign patrons," who, he said, were trying to avoid the framework of multilateral negotiations which had been set up at Geneva. That was the appropriate place to find solutions, Brezhnev said. The disengagement negotiations that Kissinger had conducted between Israel and Egypt, and then between Israel and Syria, were "useful" as initial measures. But, Brezhnev said, "everybody can see now that they have not resolved the main issue—a full settlement." He called for recognition of the Palestinians' "legitimate interests" and of "their right to their national home," and for their participation at Geneva. "To prolong the present situation, which is of benefit only to the Israeli occupiers, means to sit on a powder keg that may blow up any minute," Brezhnev said.

In the American view, Geneva is a prescription for failure. In addition to all the Arab states pressing their claims, the Palestinians, who have won the right to be heard at the United Nations, would cause endless haggling about their own representation. The Russians, whose dedication to a peaceful settlement is at best suspect, could play the role of spoiler. Events would be out of control, and Kissinger likes to



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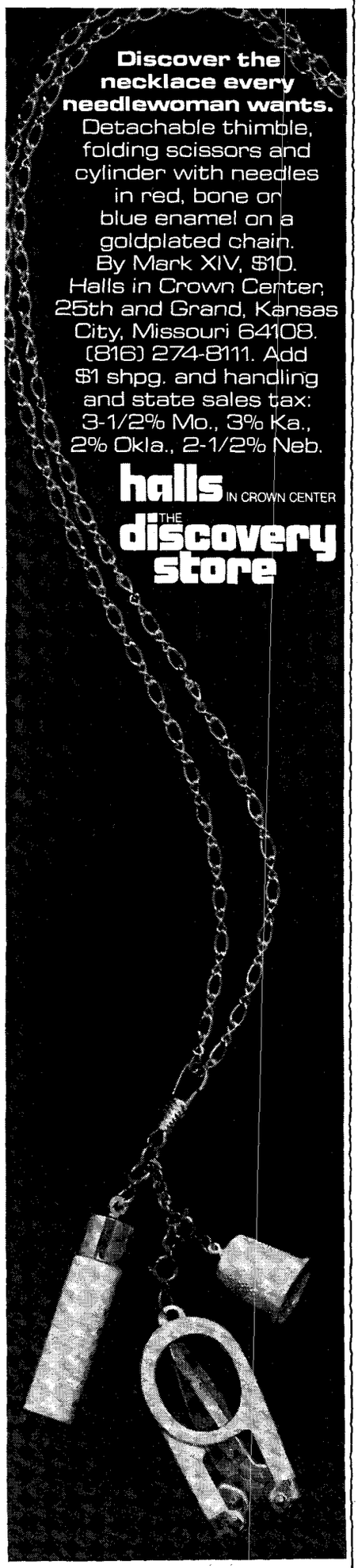

be in control. Failure could not be covered up, and the likely consequence of failure would be further bloodshed.

WHILE courting the Arabs, even to the point of permitting a red-and-white kaffiyeh to be draped over his head, Kissinger had to placate the Israelis, who had worked themselves into a state of alarm, as they have done each time he has paid a visit to Jerusalem. Syria was being heavily armed, I was told repeatedly by Israelis. Its forces were on constant alert. Syrian-Egyptian military coördination was better than ever. The Arabs had convinced themselves that they had won the October war militarily as well as politically, so they believed they had a military option. That war would come in the spring was the grim prediction heard everywhere. A preëmptive strike was openly discussed. Young Israelis had moved to the West Bank to stake claims against any possible withdrawals. The Israeli government had just sent in troops to remove them. The No. 1 question in Israel was: Could Kissinger be trusted? How could he be, when he had to appease the Arabs because they had the oil and he was concerned about the potential devastating effects of the oil-price crisis on the Western world? And wouldn't he sell out Israel if it meant the avoidance of nuclear war? Only a Jewish Secretary of State could sell out the Jewish state. Look at what he had done during the October war. Wasn't it Kissinger who had stopped the Israeli advance, who had agreed to a ceasefire when the Russians demanded it, just to set the stage for his own brand of diplomacy, which required a stalemate on the battlefield? Didn't some reports indicate that Kissinger had actually held off on American arms deliveries to Israel just long enough to make a clean, lightning victory impossible? Could this man be an honest broker?

Why, it was asked in return, should Kissinger, who had lost twelve members of his own family to the Nazis, sell out Israel? Kissinger understood that insecurity and suspicion were built into the Israeli situation—into Israel's history, its national psyche. Each time he came, he had to demonstrate that these fears were unwarranted. This time, as he left, he announced an agreement on "the principles and procedures that might be followed" in the next stage of the negotiations. A top American official said you could hear a sigh of relief throughout Israel.

During all Kissinger's previous trips to the Middle East, he had concentrated on disengaging Arab and Israeli

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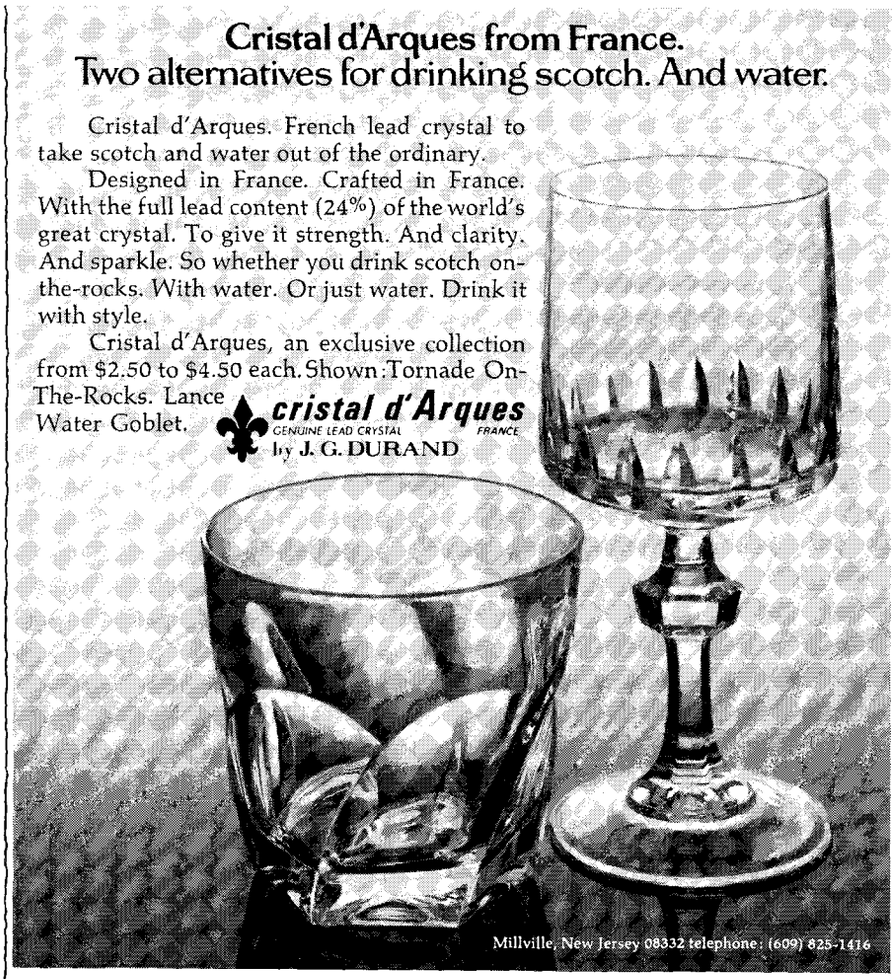
forces, in the belief that this would diminish the chances of war by accident or by design. Any battle, once started, could spread, bringing the two superpowers into a confrontation like the one that almost occurred during the October war, when the Soviet Union threatened to send in its own troops to break the siege of the Egyptian Third Army, and the United States responded by putting its forces on worldwide alert. It was an exercise in classical Kissingerian diplomacy, aimed at the avoidance of nuclear war. But now the infinite complications of the oil crisis had drawn Kissinger into a field that was not his own. Admittedly lacking the requisite expertise, he nevertheless insisted once again on playing all the instruments himself. Nuclear diplomacy had been his academic specialty and had become his governmental province, leaving no time for international economics and finance. Oil, however, now underlay every move in the Middle East.

Kissinger had been saying to everyone, and persuading no one, that the oil-price crisis and the Arab-Israeli conflict were "not inevitably linked." Just before he left Washington, he told reporters at a State Department news conference, "We are negotiating these two issues separately, because the high oil prices affect many nations on a global basis that do not have the remotest connection with the Arab-Israeli conflict," and added, "We believe that, to some extent, these negotiations should be conducted in separate forums, and we are conducting them in separate forums." It was at the same press conference that Kissinger announced he had added to his itinerary Saudi Arabia, which holds the world's richest known oil reserves beneath its desert sands, and Algeria, whose assent would be required for any price reductions. Kissinger repeatedly insisted along the way that he was not in the Middle East to get the oil producers to roll back their prices—that his only purpose was to get peace negotiations started. Oil, he seemed to be trying to convince the reporters travelling with him, was not a primary interest.

Yet at the Papyrus Institute—a museum on a barge anchored in the Nile—Kissinger was given a tour by the founder, Hassan Ragab, a former Egyptian ambassador. Ragab is an engaging diplomat who has elevated his historical interest in the ancient Egyptian art of making papyrus into a part-time profession. A huge grove of papyrus had been discovered in the Sudan, he told Kissinger. There would be more papyrus—a perennial plant—



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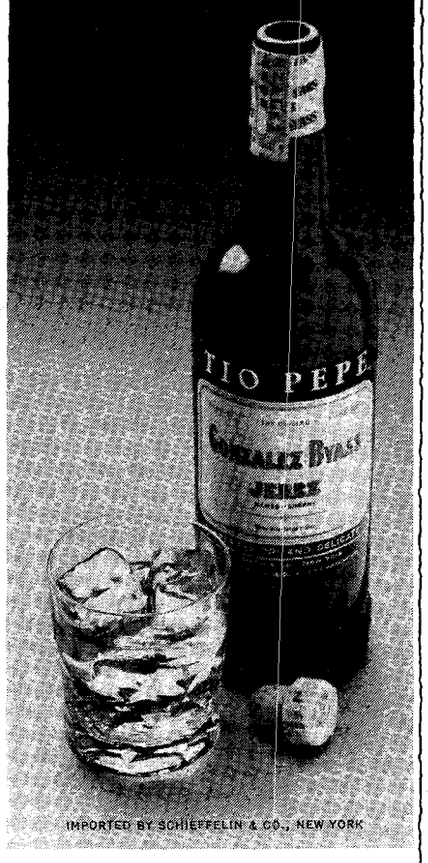

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as time went on, when the oil was depleted.

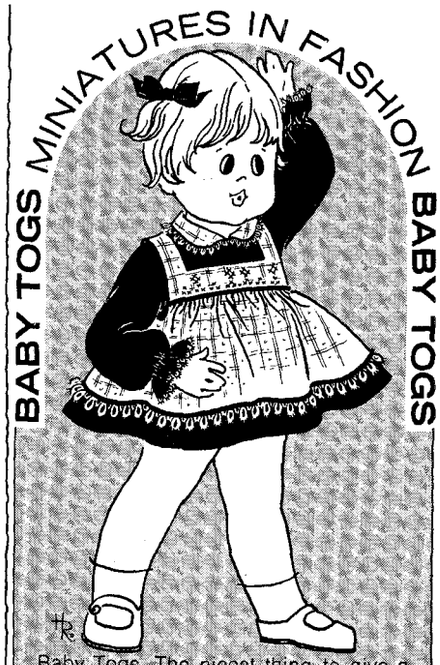
"Just don't raise the prices," Kissinger replied. "My nerves are not good."

And on the steps of Sadat's Giza residence on October 14th, just before Kissinger's final departure from Cairo, an Egyptian correspondent, not having heard the Secretary's protestations that oil had nothing to do with his negotiating strategy, asked Sadat, "Mr. President, did you discuss the oil problem with Dr. Kissinger?"

President Sadat replied, "The oil problem—well, it is part of the problem to discuss, but I am not an oil producer."

The oil-price crisis had demonstrated to Kissinger that potential global political and economic instability could cause problems almost as grave as those caused by nuclear confrontation. Inflation was tearing into the social and political fabric of Western Europe. Economic collapse in a number of countries suffering severe balance-of-payments difficulties would lead inevitably to political crises. To the most disciplined and organized parties—the Communists, in almost every case—would go the spoils. Portugal was already swinging to the left; Spain would soon have to deal with succession; Italy was moving from serious disorganization in the direction of chaos; Greece was organizing itself on a foundation of anti-Americanism; Turkey might be taken over by left-wing radicals; leftists in France could gain power. Before dealing with the price squeeze, Kissinger considered it imperative to organize the consumers—to get them to coöperate to reduce consumption and seek alternative sources of energy, and only then to deal with the producers, jointly. Until the consumers were organized, it would be inappropriate to approach the countries whose vast reserves of oil had given them unprecedented power. The habit of coöperation, however, did not come easily to a loner like Kissinger. Thus, he took off for Riyadh protesting still that he was going to talk only about the peace negotiations he was trying to get started. Probably, he conceded, he wouldn't be able to avoid the subject of oil, but it wasn't on his agenda.

KISSINGER's arrival in Saudi Arabia was timed to coincide with the setting of the sun, marking the end of a day of fasting in the country that follows the most fundamentalist interpretation of the Koran. A fleet of red Chevrolet convertibles met the plane



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and took Kissinger and his entourage to Gasr al-Riasa, King Faisal's office. On his last trip here, Kissinger had made it to al-Maazar, the King's residence. This looked like a downgrading. Faisal was dour and unsmiling, as always; he divides his preoccupations between his unsullied hatred of the Zionist-Communist conspiracy and his abhorrence of the radical Arabs, whom he placates with his millions as a defense against the sabotage of his oil wells and his throne. The American Ambassador, James Akins, accompanied Kissinger during his audience with the King. Akins has grown a beard and a mustache clipped precisely in the style of all the Saudi sheikhs.

The Saudis were tense. Kissinger's speech at the United Nations on September 23rd, and President Ford's at the ninth World Energy Conference, in Detroit, on the same day, had contained overtones of military threats about protecting the oil supply. *Newsweek* had published an edition forthrightly discussing the military option; it had been censored in Saudi Arabia. The deputy chief of the American Embassy had been called in to explain. "It's too hot here for the Marines to land," one Saudi official suggested hopefully. Anyway, he explained, oil prices have only kept pace with inflation. His problem now was that shipping costs had gone up on the Toyotas the Saudis were buying.

"It's the price of fuel," an American observed.

"We blame you and you blame us," the Saudi official responded. "That's consumer-producer coöperation."

After an hour and a half with Faisal, Kissinger pronounced His Majesty's attitude on oil to be "constructive and enlightened." He said, "I believe the policy of the kingdom will be in a constructive direction, keeping always in mind what we also believe, that the ultimate solution must be found on a multilateral basis, and cannot be found by isolated actions."

Omar Saqqaf, the Saudi Minister of State for Foreign Affairs, promised "a sense of responsibility toward the welfare of the world community." He went on, "As part of the world, we want to build the world and not destroy it. . . . We hope that the other members of the world community come to appreciate the gravity of this responsibility. . . . Oil is not everything, but it is a great thing." That wasn't bad, considering that Kissinger went to Saudi Arabia only because skipping it would have been "conspicuous."

The Secretary appeared to have been

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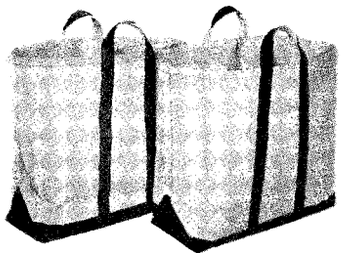

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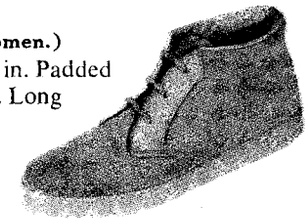

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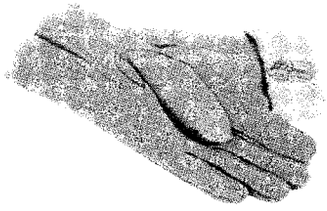

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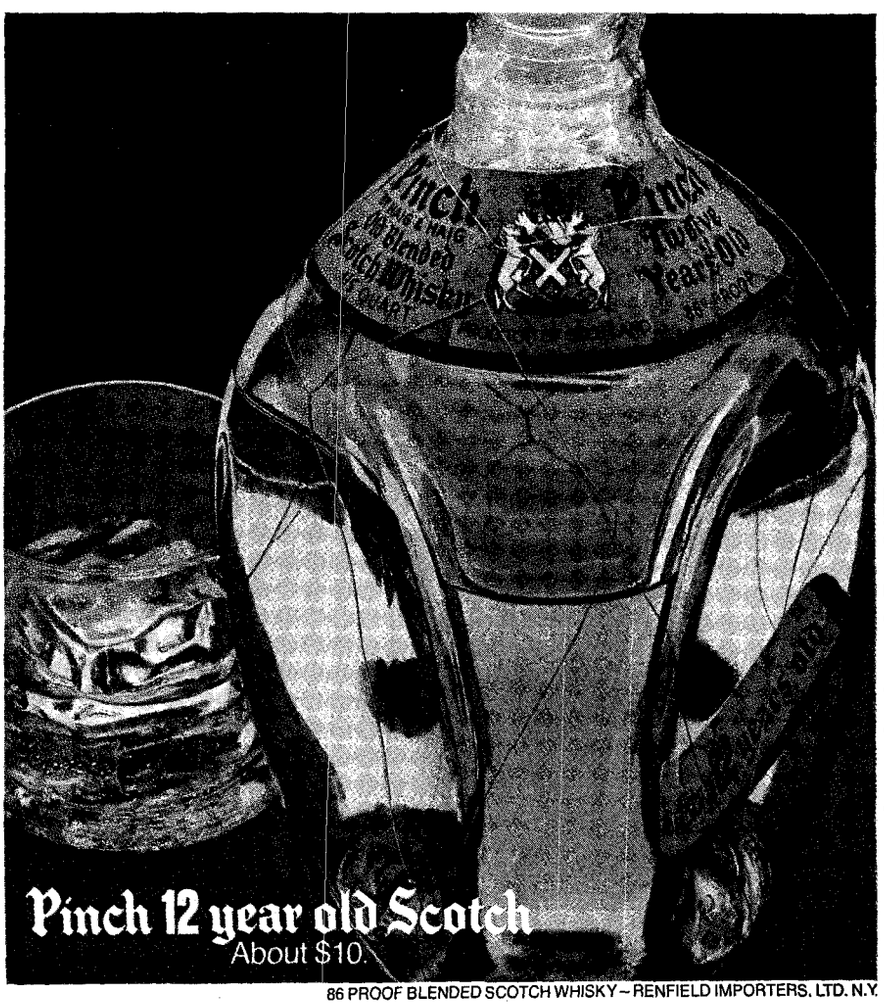

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persuasive in his description of the potential for Communist takeovers if the oil crisis was not brought under control. For another set of reasons, Houari Boumedienne, the dedicated revolutionary who is the President of Algeria, also gave Kissinger reason to hope that he would not back a price increase. Boumedienne was said to be cognizant of the dangers for the Middle East which could result from a semi-confrontation between producers and consumers. And, as a self-proclaimed leader of the Third World, he was concerned about the suffering of the poor countries that cannot afford the new fuel and fertilizer prices.

It looked as if Kissinger had scored some points, but then he had miscalculated before. He had expected the Egyptian-Israeli disengagement to be the key to the lifting of the embargo earlier this year, and he had been wrong: he had first had to demonstrate progress on the Syrian front as well. In any case, the Arabs tend to look upon the oil price as far less important than the oil weapon. If war were to break out again in the Middle East, the Arabs could always clamp down an embargo, and that is one of the reasons Kissinger has been so anxious to get the consuming countries working together. A war would force the Europeans into a choice. During most of the October war, not a single country in Europe would permit the United States to use its facilities for refuelling during the airlift of arms to Israel. None of the Europeans, heavily dependent on Middle Eastern oil (about eighty per cent of their imports), wanted to alienate the Arabs. Only Portugal consented, and then only after considerable pressure was applied. But now, with leftists taking control in Lisbon, the likelihood that Lajes Field, in the Portuguese Azores, could ever again be used as a refuelling base seems, at best, diminished. During the last war, Portugal was less dependent than it is now on Middle Eastern oil, since it was supplied by its own wells in Cabinda, on the West African coast. As its program of decolonization is completed, Portugal will not have such freedom of choice, and this freedom will be further limited by the fact that it is trying to establish normal relations with the Arab world and with the Soviet bloc.

All this went into the back compartment of Kissinger's mind. Of more immediate professed interest to him was the support he was rounding up for his peace-negotiating plans. "At the outset, I used to have inhibitions, and I might even say doubts, about the method followed by our friend in his peace-

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making efforts," Saudi Foreign Minister Saqqaf said. "But with the passage of time and as events unfolded I began to be sold on his efforts toward solving problems." Another ally for the Rabat meeting. Even Boumedienne, who has claims to leadership among the radicals, indicated that he would not raise obstacles to Kissinger's step-by-step approach to peacemaking.

But Saqqaf also stressed the point that the greatly improved relations between Saudi Arabia and the United States had been made possible because the Saudis had "discerned a clear light pointing in the direction of a complete solution to the problem of the Middle East—a solution based on complete withdrawal of Israel from territories occupied in 1967, including Jerusalem, and the restoration to the Palestinian people of their rights." How long would King Faisal wait? And how much were the hospitable Arabs telling Kissinger only what he wanted to hear?

As Kissinger's jet crisscrossed the Middle East, Yasir Arafat, the head of the Palestine Liberation Organization, was also on the move. He left Cairo the day Kissinger first arrived there, and arrived in Rabat just as Kissinger was leaving. He, too, was trying to set the stage for the October 26th summit. But Kissinger was not uneasy. He left the region satisfied with his own orchestration, convinced that the trip had been necessary, and confident that he had helped to focus the summit in a "positive direction." He was still keeping his fingers crossed, but, as it turned out, that was not enough. Once Kissinger left for other world capitals, matters took a decidedly negative turn at Rabat. Hussein has capitulated; Arafat, it seems, has prevailed. While this may be a triumph of rhetoric over practicality, it still remains to be seen whether the pressure will be turned on for Geneva or whether Sadat will go it alone—and if he does, whether the newly emboldened Palestinians will create obstacles to any further negotiations. To make matters worse, billions of dollars have been pledged to build up the armies of the front-line Arab states, increasing the potential for war in the Middle East and, thereby, the prospects for a very cold winter in the United States and possibly Western Europe. Kissinger may have misjudged his accomplishments in thinking that nothing would happen until he returned to the Middle East. But he is going to come back anyway, figuring that he alone can pick up the pieces. —MARILYN BERGER

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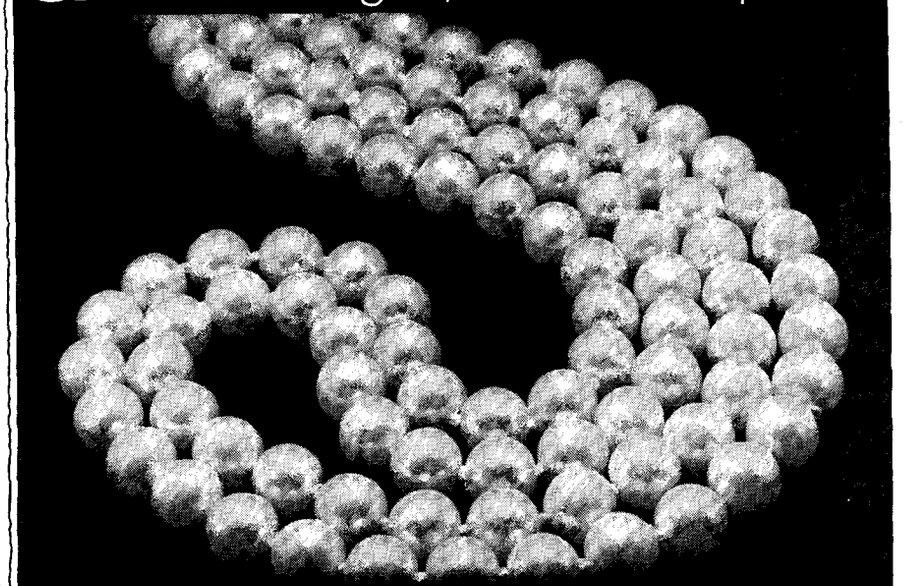

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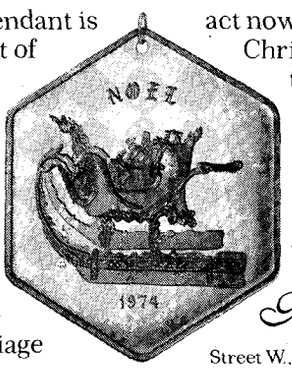

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THE SPORTING SCENE

EAST SEPTEMBER, WEST OCTOBER

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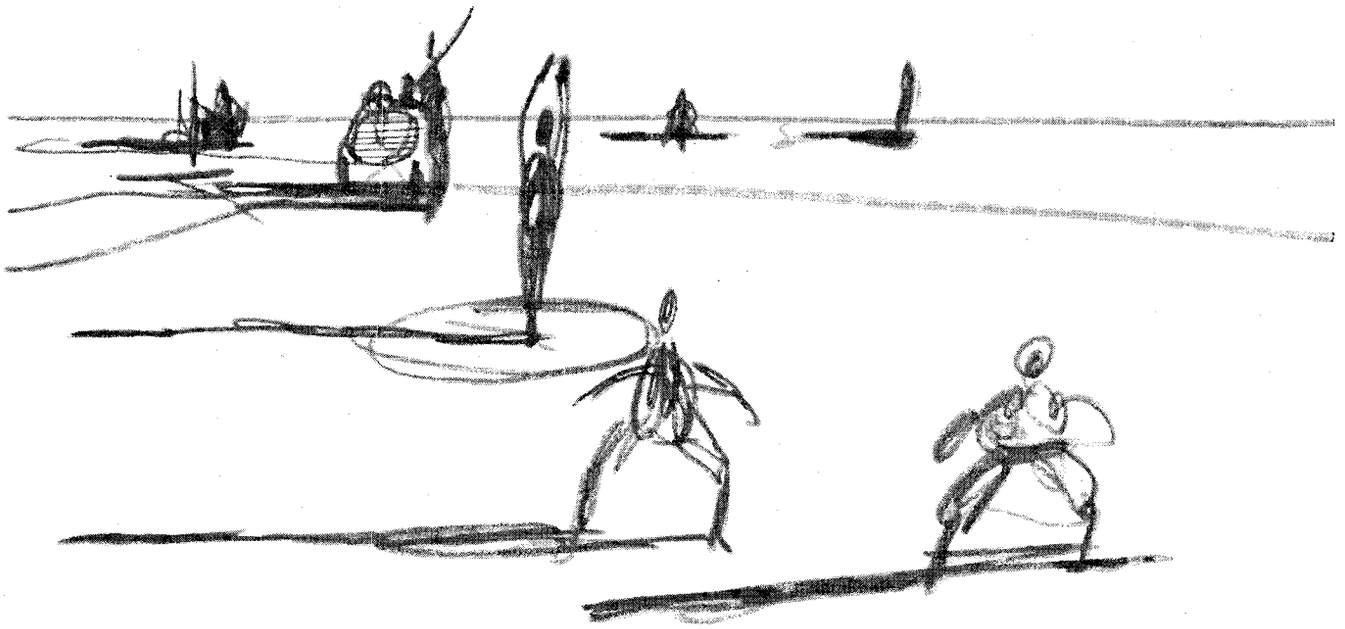

THE summer's immense business is at last shut down, the Oakland A's stand bemedalled as the three-time champions of the world and first-time champions of California, and the sound of baseball silence is upon the land. The excellent World Series, in which the familiar green-and-yellow team—Sal and Reggie and Joe, Rollie and Ken and Campy and Cat, and all the other dashing Octobermen—knocked off the young Dodgers in five games, and the preceding league playoffs, which both concluded in four, were mercifully brisk and decisive. They constituted the only visible signs of economy in a season of excess, which must now be sorted out somehow. O for a Muse of fire! Or, rather, O for a competent certified public accountant, who at least might begin to bring order out of the untidy profligacy of baseball news and records and races, baseball achievement and failure and unlikelihood, that made the late summer and early fall of 1974 so crowded and busy and ridiculously entertaining for us all. On the chance of such help, we can at least pick out a few preliminary clips and jottings from this year's crowded files.

NOTES FOR A STONECUTTER: Hank Aaron, who started off briskly with those two April home runs that took him past Babe Ruth's ancient roadmark of seven hundred and fourteen, concluded his labors for the year with twenty homers, or seven hundred and thirty-three lifetime. This year, he also took over first place on the all-time roster for games played (3,076) and times at bat (11,628), and added to his first-place figures for lifetime total bases (6,591) and extra-base hits (1,429). Aaron is retiring from the Atlanta Braves, but if he succeeds with his reported plan to sign on with the Milwaukee Brewers as a designated hitter (and, it is said, future general manager), he will have a clear shot next year at Ruth's first-place standard of 2,217 runs batted in. Aaron has now passed Ty Cobb as the holder of more lifetime batting records than anyone in baseball history.

LEGS: Lou Brock, of the Cardinals, stole one hundred and eighteen bases this summer, thus wiping out the old one-season mark of one hundred and four thefts held by Maury Wills. (Brock was caught stealing thirty-three times.) Brock, who is thirty-five, estimates that he is two or three feet slower between bases than he was at his youthful peak, which suggests that the real contest on the base paths is mostly cerebral and strategic—the base runner's experience versus the pitcher's nerves. The other essential ingredients for the remarkable new record were Brock's batting average of .306 for the year (he had to get on some base in order to set about stealing the next one) and the batting judgment and protection provided by the next man in the Cardinal lineup, Ted Sizemore. Watching Lou Brock taking a lead off first base is the best fun in baseball.

ARMS: Mike Marshall, the muscular, muttonchopped relief man for the Los Angeles Dodgers, appeared in one hundred and six games for the year, thus wiping out his own previous one-season mark of ninety-two, which he set last year with the Expos. To judge by his effectiveness (fifteen wins, twenty-one saves, an earned-run average of 2.42), his combativeness, and his habit of pitching batting practice for the Dodgers after even one day of idleness, he is perfectly capable of raising this mark by twenty or thirty games, if Walter Alston and the Dodger starters should so require.

Nolan Ryan, the California Angels' fireballer, pitched his third no-hit game in two years, attaining a lifetime level reached by only five other pitchers. (Sandy Koufax notched four.) Ryan also struck out nineteen batters in a single game, to tie a record previously held by Steve Carlton and Tom Seaver. Ryan, however, did this *three times* this year. He struck out more than three hundred hitters (three hundred and sixty-seven) in a single season for the third time. One of his deliveries was timed by an electronic device at

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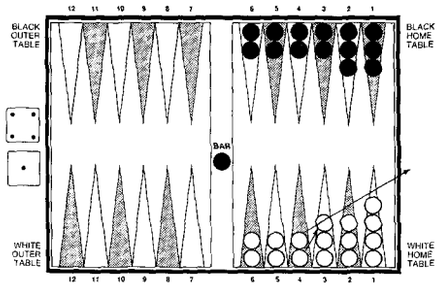
Many times this cannot be avoided regardless of how well you plan and anticipate. When this happens the best thing for you to do is get on to the next game without complaining too bitterly, but filing away, if it makes you feel better, the fact that the gods of fate "owe you one". You should not be concerned with the unavoidable, only with the unforgivable, which is when you lose a game because of a careless or incorrect play. The problem at the right is an example of this:

The correct play is to bear one man off your 4 point and to move one man from your 4 point to your 3 point.

If Black fails to enter on his next roll, only the roll of 6 and 2 will cause you to leave a blot. If you were to break your 6 point, by moving one man four to your 2 point and one man one to your 5 point, and Black did not enter, on your next roll you would be forced to expose with the rolls of 6 and 5, 6 and 4, 6 and 3, 5 and 4, 5 and 3, double 6's, 5's and 4's, which adds up to 13 possible combinations that will cause exposure versus only 2 with the correct move. If you were to break your 5 point, by moving one man to your 1 point and one man to your 4 point, then you would expose (again assuming Black did not enter) with rolls of 6 and 1, 5 and 1, double 6's, 5's and 4's, which totals 7 combinations. This is better than moving from the 6 point but hardly correct when you can make a move which will leave only 2 possibilities.

Note: When you break your 6 point and your opponent enters, your problems are over. When you break your 4 point and he enters, he is still a threat. This should not influence your decision.

White rolls 4 and 1



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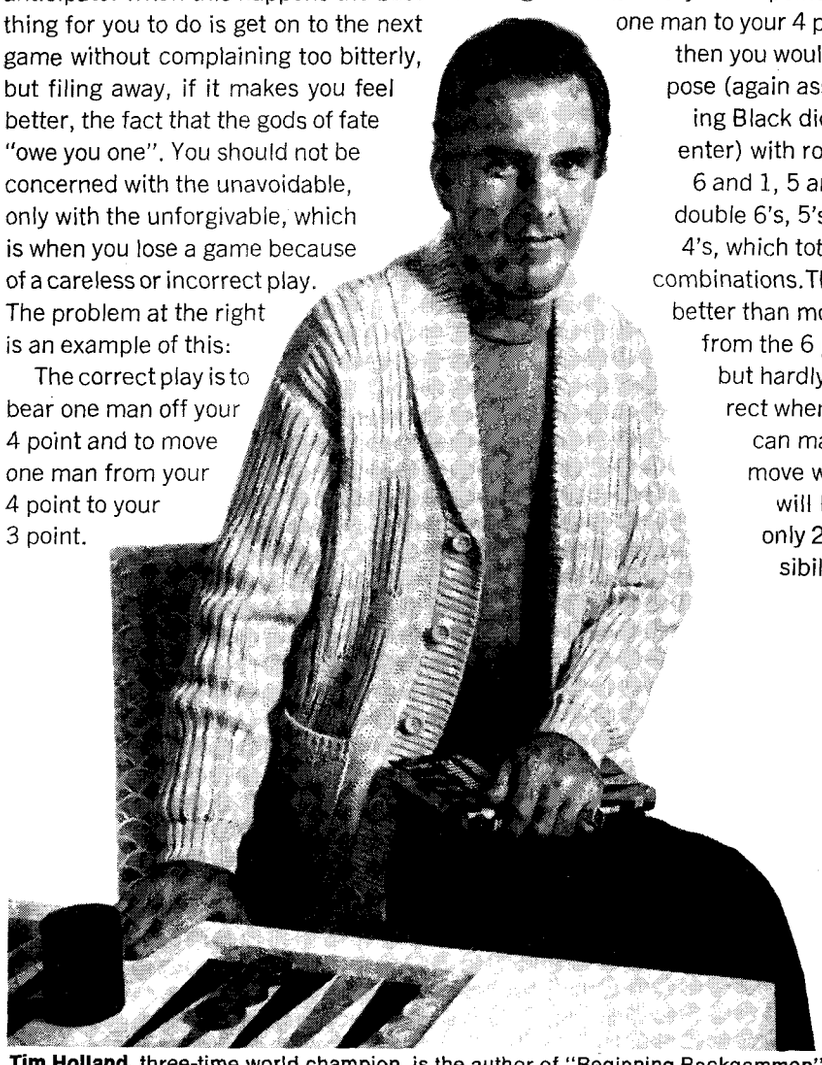

Tim Holland, three-time world champion, is the author of "Beginning Backgammon" and "Better Backgammon" (published by McKay), and the creator of Autobackgammon™ and a complete line of sets, all made by Reiss Games.

The next Byford Backgammon lesson will appear on November 25th.

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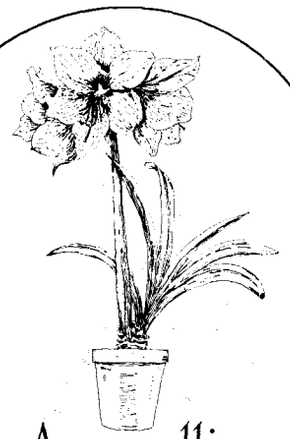

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The price: $12.50 each, potted. Add $1.50, please, to Gulf Coast and states west of the Mississippi; $2.50 to Pacific Coast states. Bare root: $9.50, but add 50 cents to Gulf and west, $1.00 to Pacific Coast. Please give second and third choice; otherwise we shall substitute. Weather permitting, amaryllis are shipped for Christmas; if not, a gift notice is always sent. Please be sure to enclose your gift cards.

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100.8 miles per hour, which exceeded Bob Feller's old speed mark (recorded on a different machine) of 98.6 m.p.h. Another Ryan pitch struck Red Sox second baseman Doug Griffin above the ear, retiring him from competition for two months; the next game in which Griffin faced Ryan, he hit two singles. (No award or trophy for courage was offered to either man.)

Ryan throws super-smoke, but when baseball people get together for a few drinks, the fastball pitcher they always talk about is Steve Dalkowski, an Oriole farmhand of the late fifties and early sixties, who set records for strikeouts and jumpy batters wherever he played. In one typical stay with a Class D club, he threw one hundred and twenty-one strikeouts and gave up one hundred and twenty-nine walks and thirty-nine wild pitches, all in the span of sixty-two innings. Dalkowski never made it to the majors, but, being a legend, he is secure for the ages. "Once I saw him work a game in the Appalachian League," a gravel-voiced retired coach said to me this year, "and nothing was hit *forward* for seven innings—not even a foul ball." (An attempt was also made to clock Dalkowski on a recording device, but his eventual mark of 93.5 m.p.h. was discounted, since he threw for forty minutes before steering a pitch into the machine's recording zone.)

Ryan was one of nine American League pitchers to achieve twenty wins this year—a new record mostly attributable to the designated-hitter artifice, which allows starting pitchers to stay in a game until their ears are knocked off. In the American League, the traditional level of pitching effectiveness probably should now be raised from twenty to twenty-five games—a more exclusive neighborhood, inhabited this summer only by Ferguson Jenkins and Catfish Hunter.

ARRIVAL: The day after the regular season ended, Frank Robinson was named manager of the Cleveland Indians. He is the first black manager in the majors, and the belated, much publicized appointment confirms the inflexibility and down-home cronyism that still pervade most of the business side of baseball—a world in which black executives and women executives are equally invisible. Commissioner Bowie Kuhn and the two league presidents had pressured the clubs to make such an appointment, and after it happened Kuhn said, "I don't think that baseball should be exceptionally proud of this day. It's been long overdue." Robinson, who will take over a feeble and (to judge by its play in late September)

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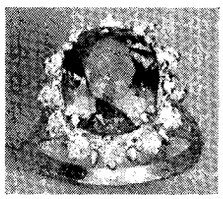

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demoralized club, will have his work cut out for him, but he is qualified for the job. He was a true team leader during his six years with the Orioles, where his manager was Earl Weaver, one of the best and most accessible baseball thinkers of our time. Robinson has also managed the Santurce Crabbers in Puerto Rico for five winter seasons, and an observer of his performance there has told me that he was unexcitable, tough, and effective, not hesitating on occasion to take down such superstars as Reggie Jackson (who is black) and such prima donnas as Dave Kingman (who is white). Frank Robinson is probably even qualified to become the first black manager in the majors to be fired.

DEPARTURES: Dick Allen, the highest-paid player in the game, at two hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per year, announced his retirement from the White Sox at the age of thirty-two. He was an odd and enigmatic eminence—a great hitter and superior fielder who disdained or ignored every aspect of baseball except occasionally the actual playing of it, the game on the field. He could scarcely bear to give his attention to spring training, to the press, to bus and plane schedules, or, in the end, even to batting practice. Unsurprisingly, he exhausted the patience of several managers and owners, but when at last he was traded to Chicago, in 1972, his new manager, Chuck Tanner, announced that any private drumbeat heard by Dick Allen was perfectly acceptable to him, since Allen was obviously the best player anywhere. Allen responded with one splendid season—a .308 average, thirty-seven homers, and one hundred and thirteen r.b.i.s—which won him his only Most Valuable Player award. The next year, he broke a leg, and since then his other preoccupations—late hours, breeding race horses, silence, indifference—have kept him from the almost limitless baseball heights that could have been his. It is a strange, sad business. Although he quit the sport with two weeks remaining in the season, his thirty-two home runs were tops in his league this year.

Al Kaline retired, after twenty-two memorable years with the Tigers. Here there should be no gloom. On September 24th, Kaline rapped out a single and a double against the Orioles and thus surpassed his announced final goal in baseball—three thousand lifetime hits. He finished up with three thousand and seven, which places him eleventh on the all-time list of hitters—a most distinguished gentlemen's

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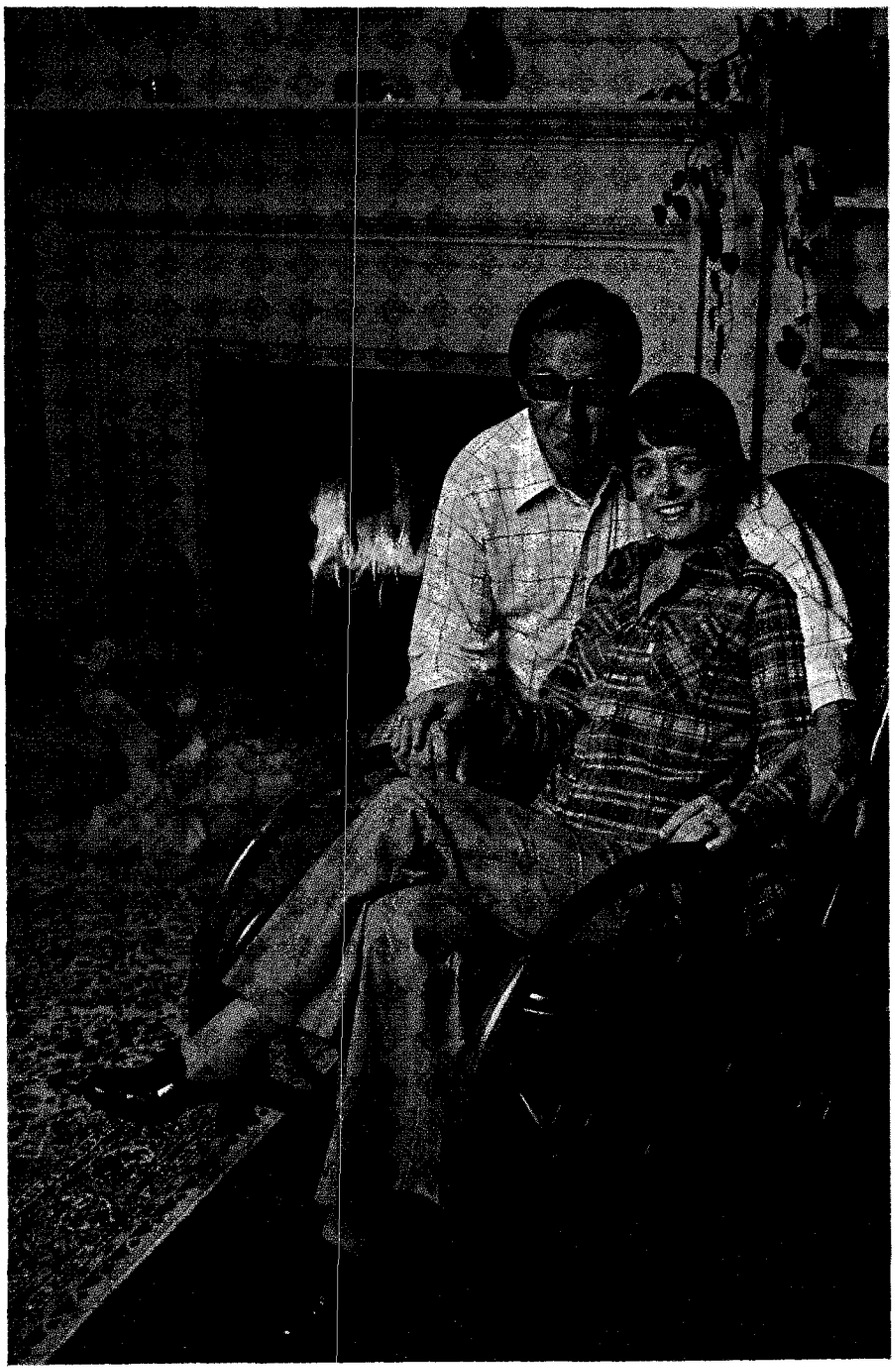

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club. In temperament and talent, he was almost exactly the opposite of Dick Allen. Never a superstar or a true slugger (his lifetime batting average is a shade under .300), he seemed always able to play at a level very close to the peak of his ability, and the fealty he aroused was almost religious in its ardor. The week after the season ended, I received a four-page letter about him from one of his lifelong fans, a professor at the University of Michigan, who said, among other things, "He did everything perfectly—fielding, throwing, running, judgment, bunting, advancing runners, hitting the ball. . . . I am sorry to see him go, because he may be the last of the complete ballplayers." I heard almost the same words from Eddie Kasko, the former Boston manager and now a super-scout for the Red Sox, who added, "I even liked watching him take outfield practice. He did the whole thing, every part of the game, the way it should be done. If he was throwing to third, say, he would line up his body, take the ball just right, and get off the throw like a picture. You *enjoyed* it." (Not until this summer, by the way, did I suddenly become aware of the marvel of Al Kaline's name. Somewhere in the world, I wonder—perhaps in Spain—could there be an outfielder named A. Cid?)

DISCORD: It was a famous year for fights—commotions in the stands, embroilments on the field, scuffles in clubhouses, ructions on the road. Early in the summer, some fans celebrated Beer Night at the Cleveland ballpark with such energy that it cost the Indians a forfeited game; on the last night of the season, Pittsburgh fans celebrated a pennant by showering visiting Cub outfielders with obscenities and empty bottles. The contumelious world-champion A's staged a main-event clubhouse one-rounder between outfielders Reggie Jackson and Bill North, which sidelined catcher (and would-be peacemaker) Ray Fosse for half the season. The Yankees may have lost their chance at a pennant when an alcoholic battle between two second-line players in the lobby of the Pfister Hotel, in Milwaukee, resulted in an injury to Bobby Murcer (also a noncombatant) which kept him out of a late-season game that the Yankees had to win.

Most baseball scuffles, of course, are purely entertaining. On September 22nd, in Busch Stadium, the visiting Cubs were batting in the ninth against the Cardinals in a critical game, then tied at 5–5. The Cardinals' pitcher was

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their ace reliever, Al Hrabosky, who has the habit of withdrawing from the mound between deliveries and walking halfway to second base, where he holds visible converse with himself until he attains a point of confidence and batter-hatred that will allow him to return and offer up the next pitch. On this edgy occasion, the Cub batter, Bill Madlock, waited until Hrabosky had completed his psychic countdown, and then reversed the process, walking halfway to his dugout and turning his back on the field while he tapped dirt from his shoes and muttered mutters. Plate umpire Shag Crawford observed this parody and then briskly ordered Madlock back to his place of business. Madlock protested, and so did the Cub manager, Jim Marshall. Crawford signalled to Hrabosky to proceed. Hrabosky threw at the unguarded plate, and Crawford called a strike—an automatic call, under the rules. Hrabosky, delighted, got the ball back and fired again, just as Madlock and the on-deck Cub hitter, Jose Cardenal, *both* leaped into the batter's box. Crawford signalled "No pitch" and turned to adjudicate matters, at which point the Cardinal catcher, Ted Simmons, punched Madlock in the face. Chaos. In time, the field was cleared of panting partisans and bystanders, Manager Marshall was excused for the afternoon, and play resumed; the Cardinals won the game in the bottom of the inning, on a single by Simmons. Asked later what Madlock had said that had proved insupportable to him, Simmons replied, "He didn't say anything. I didn't like the way he was *looking* at me."

LONGIES: On September 11th, the Mets and the Cardinals played a seven-hour-and-four-minute game at Shea Stadium, which the Cardinals won, 4–3, at 3:12 A.M., in twenty-five innings. (The home-plate ump was Ed Sudol, who also called balls and strikes during a twenty-three-inning Mets game in 1964 and a twenty-four-inning Mets game in 1968. There is no time and a half, by the way, for umpires.)

On September 21st, the Red Sox defeated the Orioles, 6–5, in ten innings, in a game that consumed six hours and twenty-seven minutes because of rain delays. The winning pitcher, Bill Lee, went the full distance. The loss dropped the Orioles out of first place.

On September 25th, the Cardinals beat the Pirates, 13–12, in eleven innings. The Pirates scored three runs in the top of the eleventh; the Cardinals scored four runs in the bottom

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half. The victory moved the Cardinals into first place and dropped the Pirates to second.

On September 27th, the Orioles defeated the Brewers, 1–0, in seventeen innings, in a game that lasted four hours and twenty-eight minutes. The winning run scored on a bunt. The victory moved the Orioles into a one-game lead in their division.

As it happened, all these deformed contests were important games—evidence of the grudging, bitter competition in the pennant races that were fought down through the final weeks and days and hours of the season in the two Eastern divisions. The Cardinal victory in that enfilade of zeros at Shea brought them back from a three-and-a-half-game deficit and began a reversal that returned them to first place within four days. During the final month, the Cards and the Pirates exchanged the lead in the National League East four times and tied at the top four times; the Pirates' final one-and-a-half-game margin was achieved by means of four wins over the Cardinals out of six harshly contested head-to-head September games—that, plus a passionate kiss of fortune bestowed on them in the last of the ninth inning of their very last game of the season: with two out and the Cubs leading by 4–3, Pirate pinch-hitter Bob Robertson struck out, swinging, but Cub catcher Steve Swisher failed to hold the ball. He then hit Robertson on the back with his peg toward first, allowing the tying run to score from third. The Pirates won it in the tenth.

SEPTEMBER in the A.L. East began with the Red Sox still in their summerhouse at the top of the division but already in the grip of a frightful batting catatonia that eventually resulted in an eight-game losing streak, ten defeats in twelve games (including seven shutouts), and, on September 5th, the end of their lead. The startled inheritors of first place were the Yankees, who had been doing some streaking of their own—twelve wins out of fourteen games, including six in a row. A clear marvel, but not the only one, as it happened, for here came the Orioles, suddenly the winners of ten straight, including an astounding five successive shutouts, four of them thrown by the celebrated ancients of their pitching corps.

Any appreciation of the Yankees must be clouded by our knowledge that their adventurous summer voyage fell just short of its goal. The headshakings

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and forebodings of the nonbelievers and Yankee-haters proved to be correct—not quite enough pitching, not enough speed, not enough power (for most of the season the club was last in the league in both home runs and stolen bases), not quite enough *anything* to win, even in an admittedly weak division. Yes, but who cared about any of that back when it all seemed to be happening? Wasn't that the whole point, the real joy of it? These Yankees were a cobbled-up team of retreads, trade bait, and disappointed, fading regulars. The new manager, Bill Virdon, was hired only when the original appointee, Dick Williams, became legally estopped from the job. The best old Yankees—Mel Stottlemyre, Bobby Murcer, Thurman Munson—were either sidelined or slumping. Some of the new ones—Elliott Maddox (who had forced Bobby Murcer to move to right field, out of his old center-field slot), Lou Piniella, Jim Mason—could hit and/or field at times, but they displayed no semblance of the traditional Yankee muscle. Other arrivals—first baseman Chris Chambliss from Cleveland, second baseman Sandy Alomar and pitcher Rudy May from the Angels, pitchers Larry Gura and Mike Wallace from the minors—were suspect simply because of their sudden availability and the Yankees' utter need for help. But never mind; it all came together somehow. The pitchers—Doc Medich, Pat Dobson, Gura; Sparky Lyle from the bullpen—began to function together, suddenly resembling a modest engine rather than a collection of parts; in September Chambliss began to hit at last, and so did Munson, and Roy White was forever getting on base, and Bobby Murcer finally hit a home run at Shea Stadium. The crowds and the screaming and the banners ("YES, WE CAN!") burst forth there once again, this time for the new tenants, and some optimist discovered that the club did lead the league in at least one category—sacrifice flies. In the second week of September, the team took to the road and won successive series in Boston, Baltimore, and Detroit. In the eleventh inning of the second game in Boston, Sandy Alomar saved everything with an astounding dive, stop, and throw from short right field that thwarted the winning Red Sox run; Alex Johnson, a brand-new Yankee, then won the game with a homer in the twelfth. In Baltimore, Mike Wallace made his first American League start and shut out the Orioles and Jim Palmer, 3–0. In Detroit, the Yankees wrapped up the trip

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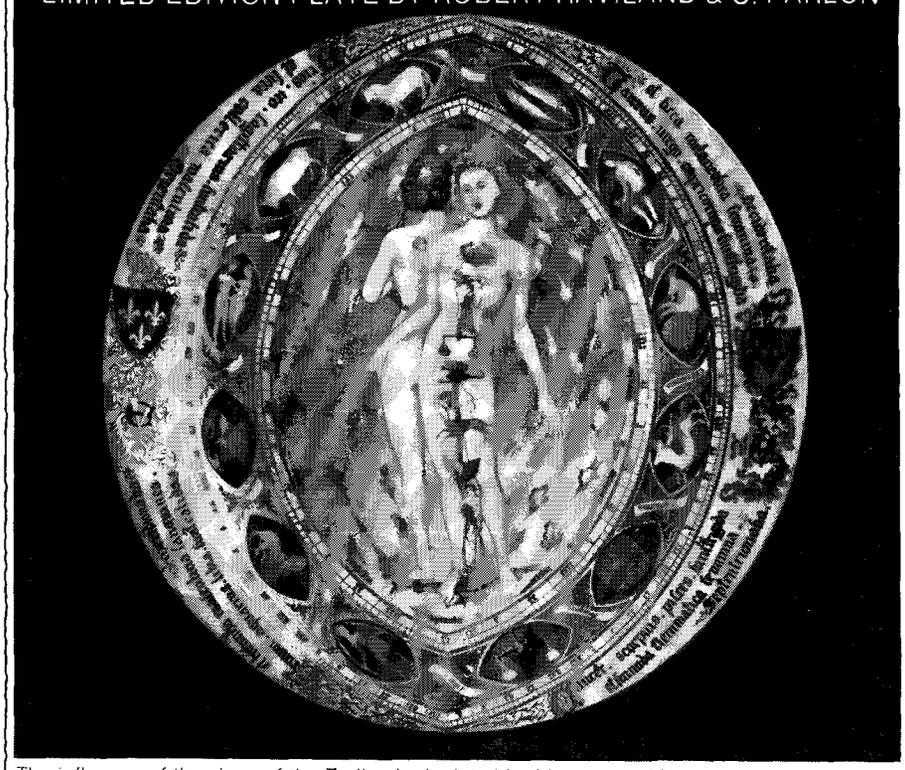

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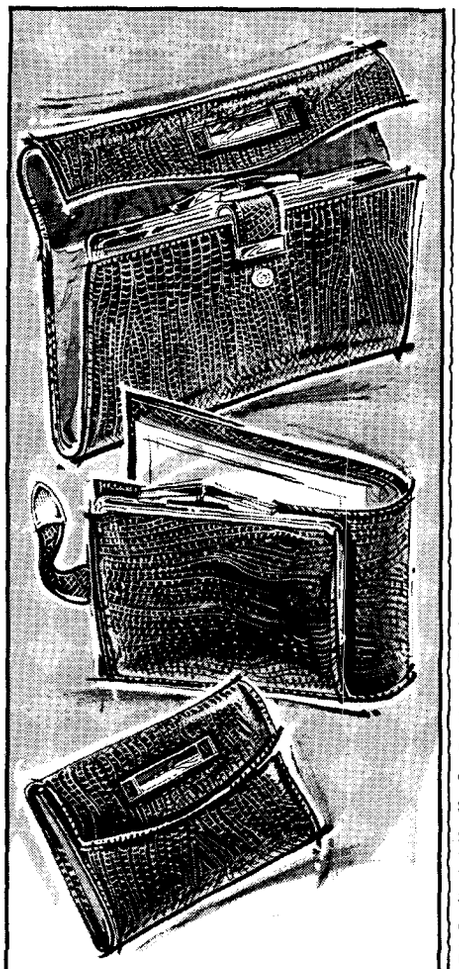

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by scoring ten runs against the Tigers in each of the last two games, and came home two and a half games in front of the pack. Yes, it seemed, they could!

No, they couldn't. The home stand opened against the Orioles, and the trio of veteran Baltimore pitchers, perfectly accustomed to taking difficult matters in hand in late summer, now utterly suppressed the *arrivistes* with three beautifully pitched complete-game victories—4–0 for Palmer, 10–4 for Mike Cuellar, 7–0 for Dave McNally—and Baltimore took over the lead by a half game. The visitors offered instructive lessons in power, in defense (notably some wizard catches in center by Paul Blair, of the kind he has been making for a decade now), and—well, in baseball itself. In the second game, Bobby Grich led off the fourth inning with a walk and then was sent along to third on a hit-and-run single by designated hitter Tommy Davis, who stroked the ball precisely behind Sandy Alomar as the second baseman dashed over to cover second; Grich scored a moment later. In the sixth, Grich again led off with a walk, and this time Davis improved on his prior masterpiece, rapping the hit-and-run, two-and-two pitch a bare yard behind Alomar's heels, as Sandy once again jammed on the brakes and attempted a backward dive at the ball. Nothing in baseball is prettier than this, and no one does it better than Davis. Seven runs now swiftly ensued—and so did my absolute conviction that the Orioles could win this pennant. The Orioles' clubhouse was a merry place on these evenings, for the team had revived its Kangaroo Court—a traditional buffoonery staged after each Baltimore victory. The judgeship this year went to catcher Elrod Hendricks (Frank Robinson was the Mr. Justice Marshall of his time), who presided with perfect unfairness and the assistance of a sawed-off, magenta-colored bat stub. "Cases" were loudly brought against various players—Mark Belanger for being overambitious on the base paths, Brooks Robinson for an error, Coach Billy Hunter for some invented malfeasance—and suitable booby prizes (an ancient, silver-painted spike shoe, a broken-down glove) were awarded and one-dollar fines assessed. "Vote!" the entire team would shout. "Vote! Vote!" And Hendricks, brandishing his bat, would roar out the guilty verdict: "One! Two! Three! WHOP!" The Orioles were loose.

The Yanks were not yet done. They swept a four-game home series from the Indians and were back in first by a

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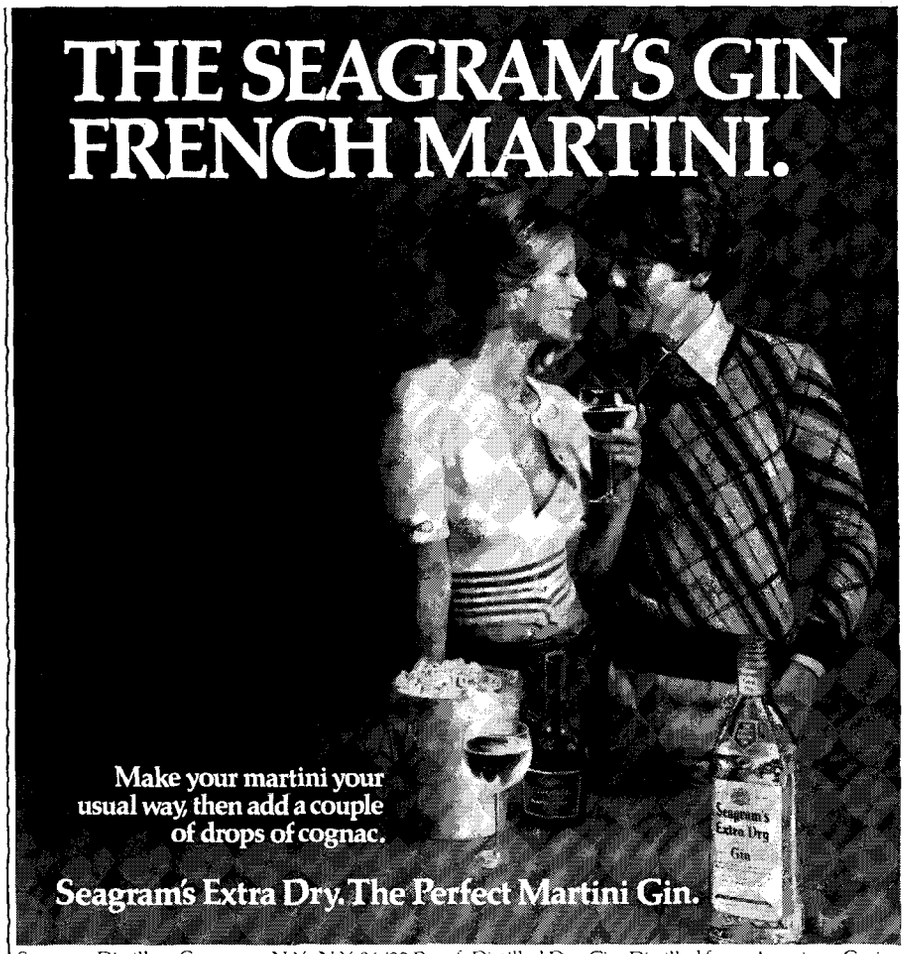
single game when the Red Sox came to Shea on September 24th and won both games of a wintry twi-night doubleheader. That was the stunner. Luis Tiant, the venerable Cuban master, threw a six-hit, 4–0 shutout in the opener, thereby achieving his twenty-first win, after five successive defeats. (Exactly one month earlier, he had been the first pitcher in the majors to win his twentieth game of the season, and the Sox had been comfortably ahead. "In baseball," he said now, puffing a post-game cigar as he soaked his arm in ice water, "you don't know *nothin'*.") The Bosox won the nightcap by 4–2 as the Yankees and their fans both began to come apart a little. Bobby Murcer fell on the base paths and was tagged out, and there were two errors by the Yankee infield and an unearned Boston run. On the scoreboard, the Orioles, playing at home, trailed for a time, but then they came back and beat the Tigers and took over first again (for good, this time, it turned out), and the shivering, unsatisfied 46,448-man crowd at Shea fell into disputation and anger, showering the field with firecrackers and old tennis balls. In the seventh, the game was stopped for several minutes while squads of special police separated the participants in three or four violent and prolonged fistfights and pulled them, writhing, from the stands. This was September baseball—or a part of it, at least. There was something cold and miserable about it, beyond the pain and disappointment of watching a whole, long summer's work going for nothing. Winter was coming. Both clubhouses were quiet that night. Manager Virdon drank long swigs from a container of milk and murmured, "Our morale is all right," and stared at the Yankee schedule affixed to the wall of his office, on which he had pencilled in the starting pitchers and results of every game. He was down to the last line. None of the reporters could think of anything useful to say to him. Bobby Murcer, asked about the violent fans, said, "I don't blame 'em. Tonight, I wanted to get up there and whale with them."

THE next Saturday—a cool, drizzly afternoon—I began a vigil in front of my television set, and tried to keep up with things. Less than a week of baseball remained. The Cardinals and the Cubs were scheduled for Channel 4 on the NBC Game of the Week, the Yankees were away for a doubleheader in Cleveland on Channel 11, and the Mets were entertaining the



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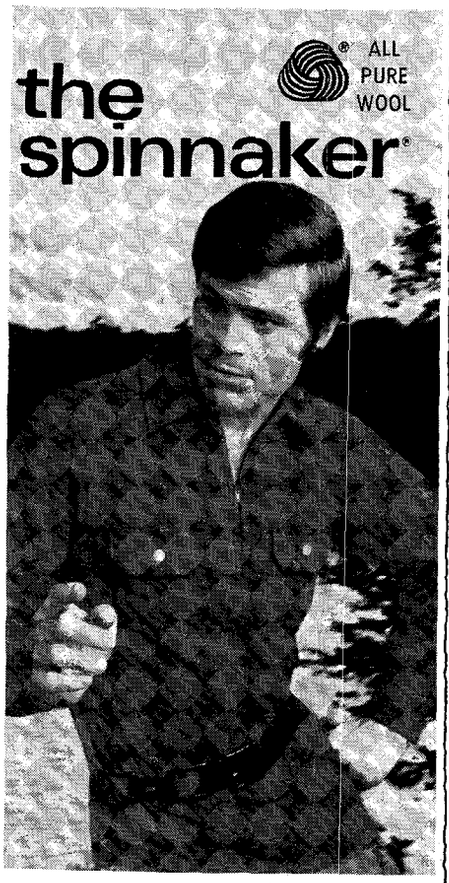

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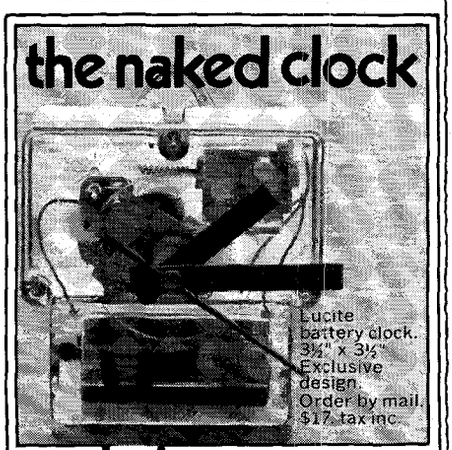

Pirates at Shea on Channel 9, so most of the contenders were available to me. The Yanks sprang away to a quick 2–0 lead over Gaylord Perry, on a homer by Ron Blomberg, and out in Chicago, on a gloomy day, the Cub and Cardinal pitchers worked two quick, scoreless innings. Switching channels, I became aware of distractions. On Channel 7, Texas Tech was leading Texas in football—a possible upset there—and on Channel 5 W. C. Fields was suddenly visible at work in a grocery store. Could it be? It was: Channel 5 was running a super Fields movie, "It's a Gift." On Channel 4, Cub pitcher Rick Reuschel knocked down Ken Reitz with a pitch, then fanned him. On 11, Pat Dobson put away the Indians one-two-three, throwing mostly sliders. On Channel 5, Fields wrapped up a five-cent order of chewing gum with paper and string while a customer shouted "Where are my *kumquats*?" On Channel 4, Reuschel walked Ted Simmons. It was beginning to rain out there in Chicago. On Channel 9, they were taking off the tarpaulin at Shea—a delayed start. On Channel 7, Texas Tech had gone up by 26–3. Back on Channel 5, W. C. Fields called out to a blind man, "Sit, still, Mr. Muckle, honey!," but Mr. Muckle blundered into an enormous display rack of light bulbs. I could not tarry. Back to Channel 11, where Elliott Maddox ripped a double down the left-field line. The Indians held a mound conference and decided to pitch to Ron Blomberg ("Which I like to see," Phil Rizzuto announced), and Blomberg hit his second home run into the right-field upper deck, for a 5–0 Yankee lead. On Channel 5, Baby LeRoy hit Fields on the elbow with a can of clams. On Channel 9, the Pirates were leading, 1–0. On Channel 4, NBC had given up on the delayed Game of the Week and was offering a costume drama in its place: Tyrone Power, wearing tights, was in prison. Someone was asking him to sign a confession of heresy; Power smiled enigmatically. On Channel 9, Pittsburgh manager Danny Murtaugh yelled at an umpire. On Channel 5, W. C. Fields groaned as he attempted to go back to sleep on a porch swing up on a third-floor balcony; a man on the ground was calling up to him, asking for someone named Carl LaFong. "Carl LaFong!" he shouted. "Large 'C,' small 'a,' small 'r,' small 'l,' large 'L,' small 'a,' large 'F,' small 'o' . . ." On Channel 7, Texas Tech kicked off to Texas, and the ball went right out of the end zone. I looked out my study window

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and saw that it had cleared up a little, and took my son out to the park for a quick snootful of air.

When we got back, Richie Zisk was in the act of hitting a homer for the Pirates off Tug McGraw on Channel 9, and the Pirates were leading the Mets by 6–1. The scoreboard at Shea showed that the Yankees had won their first game against the Indians, 9–3. The game in Chicago had resumed, with the Cubs ahead by 4–3 in the seventh; NBC had blown it. W. C. Fields had vanished from Channel 5. Apparently, Channel 11 was not going to telecast the second Yankee game; an Abbott and Costello program was on instead. The Orioles would not play until evening. . . .

Three nights later, again via TV, I saw the Yankees lose to the Brewers, 3–2, in Milwaukee. There were no interruptions this time, no escape. The Yankees led for a while. It was terrifically cold in Milwaukee, and the stands there were almost deserted. The Orioles had beaten the Tigers in Detroit that afternoon, and the Yanks trailed in the standings by a game and a half; a loss here would do them in. (The Red Sox were finished.) In the eighth, a long drive to right field was misplayed by Maddox and Piniella, and the Brewers tied the game at 2–2. The ball could have been caught by Bobby Murcer, the regular right fielder, but he was absent because of the injury he had suffered in that hotel-lobby scrap. (None of the Yankee telecasters explained this; baseball announcers work for the club and are not encouraged to give out bad news.) In the bottom of the tenth, Milwaukee shortstop Jack Lind doubled to right. He was sacrificed to third by John Vukovich. There was an intentional walk to Don Money, and then another walk, to Sixto Lezcano, loaded the bases. The Yankee broadcasters spoke in whispers. I had never *heard* of Lind, Vukovich, or Lezcano. George Scott came up and hit the first pitch into center field for a single, and it was over.

THE playoffs were swift, tasty, light—a confection of baseball pleasures. I went first to Pittsburgh, and repeated a favorite autumn stroll of mine—over the Fort Duquesne Bridge to Three Rivers Stadium, with the water taxis churning up the sparkling Allegheny below, the sound of a band playing somewhere, the eager early arrivals filing along quietly together, and our expectation almost visible in the soft sunshine. Most of all, I looked forward to watching the

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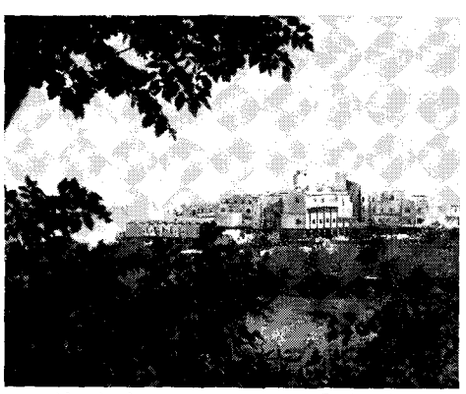

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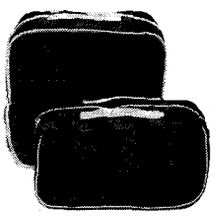

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Dodgers, a young and wonderfully talented club that had led its division all year and had fought off a scary challenge by the Cincinnati Reds that was a good deal too reminiscent of the late charge to which Los Angeles succumbed the summer before. This year, the Reds had closed to within a game and a half of the Dodgers on September 15th, but a grand-slam homer by Dodger outfielder Jimmy Wynn had beaten them that day, and, it turned out, had broken them for the year. The Dodgers had pitching and speed and power—they led their league in homers and collective earned-run average—and absolute self-confidence. Actually, their first-line pitching had looked a trifle thin ever since a disabling injury to Tommy John, their best left-hander, but there was Mike Marshall—Marshall almost every day—to take up the slack. The Dodger infielders had been known on occasion to terrify patrons in the box seats behind first base, but they also had the boyish ability to pull off the plainly impossible play. The Pirates' record, by contrast, was built on plain hitting—by warm young bats like Richie Zisk and Al Oliver, and heavy boppers like Willie Stargell and Richie Hebner. *Their* pitching, never much to admire, had been weakened by the loss of Dock Ellis. The Dodgers, however, had not won a game in Pittsburgh all year.

All such speculation dwindled away and became perfectly useless in the course of the next couple of hours, as Dodger starter Don Sutton shut out the Pirates, 3–0, with four bare singles. It was a sight to remember—a fine pitcher working nine innings at a pinnacle of knowledge, strength, delicacy, and control, and so dominating the event that everything else that happened on the field became nearly superfluous. The Dodgers, for the record, scored once in the second, on a pair of singles and a pair of walks off Pirate starter Jerry Reuss, and twice in the ninth, on three hits and a stolen base. Sutton, a right-hander, was not overpowering; he gave up one walk and struck out six. Above all, perhaps, he was intelligent, adjusting every pitch to the precise situation and batter at hand, controlling the corners, throwing patterns—up and in, out and away, curve and fastball and slider—and reaffirming the enormous imbalance between hurler and hitter that makes baseball look so difficult when pitching is at its prime. Afterward, Sutton admitted that no more than four of his deliveries had disappointed him. "I'd like to write this game down in a text-

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book and use it for the rest of my career," he said. The performance could not have come as a total surprise to him, however, since it was his tenth victory in a row and his fourteenth in his last fifteen games. I had previously seen Sutton at Dodger Stadium in June, when he was suffering through a frustrating and depressing slump. Manager Walter Alston had left him alone, permitting him to work out his problem while he absorbed six consecutive losses. "It's just some little mistake," Alston told me at the time. "Probably his body is not in exactly the right position over his leg when he delivers. It's puzzling, but you have to be patient. Pitching is a subtle thing." That textbook of Sutton's, one could imagine, might bear the imprimatur of the Alston Press.

A few more Dodgers got into the act the next afternoon, when a 5–2 win for the visitors put the unhappy home team into a very deep hole. (Three losses in the Championship Series means elimination, of course, and so far in the series' six-year history a two-game deficit has invariably proved fatal.) Andy Messersmith, the Dodgers' only twenty-game winner this year, continued the starvation of the Pirate sluggers, giving up nothing but singles. The golden Californians, meanwhile, got on the board in the first with a ringing hit by their excellent first baseman, Steve Garvey (he batted .312 this year, had two hundred hits, and drove in one hundred and eleven runs), and again in the fourth, on a home run by third baseman Ron Cey. The Pirates at last roused themselves in the seventh, tying the game on two pinch singles, a sacrifice, and a hit by Al Oliver that caromed off Cey's glove. The deprived Pittsburgh rooters screeched hopefully at this little tippy-toe rally, and then lapsed again into miserable silence when the Dodgers responded *instanter* with three runs in the top of the eighth. Cey started things off with his second successive double (he was four for five on the day, with nine total bases), and then shortstop Bill Russell laid down a perfect, killing bunt to the left side, which catcher Manny Sanguillen threw hopelessly to third base. Then Crawford bonked a little handle-hit over the drawn-in infield, and Mota singled and Lopes singled, and Sanguillen added a wild pickoff throw—five successive hits and a little luck, too, but the Pirates had clearly been cracked apart by the pressure of speed and eager, winning baseball. Cey's outburst at the plate also looked lucky, until one noticed that he had driven in ninety-seven runs

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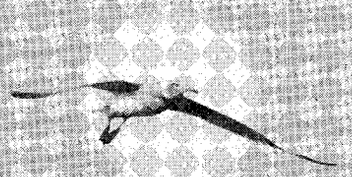

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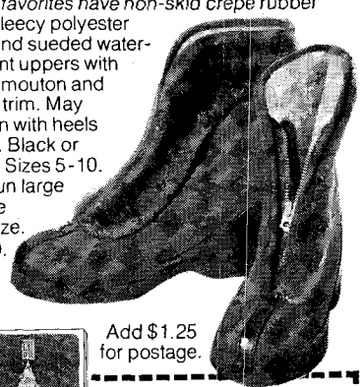

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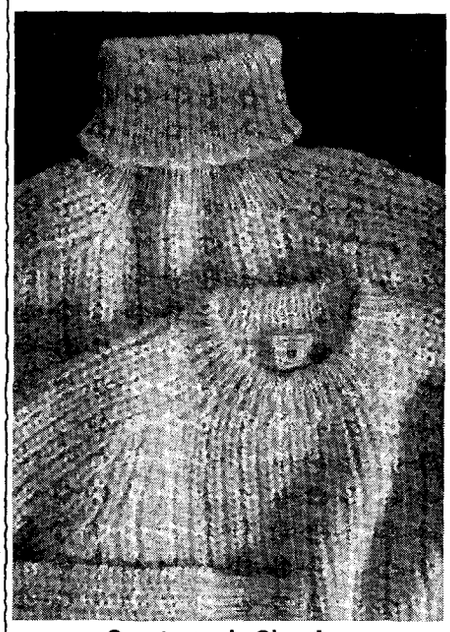
in the season—one more than Willie Stargell.

I now bade farewell to the two N.L. squads, who were off to Chavez Ravine for the rest of their exercises. (The Pirate bats, it will be recalled, came alive there for one afternoon, for a 7–0 Pittsburgh victory, in which Stargell and Hebner homered. The following day, the Dodgers took the pennant with a gruesome 12–1 laugher.) My next engagement was the renewal of the A's-Orioles playoff rivalry in Baltimore—by now an autumn event nearly as heartwarming and as poorly attended as an Ivy League football game. The teams here were back from the West tied at one game apiece; the Orioles, finding Catfish Hunter uncharacteristically wild and high, had whacked him for three homers and a 6–3 victory, and had then been stopped cold by Ken Holtzman, 5–0.

The pitching matchup in Game No. 3 looked unfair—Jim Palmer, whose Championship Series record for the Orioles was four victories and no defeats, against Vida Blue, who had never won a playoff game or a World Series game, being 0–2 in each category. Everyone knew Vida's pattern—blinding heat for a time, then a slight lapse in concentration, a few walks, a reduction of speed in favor of control, then a couple of telling base hits, and, all too often, another game gone. Absolutely true, except that here in Baltimore it didn't happen. Instead, it was Vida non-stop; Vida burning with concentration and impatience; Vida overpowering everything and everyone, including himself; Vida wall-to-wall. He threw one hundred and one pitches, all but six of them fastballs, gave up two singles, struck out seven batters, walked none, and came in with a 1–0 victory in less than two hours. It was another nearly awesome performance, but one that bore almost no relation to Sutton's game; one felt that the two pitchers might have been engaged in different sports. For that matter, there was still a third splendid and courageous effort—Jim Palmer's losing four-hitter. Palmer has been afflicted with an injury to the ulnar nerve in his pitching arm this year, and he now throws very few fastballs. All the same, he went the distance, too, facing only two more batters than Blue did, and the game eventually turned on a brief personal duel between him and Sal Bando in the fourth, when Bando fouled off several pitches and then lined a home run into the left-field stands. "I should have walked him," Palmer murmured after-

Alan Paine



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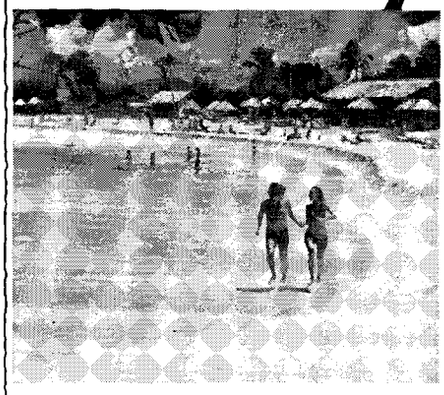

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ward. Manager Weaver, summing up Blue's great game, said, "Our best shot against him was ball four, and he never threw it all day."

Pitching is very nearly the whole story in the playoffs, and so it was again on the final afternoon. A one-hitter *must* be a pitching story, even if that hit is accompanied by eleven walks, even if the other team wins, and even if everyone in the stands is driven absolutely bananas by the anxiety and emptiness and disappointment of it all. Mike Cuellar, the Oriole junkman, is a famously slow starter, so no one was much surprised when he walked the bases loaded in the first inning before recording the third out. On this day, however, he never did find his accustomed groove on the outer fringes of the strike zone. Hunching his shoulders and growling at the home-plate umpire, he threw an intolerable number of near-misses and full counts, until at last, with two out in the fifth, he walked Bando, walked Jackson, threw a wild pitch, walked Rudi on purpose, walked Tenace by mistake, and was gone, responsible for no hits and no satisfaction. The other Oakland run came in the seventh, on the team's only safety—a double by Jackson that scored Bando all the way from first. Catfish Hunter and Rollie Fingers kept the door closed on the Orioles until the ninth, when a walk and two singles brought in the first Baltimore counter in thirty innings. But, with the tying run on third base and the Oriole fans screaming and weeping and pleading, Fingers fanned Don Baylor, to win the game, 2–1, and wrap up the third straight Oakland pennant. California, here we came.

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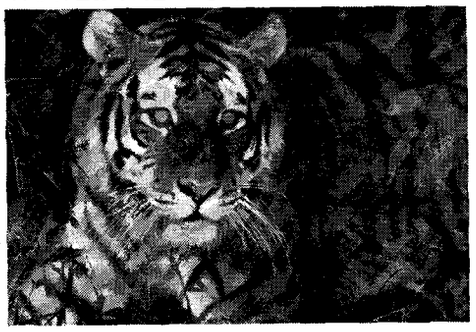

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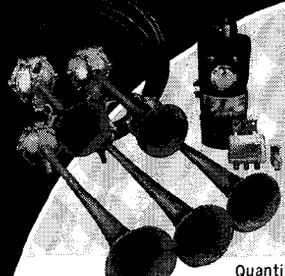

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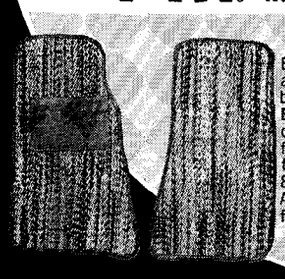

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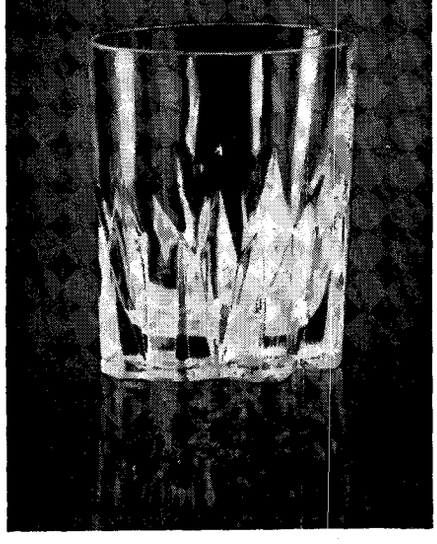

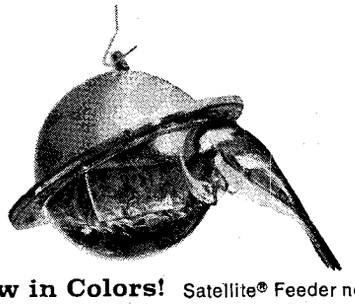

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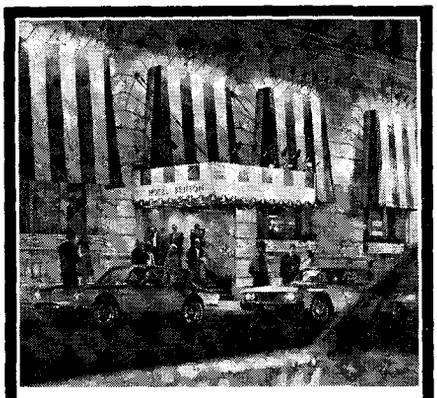
This dispute, however, barely quivered the needle on the Oakland seismic scale, and, in spite of the North-Jackson imbroglio, there had been some late-summer whispers that the A's were growing more peaceable and cuddlesome. This horrid possibility was done away with, however, when it was revealed that ex-Oakland infielder Mike Andrews had just sued Finley for two and a half million dollars over his forced retirement during last



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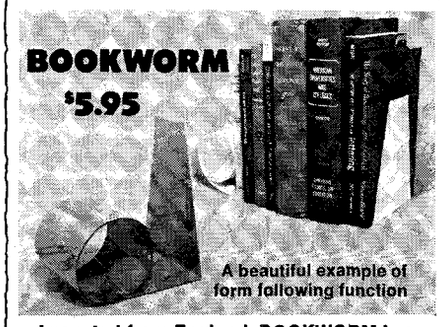

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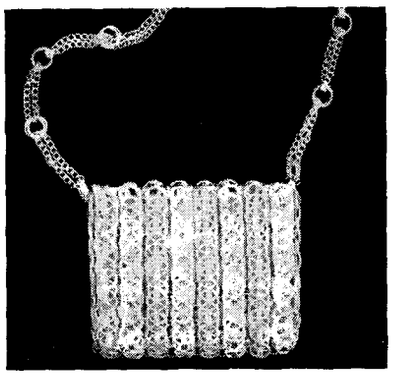
year's Series, that Catfish Hunter had commenced legal steps to force his contract release by Finley for nonpayment of fifty thousand dollars in deferred salary, and that Oakland pitchers Rollie Fingers and Blue Moon Odom had engaged in a clubhouse battle on the very eve of the Series: five stitches in Rollie's scalp and a sprained ankle for Odom. The Oakland A.C. was ready to play ball.

The opener, which the defending champions won by 3–2, was a busy and absorbing affair, crowded with events and mistakes and discussable baseball. There was Reggie Jackson taking up exactly where he left off in the seventh game of last year's Series—with a terrific near-line-drive home run muscled over the left-field fence in the second inning. There was Oakland pitcher Ken Holtzman, batting in his very first game of the year, rapping a double to left—his third two-bagger in his last four Series games; he proceeded to third on a wild pitch by Andy Messersmith, and was scored on a dandy suicide-squeeze bunt by Campaneris. Dodger dash brought in their first counter: Davey Lopes, on base after a Campaneris error, flew away to second as Bill Buckner bounced a single over first, and when Jackson bobbled the ball ever so briefly in right, Lopes steamed all the way around and easily beat the throw to the plate. The winning Oakland run, in the eighth, was pieced together out of a single, a sacrifice, and a terrible throwing error by Ron Cey. The young Dodgers, as flashy as they were fallible, now produced the play of the game, when right fielder Joe Ferguson cut directly in front of center fielder Jimmy Wynn (who had a sore arm) to take Jackson's high fly and then unfurled a rifle-shot peg to the plate that nailed the tagged-up, on-thundering Sal Bando. The Dodgers scored again in the ninth, on a homer by Jimmy Wynn, and had the tying run aboard when Catfish Hunter, of all people, came in to relieve Fingers and fanned Ferguson for the final out. The Los Angeles fans went home stimulated and perhaps insufficiently troubled. In addition to the costly Dodger error and the costly wild pitch, there had been a mystifying failure of strategy after the Dodgers placed their first two batters on base in the second inning and again in the third; in neither case was there any attempt to bunt them along, and none of the four base runners scored.

Perhaps it didn't matter. It didn't seem to the next afternoon, when Don



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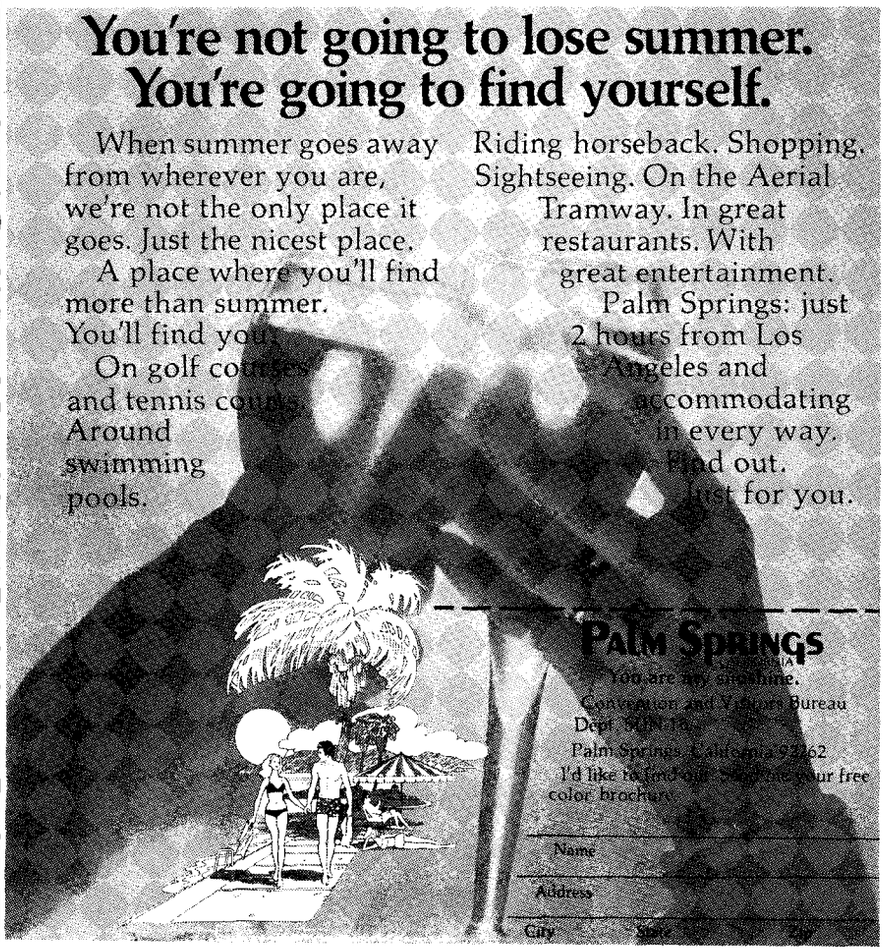

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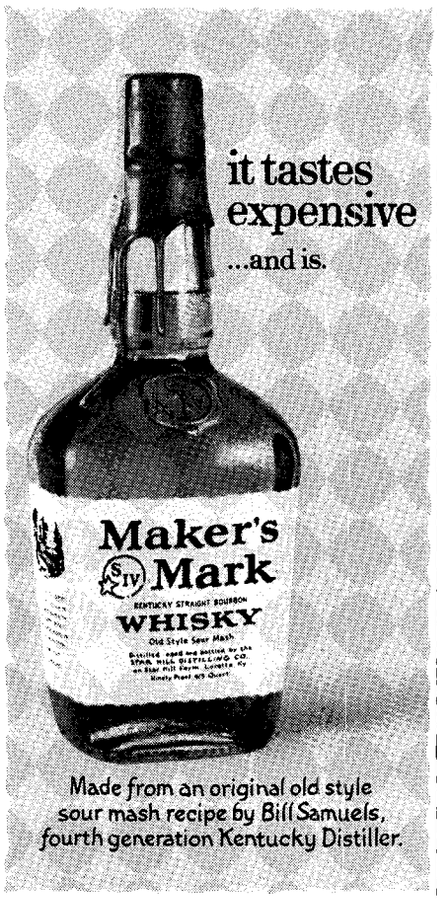

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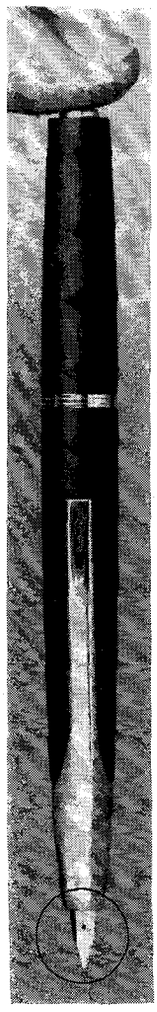

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Sutton and Vida Blue faced each other before the same enormous, sun-drenched multitudes, and the home side reversed things, winning by 3–2, for a split on the weekend. It was a quiet, minimal sort of game for most of the distance, with Sutton, now in quest of his twelfth successive win, having a bit the better of things. Vida, down by a bare run, gave up a single to Garvey in the sixth and then tried to throw an inside fastball past Ferguson, who redirected it over the fence in dead center field, exactly between the two "395" markers. Blue threw up his hands in despair. Oakland loaded the bases in the eighth on two pinch singles and a fielding error by Dodger shortstop Russell, but Russell now took North's hopper behind second, sprinted over and stepped on the bag, and got off a straining, anxious heave toward first, which Garvey backhanded on a short hop for a breathtaking, inning-ending Little League D.P. A better curtain was still to come, however. In the ninth, Oakland scored twice, on a hit batsman, an accidental, checked-swing double to left by Jackson, and a solid single by Joe Rudi. Reliever Mike Marshall fanned Tenace, whereupon Mr. Finley, suddenly aware of a vivid opportunity to trot his new hobbyhorse, ordered Herb Washington to run for Rudi. Washington now represented the tying run, and Marshall, who is known as perhaps the fastest pickoff gun in the West, sourly eyed him over his shoulder, exactly like Bat Masterson registering the arrival in town of still another uppity gunsel from the prairies. He stepped off the mound three times as Washington, swinging his arms between his knees in a nervous, amateurish fashion, took up a minimal lead. Marshall then spun and fired, Garvey made the tag, umpire Doug Harvey threw up his arm, and Washington, figuratively shot between the eyes, lay twitching in the dust, as 55,989 Los Angelenos cried "Ah-HAH!" in one single splendid shout.

Up in Oakland, two nights later, a pattern began to show itself—not just the third successive 3–2 score (this one in favor of the A's) but something woven more subtly into the texture of these games. Some miserable Dodger luck was part of it: two whistling Los Angeles line drives were hit directly at Oakland infielders and converted into instant double plays. Contrariwise, with two Oakland men on base and two out in the third inning, Reggie Jackson barely topped a pitch by Dodger starter Al Downing, nubbing it feebly but

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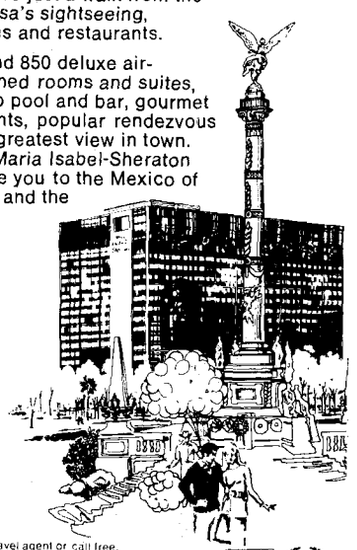

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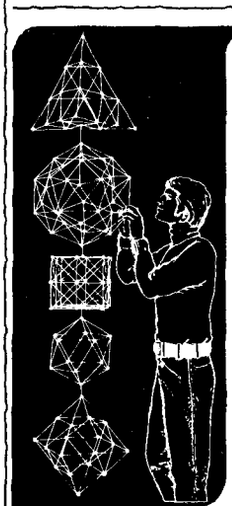

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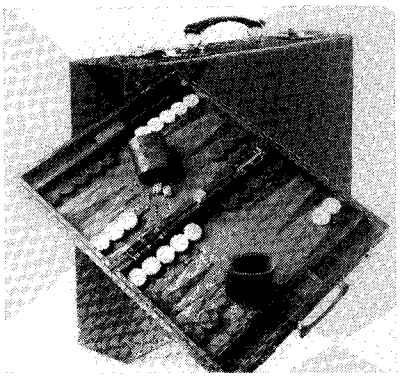
luckily up the first-base line; Jackson flung his bat away in disgust and raced for first, closely accompanied by Joe Ferguson (on this day the Dodger catcher), who lunged for the ball and saw it dribble off the end of his glove for an error. A run was in, and then Rudi hit a single up the middle that barely skipped under Lopes' glove, good for another run, and only the third Oakland run—a trifling walk-sacrifice-and-single affair—was earned. Catfish Hunter gave up two solid solo homers—to Buckner and Crawford ("I had some friends here from North Carolina," Hunter said afterward, "and they'd never *seen* a home run, so I gave 'em a couple")—but somehow it was Oakland that was now ahead in the Series. It was almost unfair.

Charles O. Finley, it must be added, did not fail to intrude himself into the proceedings. During that third game, we could all watch him leading the home-town hordes in banner-waving, or, up on his feet, joining in the fervent singing of "God Bless America" during the seventh-inning stretch. Then, too, the public-address system announced that Mr. Finley himself could be observed in his box, next to the Oakland dugout, *in the very act* of placing a call to President Ford, in which he invited him to come and throw out the first ball at one of the remaining Series games. The President said sorry, he was busy, but thanks anyway, and moments later we watched Charlie calling up ex-President Nixon—with the same result. The crowd loved it. (Charles O. Finley, I have begun to think, may be the last of the true populists.) Then, the next day, Finley abruptly benched and enraged Gene Tenace just before game time, replacing him in the lineup with another protégé and discovery of his, also named Washington—in this case, Claudell Washington, a twenty-year-old rookie outfielder, who, by the looks of him, may become one of the truly great left-handed hitters in baseball. (Charles O. Finley, I have concluded, is *never* boring.)

Game No. 4, both managers had stated in advance, would be the core of the Series, and its core inning, it turned out, was the bottom of the sixth. The Dodgers were leading by then, 2–1, thanks to a triple by Bill Russell; Ken Holtzman had accounted for the Oakland score with another personal editorial on the subject of the designated hitter—this time, a home run. In Dodger retrospect, the Oakland sixth may have turned



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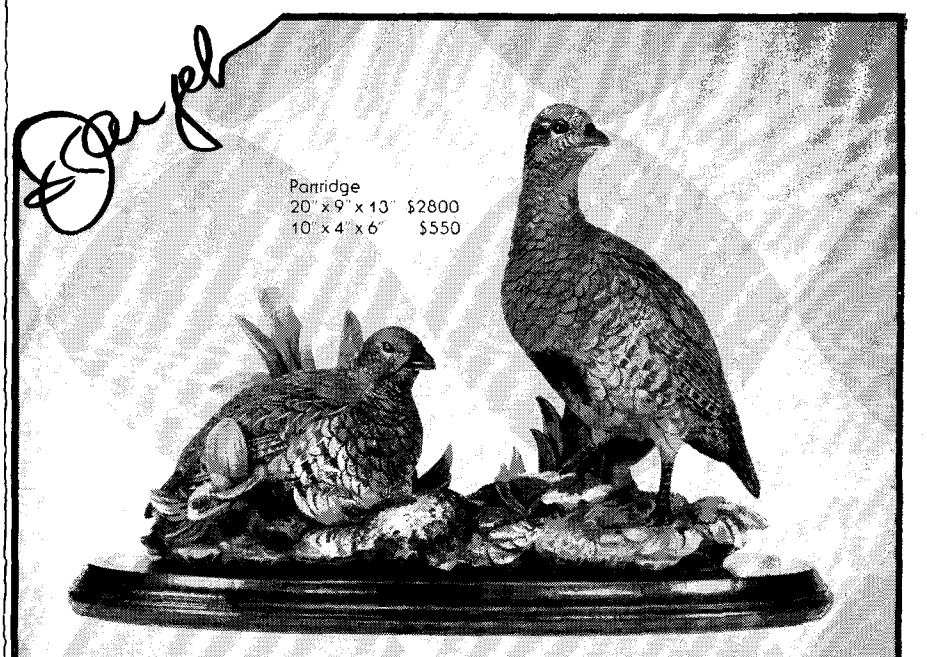

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on a trifling mistake by Andy Messersmith, who made a bad pickoff throw that allowed North to move along to second base, with none out. Or perhaps it was Bando's lucky, blooped, wrong-field single to right (his first hit of the entire Series), or possibly the unfortunate walk to Jackson that came next. Nothing much could be done about the surprising but excellent sacrifice bunt that Joe Rudi now laid down (Rudi *bunting*?), which in turn, of course, required an intentional walk to the next man, and set up the only solid blow of the rally—a pinch single by Jim Holt. There was hardly anything to the whole business, then, except that four runs were in (Was that right—*four*?) and the game, now somehow at 5–2, was nearly gone. It vanished forever in the top of the ninth, on a fantastic sliding, lunging stop by Oakland second baseman Dick Green, who flipped to Campaneris from the dirt to begin a killing double play. These A's knew how to *execute*.

The pattern continued right to the end—a pattern of little Dodger mistakes, nearly forgivable errors or youthful lapses in judgment, and deadly, coldly retributive, winning play by the old and now doubly renewed champions. Rarely had any World Series offered so many plain lessons in winning baseball, or such an instructive moral drama about the uses of baseball luck and the precision with which experienced, opportunistic veterans can pry open a tough, gnarled, closed-up game and extract from it the stuff of victory. In that fifth and final game, Dodger catcher Steve Yeager committed a throwing error in the very first inning, allowing Bill North to move along to third, and to score, a moment later, on a sacrifice fly. Ray Fosse's homer off Don Sutton made it 2–0, but the Dodgers responded, bravely and necessarily, in the sixth—a pinch double by Tom Paciorek, a walk, a fine sacrifice bunt, a fly ball, and a single by Garvey (his eighth hit of the Series). The game was tied, 2–2.

The next bit of Dodger bad luck was not instantly recognizable, for it consisted of a brief final flurry of violence—a small shower of debris and bottleware from the left-field stands directed at outfielder Bill Buckner, which delayed the game for perhaps six minutes. The Dodger pitcher was now Marshall again, and, curiously, he failed to continue warming with his catcher during the delay, which was his privilege—and, it turned out, his

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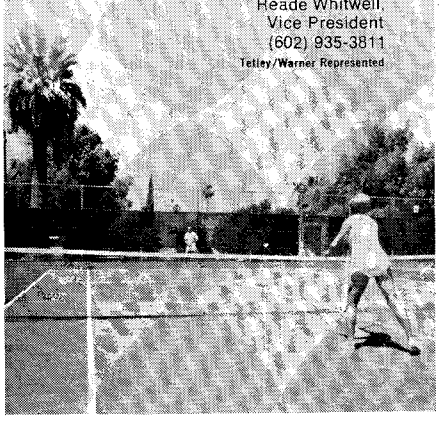

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bounden duty. The tiny omission was observed by the leadoff Oakland hitter, Joe Rudi, who cogitated the matter and concluded that Marshall's first pitch to him would not be anything fine and delicate like a curve but probably a fastball. He guessed right, pulled the trigger, and deposited Marshall's delivery in the left-field seats, for the last and biggest run of the year. The last big *play* of the year came a moment later, in the eighth, when Dodger leadoff man Buckner whanged out a solid single and watched it slip away from center fielder Bill North. Not content with this free trip to second, he turned the bag and raced madly on toward third, as Reggie Jackson, backing up, swiftly scooped up the ball and fired to the relay man, Dick Green, who whirled—the runner was by now no more than five feet away from third base—and cleanly cut down Buckner with a low, perfect throw to Bando, while Jackson and North exchanged delighted double-slaps back out there at the beginning of it all. It was a play to remember (the throw from the outfield to third base is always one that sticks in memory), a play to carry us through the winter. Bill Buckner, I am sure, will remember it much longer than that, and so, too, will Walter Alston, and so will Sal and Reggie and Joe, and Rollie (who had been chosen as the most valuable player in the Series) and Dick and Campy and Catfish, and the other green-and-yellow champions, who now so clearly deserve our praise and gratitude and whatever other rewards they can extract from their inventor and tormentor and unique leader, Charlie Finley. Nor will Alvin Dark forget. In the lathery, liquid Oakland dressing room, Bando grabbed Alvin by the arm and pulled him up on the interviewers' rostrum. "Come on *up* here, Skip," he said, grinning. "You couldn't manage a meat market!"

—ROGER ANGELL

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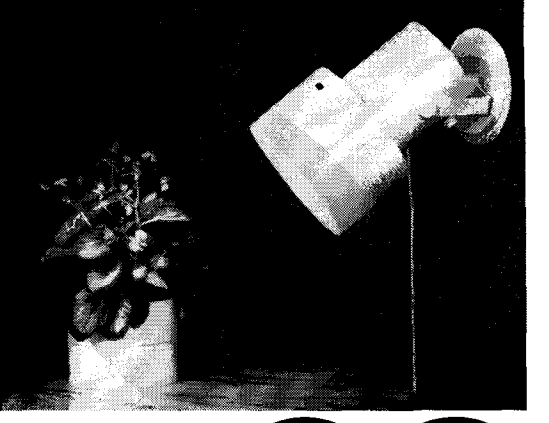

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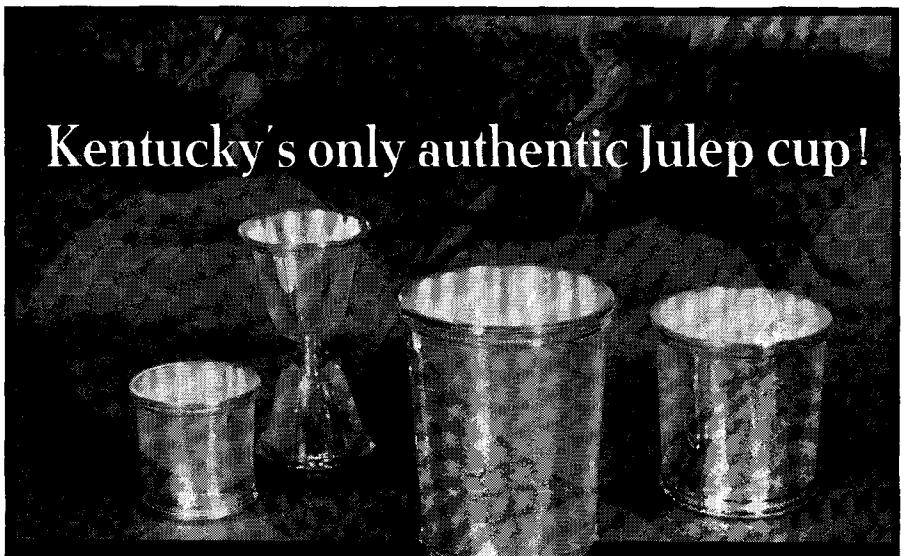

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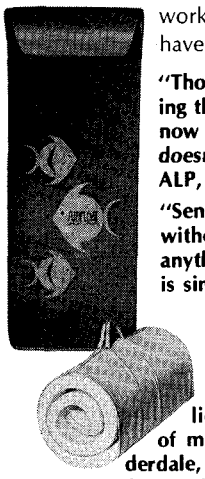

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

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BRIAN DE PALMA, the writer-director of "Phantom of the Paradise," thrives on frowzy visual hyperbole. When he tries to set up a simple scene establishing that boy composer loves girl singer, he is a helpless amateur, but when he sets up a highly stylized paranoid fantasy with gyrating figures on a stage and an audience that is having its limbs hacked off, you can practically hear him cackling with happiness, and the scene carries a jolt. De Palma, who can't tell a plain story, does something that a couple of generations of student and underground filmmakers have been trying to do and nobody else has ever brought off. He creates a new Guignol, in a modern idiom, out of the movie Guignol of the past. "Phantom of the Paradise" is a rock horror show about a composer, Winslow (William Finley), who is robbed of his music, busted for drugs, and sent to Sing Sing—all at the instigation of Swan (Paul Williams), the entrepreneur of Death Records, who has made a pact with the Devil for eternal youth. Winslow escapes from prison, is maimed by a record-pressing machine, and haunts Swan's new rock palace, the Paradise, where Phoenix (Jessica Harper), the girl he loves, becomes a star. This mixture of "The Phantom of the Opera" and "Faust" (via "The Devil and Daniel Webster") isn't enough for De Palma. He heaps on layers of rock satire, and parodies of "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," "The Hunchback of Notre Dame," "Psycho," and "The Picture of Dorian Gray"—and the impacted plots actually function for him. De Palma is drawn to rabid visual exaggeration and sophisticated, satirical low comedy. This slapstick expressionism is idiosyncratic in the extreme. It's De Palma's flukiness that makes "Phantom" so entertaining.

Though you may anticipate a plot turn, it's impossible to guess what the next scene will *look* like or what its rhythm will be. De Palma's timing is sometimes wantonly unpredictable and dampening, but mostly it has a lift to it. You practically get a kinetic charge from the breakneck wit he put into "Phantom;" it isn't just that the picture has vitality but that one can feel the tremendous kick the director got out of making it. And one can feel the love that went into the visual details of this production—the bird motifs, the shifting patterns of the interiors. De Palma's method is very theatrical, with each scene sharply divided from the next. He may play with crazy-house effects like a hyperactive kid, or he may set up a tricky scene with shrill, hot lighting—a magnesium flare—and have the camera circle some spangly, high-flier performers, providing almost a floating view. You get the feeling he's staring at them, as entranced as we are. His technique is inspired amateurishness; his work resembles what hundreds of student filmmakers have done, but there's a level of personal obsession which makes the material his own. Most student moviemakers are gullible: they harbor a naïve belief in the clichés they parrot. De Palma loves the clichés for their shameless, rotten phoniness. The movies of the past haven't made him their innocent victim; rather, they have wised him up. He doesn't just reproduce grotesque old effects; his driving, redeeming sense of humor cuts through the crap in movies at the same time that it cuts through the crap in the rock world. Few directors work in such a screwily personal way, but that sense of humor of his is like a disinfectant.

De Palma is the only filmmaker to have come up from the underground and gone on for years working the same way with a larger budget. In 1963, I was on the jury at the Midwest Film Festival which gave a prize to "Woton's Wake," a twenty-eight-minute film he made in 16-mm. when he was still a student. It had many of the same elements as "Phantom"—figures running from skyscrapers, parodies of early horror films. It even had the same William Finley. And it was funny in much the same corny, off-the-wall way. What it didn't have was rock. De Palma has done some bright, giddy work (as in the 1968 "Greetings")—almost like a revue artist putting together a collection of skits. His intricate sequences are like Rube Goldberg infernal machines—they buzz along and blow up—but in the past he hasn't been able to shape a feature film and keep the whole thing buzzing until it explodes in the view-

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er's head. However, rock gives "Phantom" a unifying pulse, and De Palma uses the score (by Paul Williams) so that the satirical points, the story climaxes, and the musical numbers all peak together—and sizzle.

Movie directors who break away from the conventional methods of handling material are usually trying to express aspects of experience which haven't been treated in film. But De Palma, like most underground filmmakers, didn't start with conventional methods. And what he's trying to do is to deal with his experience of maniacal movies in terms derived from those movies. From the way his scenes plunge into vacuity whenever he tries to show ordinary human relations it's clear that his energy runs high only when he lets his carny spirit and his movie-fed imagination take over. Back in 1931—a decade before De Palma was born—a character in a movie listened to a preacher's daughter (Barbara Stanwyck) and said to her, "You've got the hot spiel in your blood." What the evangelical rhetoric had done to her, movies have done to Brian De Palma. He's a movie freak with brains and talent. The faults and virtues are so similar in "Woton's Wake" and "Phantom," his eighth feature (all but one, "Get to Know Your Rabbit," made outside the industry), that it's evident that he hasn't learned commercial techniques. I doubt whether he'll ever be able to handle exposition or naturalistic scenes, and his dialogue is unsure and too casual, as if he were still a student filmmaker just playing around.

But this incompetence isn't necessarily crippling: it's in terms of the conventional standards of moviemaking that De Palma is an amateur. Cocteau said that the only movie technique worth having is the technique you invent for yourself. That seems to apply to the highest levels of artistry, but it probably applies to primitives, too, and it may be true for De Palma—not because he's way up there, or a primitive, either, but because he's so totally on his own wavelength. When he sticks to what he can do, he's got a great style, but he can't do the routine scenes that establish character relations and give a movie "heart." He lurched his way through "Sisters" trying to get by with expositional stuff that went flat. In "Phantom," the scenes in which Winslow shows his affection for Phoenix seem "obligatory," because they have no satiric edge; we don't care about them, because the director doesn't. A cutaway shot of Phoenix snickering

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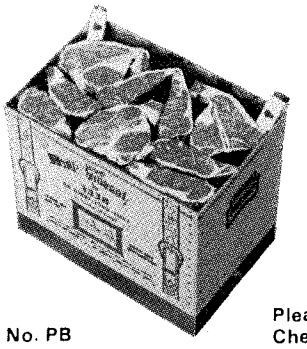

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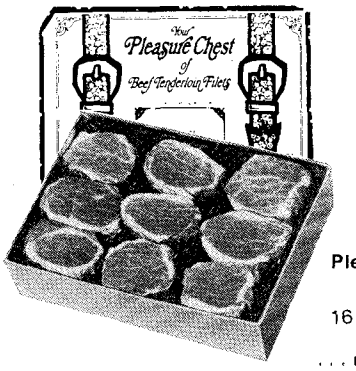

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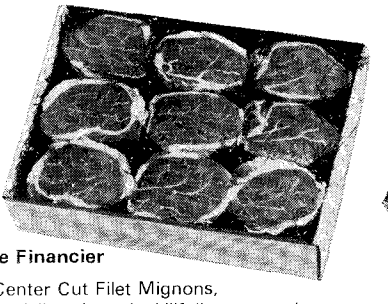

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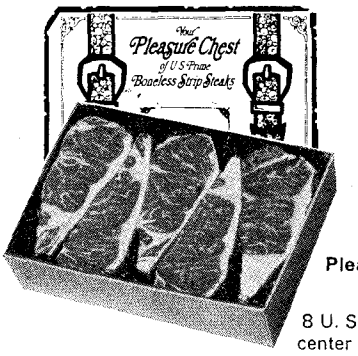

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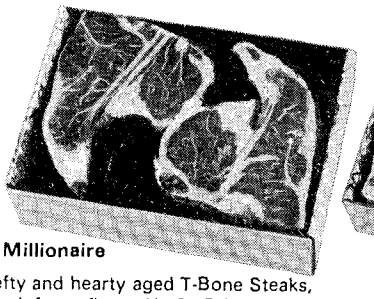

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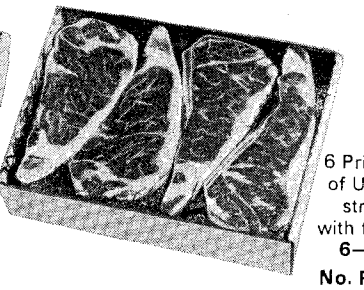

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when a male singer scrambles to stand up in his high platform shoes is worse than obligatory: it looks as if the director couldn't decide whether or not he was doing a put-on of klutzy techniques. It can't be simple boredom that blocks De Palma; probably most directors are bored by these scenes, yet they still manage to do what's needed. It must be that something in him (his wit?) fights the material. Maybe the answer isn't that he needs to learn the routine techniques for getting through the normal scenes but, rather, that he needs to let his own attitudes toward those scenes come out. He's being paralyzed by his own unexpressed feelings. "Phantom," fortunately, has so much spirit that it buckjumps right past the dead spots, but it wouldn't be so blotchy if De Palma weren't a little nervous about the hot spiel in his blood.

What with everything else going on in the country, the noise of rock and the goosiness of it have finally got to me; I can't listen to the new records—they affect me like the drilling in the streets. I've begun to get the feeling that maybe even the people playing rock don't much like it anymore, and that their energy has become false energy. But the rock beat still works for movies, and it works in a special way for De Palma, since he deals with acid-rock decadence and the youth-sell cons of the promoters—which are overripe for parody. Though the elaborately contrived setup that De Palma works best in doesn't always make his actors comfortable, it's dizzyingly right for rock singing, since it provides the same kind of turbulence that light shows do, only more so. The cinematographer Larry Pizer keeps the images full to overflowing, and the gifted young set designer Jack Fisk (he also did "Badlands") supplies striking takeoffs of the frenzied décor of German silent films. Probably no other music (not even Wagner's) thrives on visual augmentation and grandiose stagecraft the way glitter rock does, and De Palma and Fisk need only push the usual hype staging a few steps further to arrive at satire—provided the singers are also clowns. And they are: the picture's most immediate pleasures come from its singing comedians. As the music parodies successive rock styles from the fifties to the seventies, Harold Oblong, Jeffrey Comanor, and Archie Hahn turn up as three different groups—The Juicy Fruits, The Beach Bums, and, with black-and-white expressionist faces, The Undeads. These three performers and Gerrit Graham, who plays the pill-popper Beef, a rock

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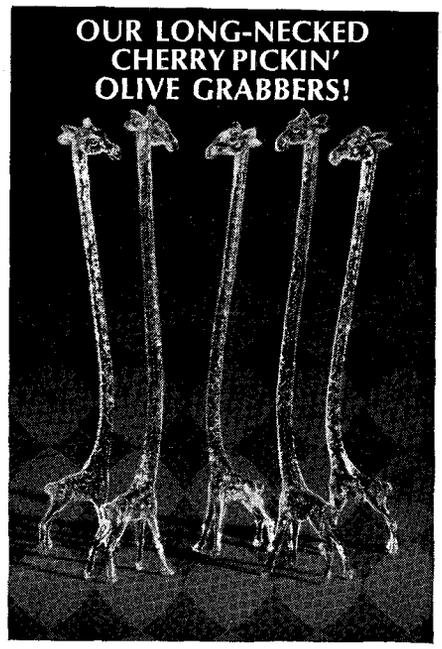

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Gorgeous George, are, by virtue of their gift for stylization, the picture's stars. Graham had some of the best scenes in "Greetings": he was the dreamily intense tall kid, the assassination aficionado who, in bed with his girl friend, traced bullet trajectories on her naked body. He kept holding up enlarged photographs that he claimed showed figures on the grassy knoll, and announcing, "This will break the Kennedy case wide open," until, finally, he tried to show the pictures to the girl, who rejected them, saying, "I saw 'Blow-Up'—I know how this comes out. It's all blurry—you can't tell a thing." That's a typical Brian De Palma ploy—a joke that douses a movie fixation and a political fixation with one pail of water. Graham's grandstanding singer in "Phantom," like Dick Shawn's in "The Producers," is a broad satire of theatrical hamminess—collegiate-surreal.

As Swan, Paul Williams, an actual musical potentate, with a childlike smile and a seductive pitchman's manner of speech, acts smart and on top of everything—but then, doesn't he always? Williams, who has composed such pop songs as "We've Only Just Begun" and "Rainy Days and Mondays," played the monstrously precocious child in "The Loved One" when he was twenty-four, and also played a child nasty in "The Chase." The musical parodies he has composed for "Phantom" aren't wizardly but they're effective. His Caligari-Dorian Gray performance doesn't always get the laughs that seem intended, yet without him the film wouldn't have much resonance. Despite Swan's exaggerated behavior, Williams, who bridges the two worlds of the satire and what is being satirized, remains oddly, limply real. Since Williams looks much the same on talk shows—pushing the same androgynous, soft-bodied creepiness—it is more than a simple put-on; we're not sure exactly how to react to him. There's definitely something going on when Williams is on the screen, but it's all unresolved. Maybe De Palma can't quite get a fix on him: Williams reeks of the seventies mountebanks' transcendence of satire—it's too soon, maybe, to understand what that is all about. De Palma is, understandably, more secure with George Memmoli, who plays Swan's chief thug; Memmoli's comic toughie, with his greasy roots in the fifties, is a classic burlesque type. There's not a lot going on when Finley's Winslow is on the screen. Finley has a nice cloud-borne quality in his opening song, and later he's acceptable

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(though not particularly scary or touching) as the mad, masked phantom, but he doesn't come across well in the wobbly transitional scenes. Finley's bug-eyed cartoon of a dreamy chump (he's dismantled, like Nathanael West's Lemuel Pitkin) isn't very appealing—maybe there's just too much grimacing in his acting. Tiny Jessica Harper, with a neat barrette in her hair, was a provocative choice for the corruptible Phoenix; she suggests both the demure girl-next-door passivity that would appeal to Winslow, the loser, and the essential amorality that would appeal to Swan. She's got a pixie-ingenue gleam inside an agelessly tired baby face—she looks like a débutante Adrienne Rich. Jessica Harper has a strong voice, and she gives her big audition number the right quality of hard seriousness (to contrast with the parody styles of the other singers), but she's disappointing in the scene near the end which makes her a star. Her white lace granny dress is unflattering, and her singing isn't impressive enough for the crowd's wild enthusiasm to be convincing. The fault is possibly in the music itself, though if De Palma had brought out her depravity in this number—if he had sent up the elements of her singing personality that knock out the audience—it might have been another high point. But he played it soberly straight, and that's where he always sags. The film has real zing, however; De Palma is a genuinely funny director, with a gassy, original comic temperament. Do the rock producers who use horror in their shows have a sense of humor? If they start niggling away at this garish hunk of slapstick with such face-saving, scholarly objections as "It doesn't come to terms with the lingua," the joke of "Phantom of the Paradise" could really bloom. —PAULINE KAEL

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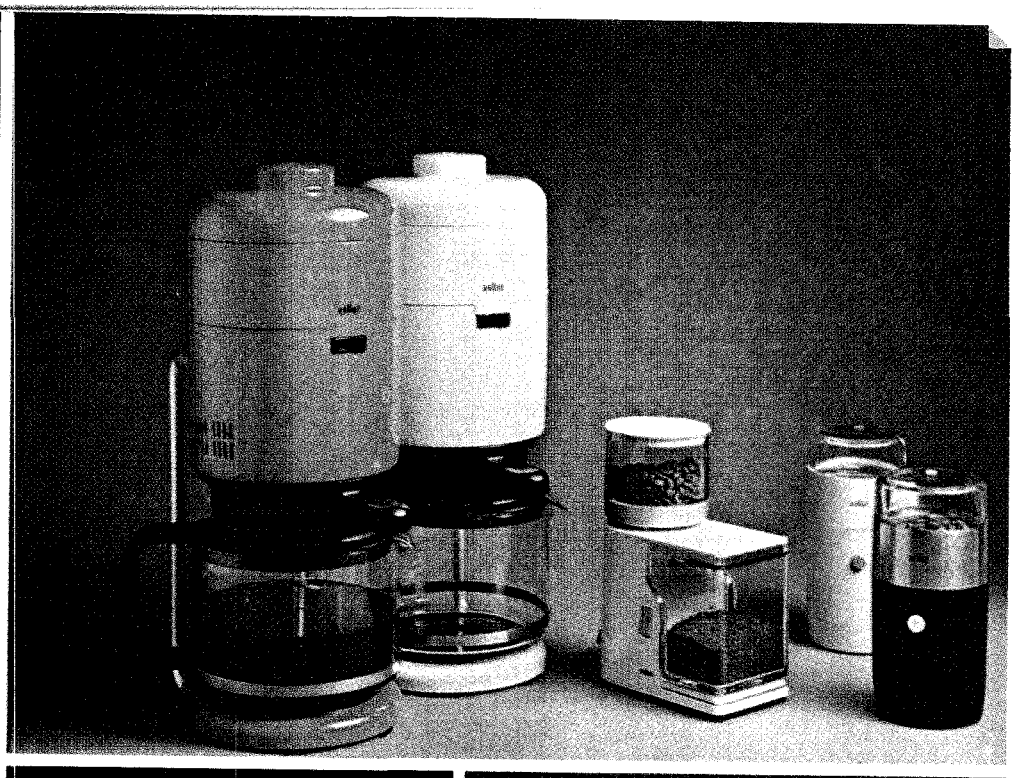

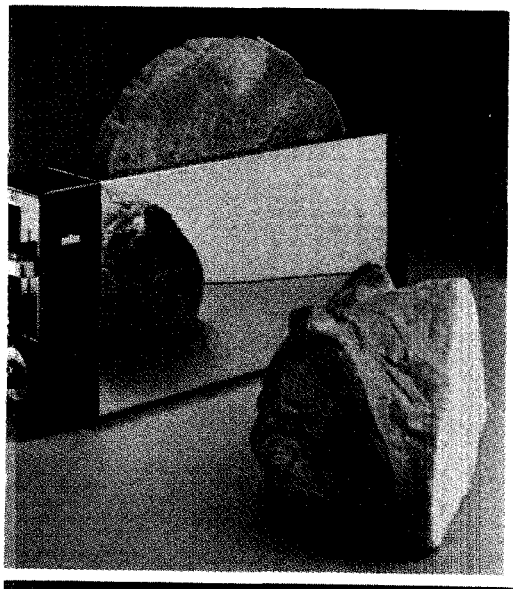

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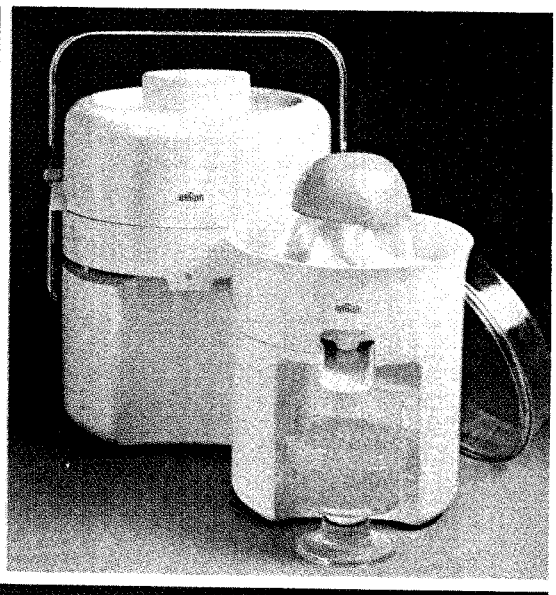

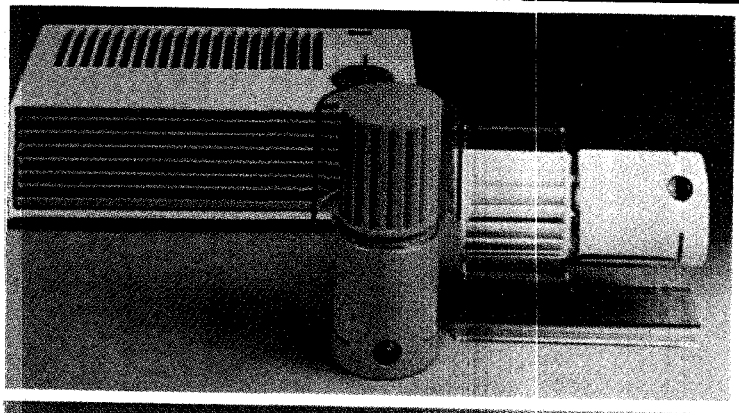

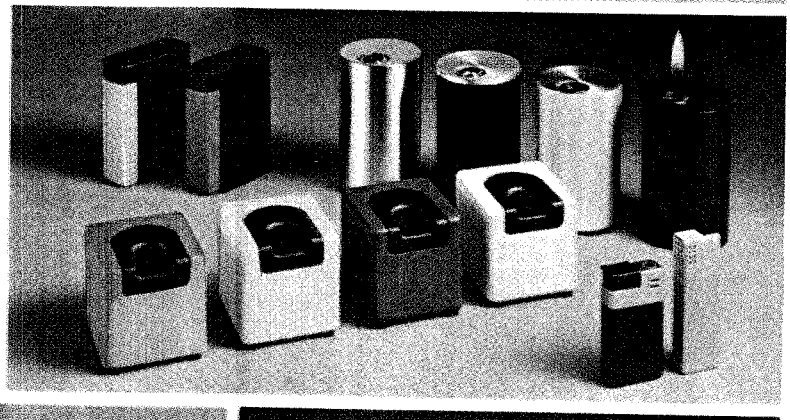

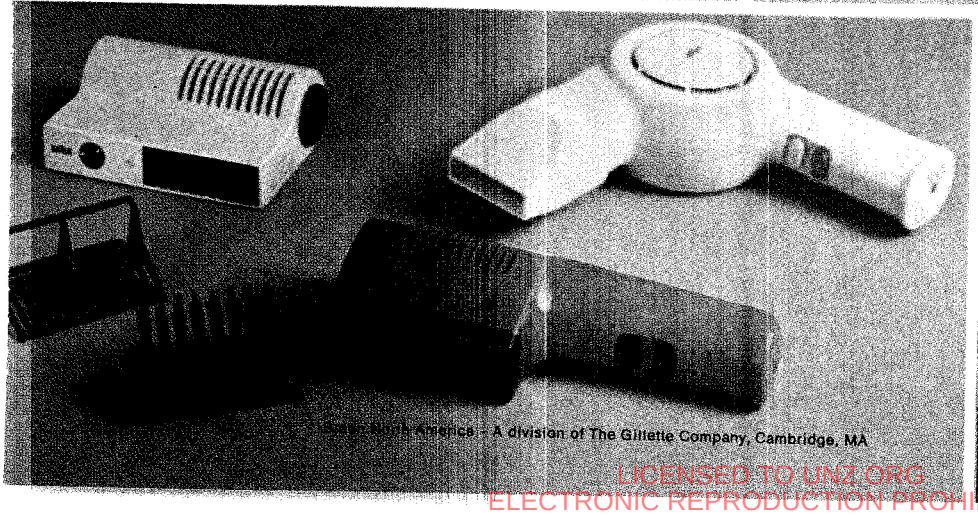

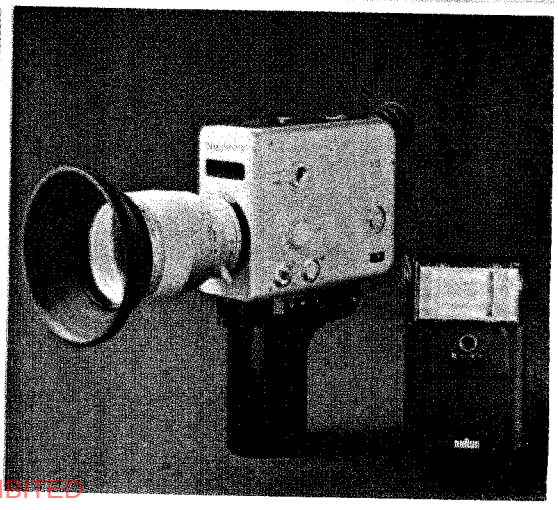

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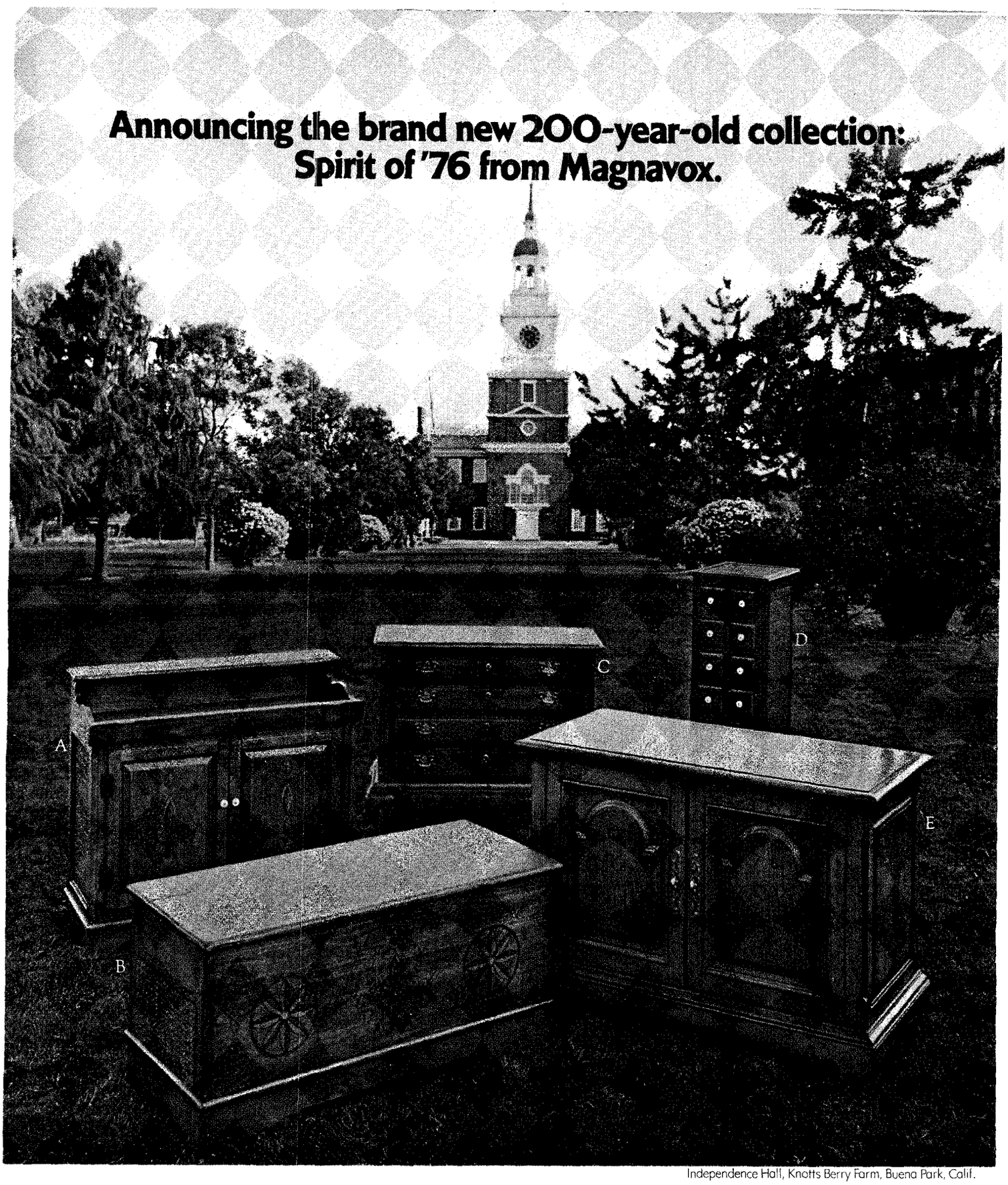

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THE AIR

Report from the Ice Age

WE'RE well into fall now. People in overcoats on the streets. Men selling roasted chestnuts. The remains of pumpkins on the insides of windows. There's a cold front moving into the Great Lakes area, the man on the "Today" show said. Snow flurries in the Mountain States. The skies here are clear and cold. Two men I know have lost their jobs this week—have been "let go." Also a great many other men, whom I don't know. The other day, driving back through an unfamiliar part of town, I passed by a truck-company depot—the employment office, as it turned out. Men were standing on the sidewalk, leaning against a Cyclone fence. Many men. Some wore windbreakers and clasped their arms in front of them. I remembered a line in one of John Steinbeck's books: "There's a certain way men have of standing about when they're out of work."

I WENT to watch the news at home that evening. Sometimes I watch it, sometimes I don't. There was nothing special about this particular night, which is to say there was no national event to attract my attention or to require my being further informed about. It was just an evening—an evening following a day. Perhaps I was thinking about the men I had driven by, although it's hard to say. News is news, isn't it? But sometimes I have the feeling that secret happenings of the *utmost importance* are taking place all around the country, or right under my nose—or, at least, on sidewalks as my car glides by.

THE news I chose was on CBS—a fairly random choice. The program went like this: First, there was a report, originating in Washington, that showed President Ford's visit to Mexico. There were scenes of official greeting at the border and of handshakes with the Mexican President. Mr. Ford's visit was described by the CBS correspondent as his "first step onto foreign soil as President." There were views of both Presidents speaking. President Ford talked of "a working partnership" and of the "new dialogue into which we have entered with all nations of Latin America." He said, "Let us today consider how we can coöperate in solving common problems."

Then, also originating in Washington, there was a tape edited from an upcoming CBS interview between correspondent Dan Rather and the Cuban Prime Minister, Fidel Castro. What one mainly saw was Castro's face, his lips moving, his own voice unheard as an interpreter spoke for him—a speech, or perhaps the long answer to a question about future Cuban-American relations. "At least, he [Ford] does not have the personal involvement [with Cuba] that Nixon had," said Mr. Castro.

Then, still from Washington, there were views of the Watergate coverup trial, currently in session—an artist's drawings of the familiar faces of John Dean, Judge Sirica, and John Mitchell, and of the jury listening with earphones to the White House tapes. Correspondent Fred Graham provided a brief commentary and quoted that part of the tapes which begins, "I want you to stonewall it."

There followed another Washington story, on another court case—the one that involved Mr. Nixon's attempts to get his tapes back. An artist's drawing showed Judge Charles Richey issuing a temporary restraining order against the government.

In New York, Walter Cronkite then said that the Supreme Court had refused to hear an anti-abortion case.

From London, there came a picture of Albert Pierrepoint, "Britain's chief executioner for twenty-six years," with a short comment by Walter Cronkite that Pierrepoint, after retiring, had come to the conclusion that the several hundred executions he'd performed had "achieved nothing except revenge."

Walter Cronkite read an item about the Greek colonels' being sent into exile.

From Portland, Oregon, there was a taped story about a threat (from an anonymous dynamiter) to blow up certain facilities of an Oregon power company. There were shots of a tall transmission tower. Also a statement by a power-company official on the company's refusal to submit to blackmail.

From Cleveland, there was a report on the eight National Guardsmen who were just going on trial for the

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killings at Kent State. The tape showed eight men in civilian clothes walking down a sidewalk toward the court building, where they were stopped by the CBS correspondent. "Are you scared?" he asked. "Of course," one of the men replied soberly. "This is a big experience. . . . I lost my job last weekend." "Why was that?" the correspondent persisted. "Because of this," the Guardsman replied, pointing to the correspondent and the camera crew.

Walter Cronkite announced that air fares to Europe were about to go up by ten per cent. Also that the Dow-Jones industrial average had risen that day by 14.94 points.

There was an ad showing a pretty teacher seated in a sunny and immaculate classroom and talking about her problem with psoriasis. Also a tire-company ad showing dozens of gleaming new cars speeding by, with close-ups of tires bouncing over obstacles on the road.

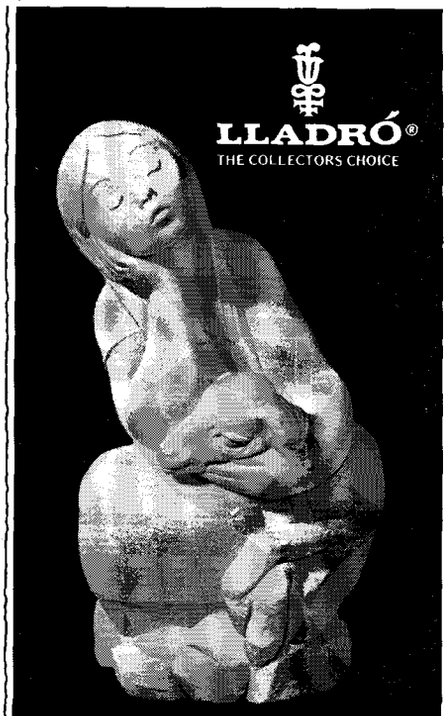
There was a longish taped report on the Colorado Senate race between Gary Hart and incumbent Senator Peter Dominick. Each man was shown making a short speech. There were scenes of Hart campaigning before young Coloradoans and of Senator Dominick riding in a car.

There was a report from Mexico on illegal Mexican immigration into the United States. A spokesman for the Immigration Department said that illegal immigration was on the rise. There were scenes of a village near Guadalajara. A spokesman for an American farm association said that the Mexican immigrants did the sort of work that Americans didn't want to do.

Eric Sevareid appeared from Washington with an analysis of recent Russian policy on Jewish emigration. He said, "The Russians have conceded, so Kissinger conceded; and Jackson is proved right."

In New York, Walter Cronkite concluded, "And that's the way it is, Monday, October 21st . . ."

IT had been a fairly typical day, and there was the news: the evening news. Big News. Was the news too glib or superficial? Was it possible to deal meaningfully with Kent State or Russian policy in a couple of minutes? I don't know. In some ways yes, in some ways no. The networks always say they have these *time imperatives*. They say they absolutely have to chop up the news *in a certain way*. Probably—just like anyone who keeps saying "I absolutely have to do it *this*



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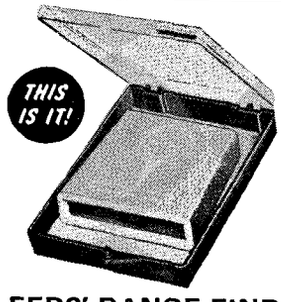

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way"—they're right and wrong. But the question I'd like to ask is this: *Whom were these news people talking to?* What world were they describing back to *whom?*

CONSIDER: There were at least eight High Government stories, which is to say surface accounts of events taking place in the top reaches of national or international bureaucracies—often in Washington or in foreign capitals, often defined by important persons talking in government idiom to other important persons.

Consider: Our President shook hands with the Mexican President and discoursed on international coöperation. We were given glimpses of two important government court cases in Washington. There was an item about the former Greek regime; about a Supreme Court ruling; about the strategy behind the Russians' Jewish-emigration policy. Even when the High Government figure on the screen was Fidel Castro—he formerly of the baseball cap and the Hotel Theresa chickens and the Great Experiment—one heard him speaking only the stolid language of "international relations."

When Walter Cronkite, evidently a kind and able man, said that transatlantic air fares were going up, whom was *he* speaking to? Most people in this country have never flown in a plane anywhere, let alone to Europe. When Mr. Cronkite reported the Dow-Jones average for the day (as CBS and ABC do each evening), with the implication that this was the definitive measure of the nation's business condition, which audience was he addressing? A nation of stockholders? Or of men leaning against a fence?

Who cares about Albert Pierrepoint, the retired British executioner? One doesn't mean to suggest that nobody cares. But *who* cares?

The Kent State affair and the Oregon-power-company threat were both stories that contained potential human material, such as might be communicated to a wide audience. But in each case the story was presented on the news as a glimpse through a remote, high-level, semi-official eye. With the Kent State trial, the "story" was really no more than the television correspondent's perfunctory view of the defendants, and his awkward questioning. In the Oregon-power-company matter, the report was confined mainly to statements by officials. The account of the Colorado Senate race showed two important persons running for an im-

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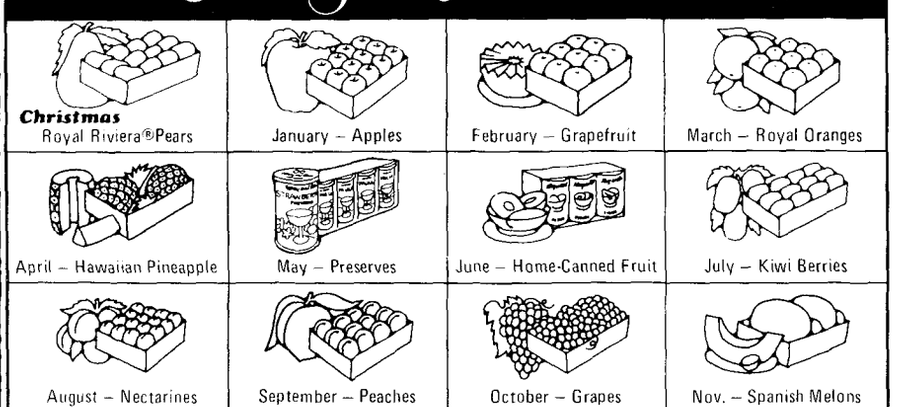

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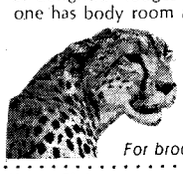

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portant government office, and quickly sketched in the "issues" the way one important journalist might describe them to another.

It seemed to me that the only "popular" account on the news that evening—that is, the only story that appeared to be about men, that showed men and was drawn from the common experiences of men—was those passing scenes of Mexican village life and Mexican field hands, which had been caught and relayed by the camera in intervals between the discourses of immigration officials, CBS correspondents, and farm-association spokesmen.

Perhaps the true "mass audience" for network news now consists of stockholders, television correspondents, high government officials, and Mexicans. One makes a joke.

BUT it is not a joke. Criticisms of television news have multiplied in recent years, as network news operations have grown in size and recognized importance. Intellectuals have criticized Big News for being too deferential to Administrations in power (which it is, although that's partly understandable, considering the broadcasters' legal and semi-legal responsibilities to government agencies); for being too slick and superficial in its presentation (which it also is, although that's partly understandable, too, given the networks' self-inflicted scheduling imperatives); and, in general, for giving the mass audience what it wants rather than what it ought to have—which, one gathers, is whatever intellectuals want.

At the same time, a far larger number of critics, but less articulate ones (who perhaps first announced themselves at the Republican National Convention in 1964, by booing the press at General Eisenhower's request), have been criticizing the "news media," and especially network-television news, for being leftist and Eastern and for disseminating the views of an "élite." Indeed, I read only recently that an organization with one of those fine-sounding, broad-based titles—the Institute for American Strategy—had accused none other than CBS News of "partial and slanted reporting." As it happens, I also remember reading that one of the directors of this impartial fact-finding group was none other than former Representative Walter H. Judd, who nominated Richard Nixon for President in 1960, and who campaigned so tirelessly seven years ago to try to prevent public television from showing Felix Greene's fine documentary of North Vietnam at war—but

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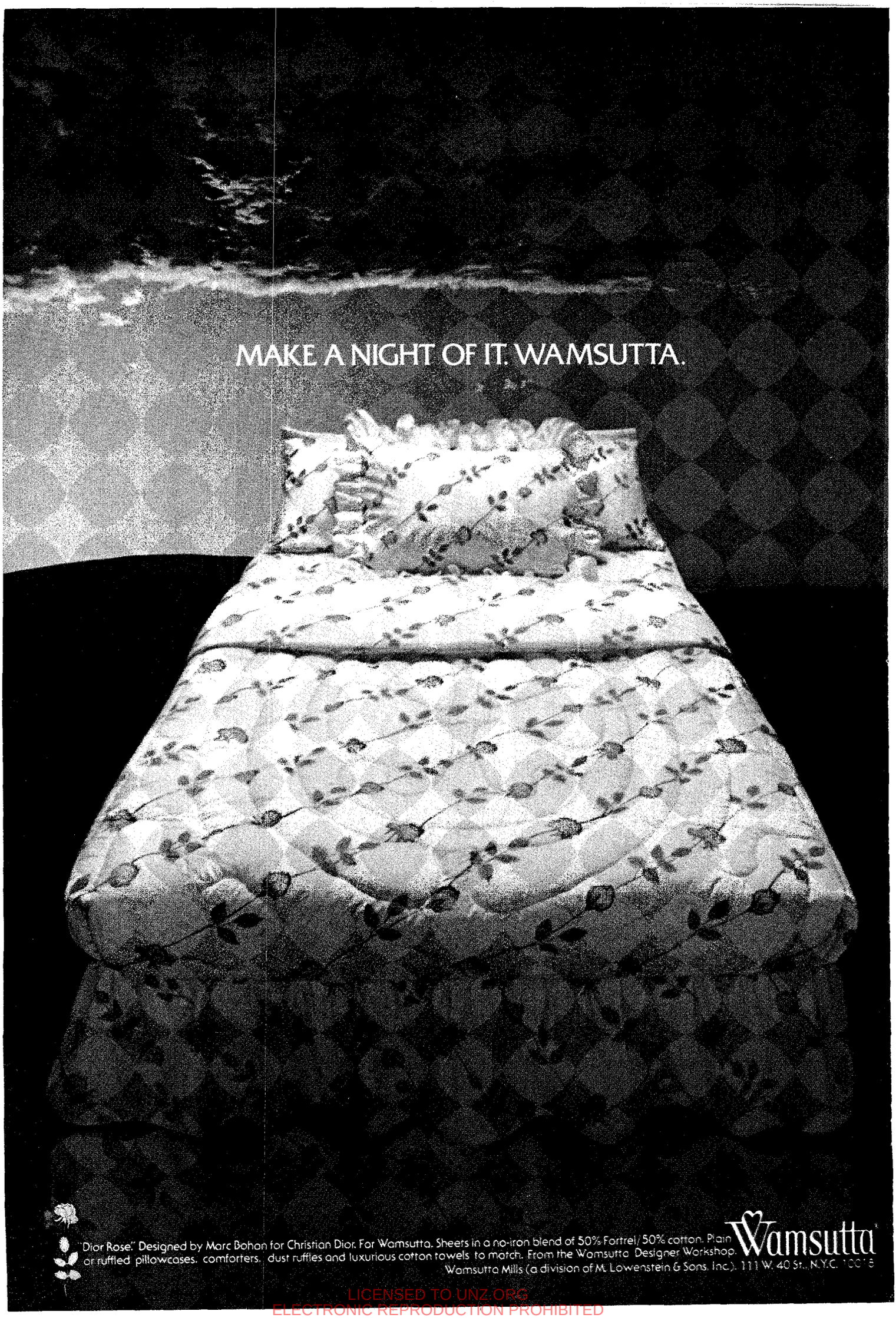

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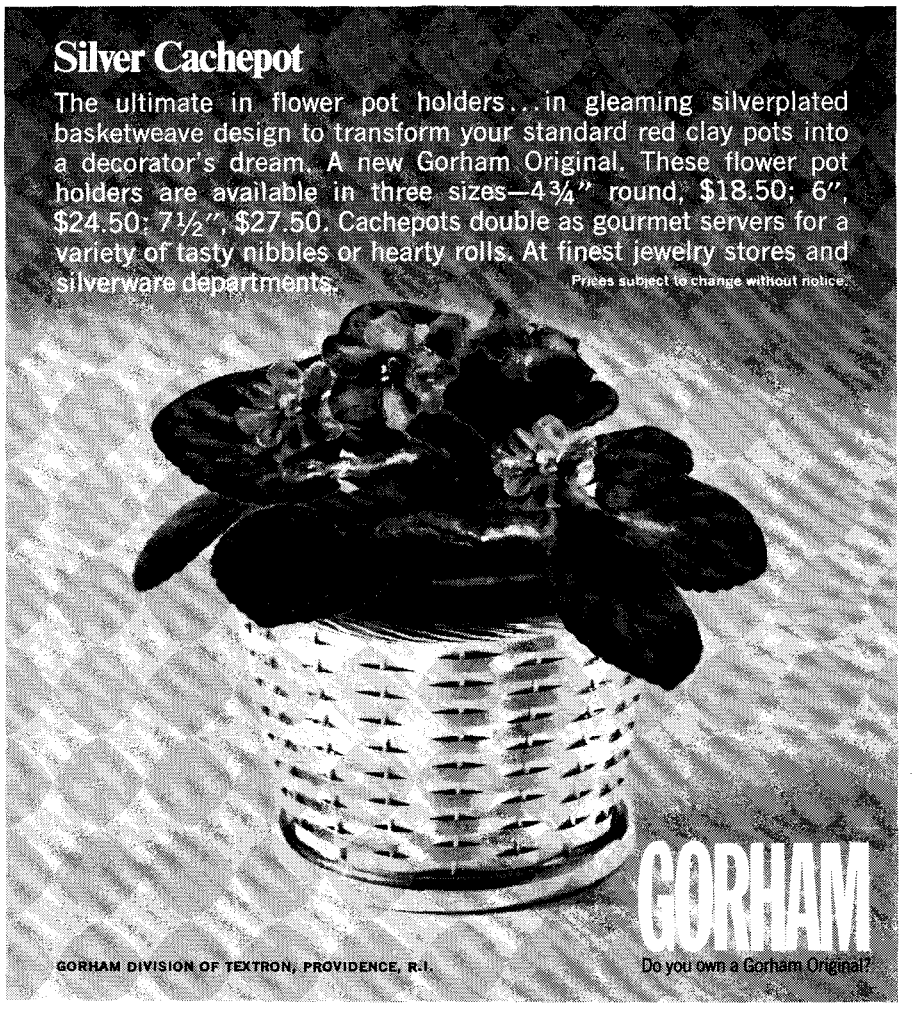
doubtless that's a lesser, partial fact, which is neither here nor there.

At any rate, to accuse Big News of being leftist or Eastern is usually fairly foolish—or, anyway, inaccurate—considering the irredeemable political orthodoxy of most television-news people, and the different parts of the country they grew up in, and the often witless lengths they go to in order to provide "balance" and "objectivity." But there is some truth to these charges of "élitism." That is, there is some truth *embedded* in the charges. The question is: What kind of "élitism"? What type of slant or partiality?

QUERY: How many times in the past five years—before Watergate and during Watergate—when serious problems beset a Republican-governed nation, when serious worries were in the air about a Republican-managed economy, when serious doubts were being voiced about a Republican-staffed Administration, did network-television news, armed with these problems, worries, and doubts, and representing us, the nation, betake itself and its question-posing *apparat* to . . . Republican spokesman Senator Hugh Scott? Answer: A great many times.

Hypothetical query: When the next ice age crunches slowly south across the continent, what person will we inevitably glimpse being interviewed each evening on our remaining television screens? Hypothetical answer: An official spokesperson for the Department of the Interior.

FOR, notwithstanding the genuine concerns of the Silent Majority, and of Walter Judd and the Institute for American Strategy (whose other directors include Clare Booth Luce and George R. Hearst, Jr., publisher of the Los Angeles *Herald-Examiner*), it is an odd sort of élitism that has developed on the public airwaves. It is an élitism, really, neither of the right nor of the left; neither of the East nor of the West, nor of the Midwest nor of the South. (For instance, as has been amply shown in the past few years, when High Government moves to Key Biscayne or San Clemente or China or Mexico, Big News moves with it.) In fact, élitism surely isn't the best description of what exists, although we are probably stuck with the term for a while. The trouble with network news isn't mainly its politics, or its slant, or its show-business quality. The trouble is that it has become an official news: an impersonal, high-level news; an establishment news, where the establishment



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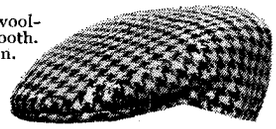

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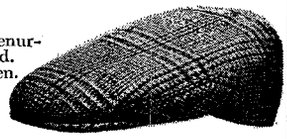

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"IT should be no surprise," said Walter Cronkite, "but air fares between the United States and Europe are going up."

THE census informs us of how many millions of people inhabit our nation. Television, we are told, is a "mass medium" and attracts a "mass audience." But what is this "mass" that our national news addresses each night—this news of handshaking dignitaries, of Washington, of spokesmen, of stock-exchange averages? Admittedly, the current theory (as it is conceived in Washington) is that local news programs should communicate to the "grass roots." But the difficulty with that notion is that in most areas of the country local news borrows the same official pretenses as network news, the same deference to bureaucratic importance, the same tendency to define the world through spokesmen, meetings, and official statements—only with not enough money and expertise to do it skillfully.

New York City, which is luckier than most American cities in this respect, publishes the *Times* and also the *Daily News*—which reaches more than twice the *Times'* audience. And so here's another question: Where is television's *Daily News*?

Did someone ask where is television's *Times*? It's on CBS and NBC and ABC, and even PBS, each evening—maybe a skimpier version, with less space, less texture, less intelligent reporting, but with the same kind of stories, the same world view. Besides, intellectuals aren't so badly off when it comes to finding news; they can usually find the news somewhere. But *who* communicates to the rest of the country? That is, who makes sense of the reality of the nation to the men and women who live in it—this so-called "mass" of men and women, which consists of such innumerable groups, subgroups, and individuals, and is the reverse of "mass"? Perhaps that's why so many people watch the sports programs and feel a rapport with the an-

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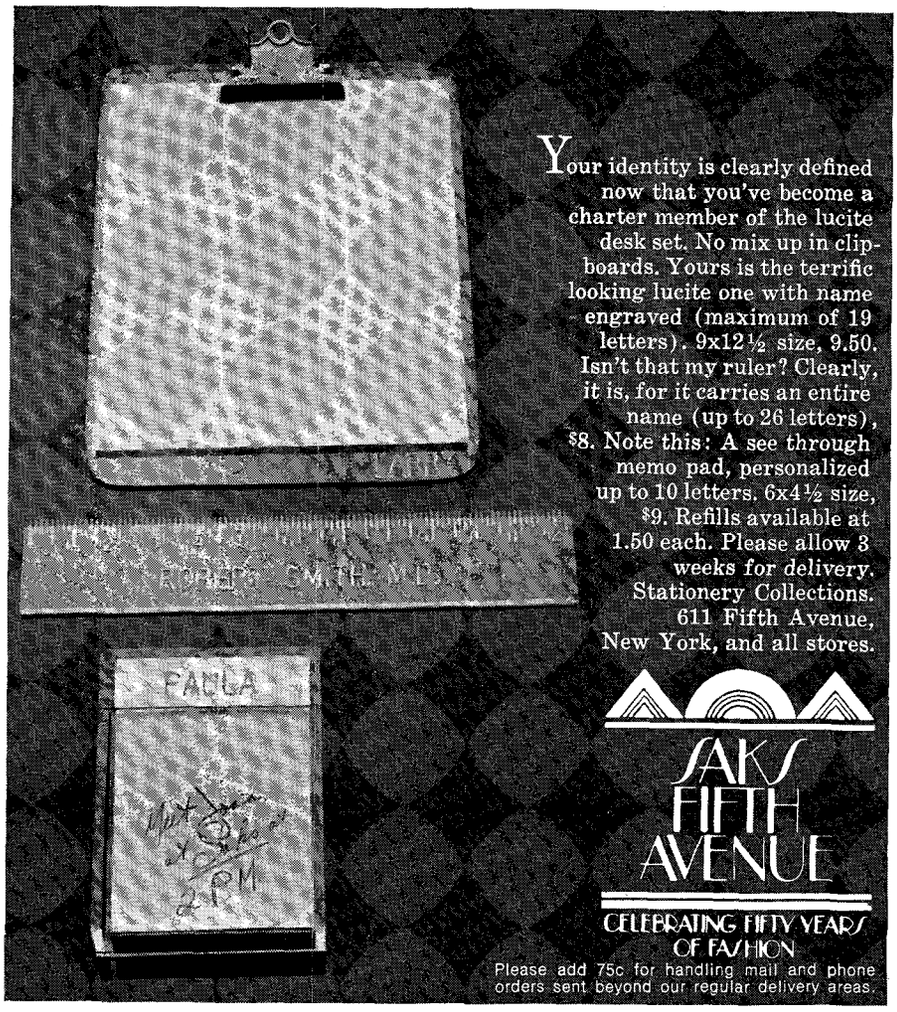

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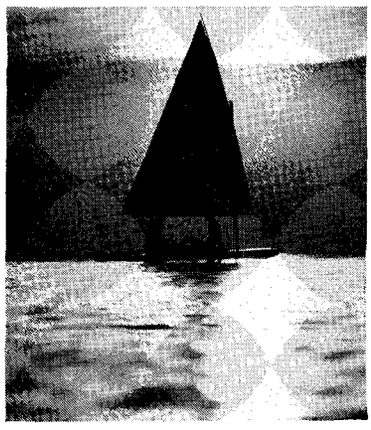

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nouncers—hang those signs and messages from stadium balconies. The sports announcers speak to them.

A FALL wind stirs the street outside. Bare branches shake in the wind. Sometimes I think that things of the utmost importance are happening across the country, or right under my nose. Under everybody's nose.

I wonder if my two friends will find work soon.

A man walks by, bent over, leaning forward. Maybe it's that cold front moving in from the Great Lakes, or a snow breeze whispering in from Montana.

It must be cold to stand all day outside a Cyclone fence. I expect you'd feel pretty strange doing that all day, and coming home, and turning on the telly, and seeing . . . seeing what? This *other* world. —MICHAEL J. ARLEN

•

TOPOLOGY

I walk dark alleys
even between wild roses
powdered with road dust

evening—
one clear lark call

behind it I hear
a wood thrush
singing in distant hemlocks

here, space
takes my breath

to China
where liquid light
rises in the bowl

and to some eastern barn
where cows—pilloried

over a trough—
turn straw
with thick tongues

in Holland they stand
to the knees in golden water

Ethiopian hands
plait black grass
into boat-shaped baskets

where I walk, the road
parts a field's stiff hairs

evening opens a door
in the mountains
letting darkness out

shadows stones cast
turn to swallow them

Lord, even at the bottom I know
valleys everywhere
climb

—CAROLYN STOLOFF

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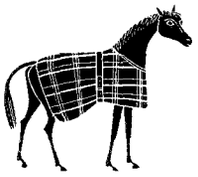
THE RACE TRACK

One for the Establishment



SHRUGGING off the cares of what's happening in the world around them, thirty-five thousand racegoers bucketed out to Aqueduct last weekend for a lively program in what was probably the finale of Indian summer. The best race of the day was the Knickerbocker Handicap, at a mile and five furlongs over the turf course, in which Shady Character, carrying the colors of Ogden Mills Phipps, beat the Rokeby Stable's John Drew by half a length. Mrs. Nelson Asiel's Crafty Khale, the favorite, was third. Five horses ran, but only three of them gave Shady Character a tussle for the $33,690 purse. The first was Astray, winner of the race last year, and then Crafty Khale, who finished second to Dahlia a few weeks ago in the Man o' War, and finally John Drew, who pressed the winner hardest. The Phipps family's horses, who dominated racing for years, leading some people to call the Phippses the Establishment, haven't been doing so well for several seasons—the Wheel of Things turns in racing, too—so I was delighted that trainer John Russell, who handles them, and who did so well with Fred Hooper's stable, got a break. He hasn't had much to work with lately.

FROM now on, all the horses running at Aqueduct are getting post-race blood tests to discover whether any medication had been given them before they ran. The State Racing and Wagering Board announced late last week that this procedure would supplant the saliva test, used for forty years. The authorities believe the blood test is a better way to check the body fluids in which traces of drugs—stimulants or depressants—can be found. The animals tested after every race will be the winner, the horse finishing second, and the favorite, no matter where he finishes, plus any other runners the stewards pick out; the first four in stakes races will be tested, and the first three in the Triple. To double-check, samples of these animals' urine will also be analyzed at the board's laboratory in Jamaica. The blood tests will be made at the New York State Veterinary College at Cornell University. Giving a horse a little help, as trainers call it, is a practice older than organized rac-

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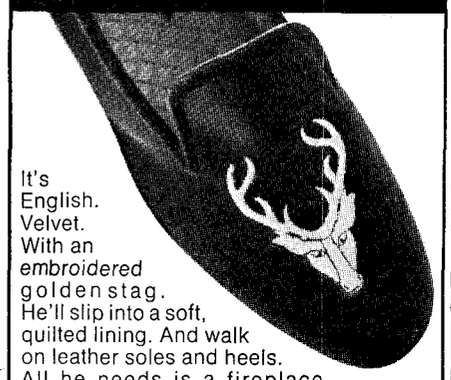

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ing. Books written in Colonial days on how to train horses and how to win match races have some interesting instructions and prescriptions, several of which call for quarts of claret and brandy. Nowadays, no medication of any sort may be given to a horse after he is entered for a race and until he comes back to his barn when it is over. Stimulation reached its highest point in the bad old days when bootleggers owned horses. There are plenty of us still around who remember. One trainer was famous for giving his runners what the boys on the backstretch called that old moving-van hop, which was powerful enough to move anything. And when another trainer was betting on a horse he was running, they used to say that the beast had everything in the drugstore in him except the combs and brushes.

FOR the second time in a row, unless something unthinkable happens, Dahlia is going to win the Washington, D.C., International, which will be run off at Laurel on Saturday. On their past performances, her opponents don't seem any more of a threat than they did a year ago, when she stormed through her field in the stretch to win by three lengths from Big Spruce, leaving half a dozen others down the course. On the book, Margouillat, who ran third to Allez France in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe at Longchamp last month, looks best. Right behind him is a colt named Marduk, who was good enough to win the German Derby, the German St. Leger, and the Grosser Preis von Baden. Desert Vixen came out of the Spinster Stakes at Keeneland, in which she was beaten by a head by Summer Guest, with a cut on one of her hind legs, but Tommy Root, who trains her, says it is nothing to worry about, and she's fit and ready to meet Dahlia. No doubt, but Desert Vixen will be running on the grass for the first time. CBS will televise the race nationwide (consult your favorite newspaper for time and station), and if you'd like a flutter on it the OTB shops will take your business.

L'ENJOLEUR, whom Jean-Louis Levesque shipped down from Canada, won the Laurel Futurity at the Maryland racecourse last Saturday. Sandy Hawley sent him into the lead in the last furlong to beat Wajima, the colt a Japanese syndicate gave $600,000 for at the Keeneland yearling sales last year. As they say, money can't buy everything. Still, it helps.

—AUDAX MINOR

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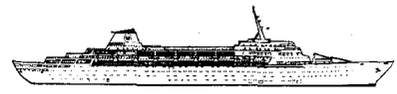

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Marvellous Performers

THE second-floor gallery of the Whitney Museum was packed—elbow to elbow, knee to knee, most of the audience on the floor, and many standing—for the first Composers' Showcase concert of the season, on Wednesday last week. The composer shown was Elliott Carter, the program his Sonata for Cello and Piano (1948), Third String Quartet (1971), and Double Concerto for Harpsichord and Piano with two chamber orchestras (1961).

Ears learn fast. Music of merit that when it first appears is hard to play and hard to follow may need only a few years to become readily approachable. Stravinsky's "Agon" is an example—perhaps not in this country, where from the start the score had, in Balanchine, its lucid interpreter, but certainly in Europe, where in concert halls both players and listeners grappled with it at first and then about five years later took it in their stride. Similarly with Carter's Double Concerto. In 1961, it looked—well, not exactly unplayable, since it was played, with Ralph Kirkpatrick and Charles Rosen as its apparently confident harpsichord and piano soloists, but very nearly so. At any rate, the London première in many places offered no more than an approximation of the rhythmic and dynamic complexities prescribed with such precision in Carter's score. How accurate last week's Whitney performance was I cannot say; since the main lights were turned out, anyone who might have wanted to use a score could not have done so. But there was no doubt that the players of the Speculum Musicae, conducted by Gerard Schwarz, with Paul Jacobs as harpsichordist and Ursula Oppens as piano soloist, sounded confident, masterly. Everyone was plainly on top of the music, not hanging on by the skin of his teeth. "Marvellous performers," Mr. Carter had murmured as he left the platform after a few introductory remarks. They were. The shape of the composition in time, balanced around its central Adagio, and its disposition in space, with the location or movement of each musical idea precisely plotted in

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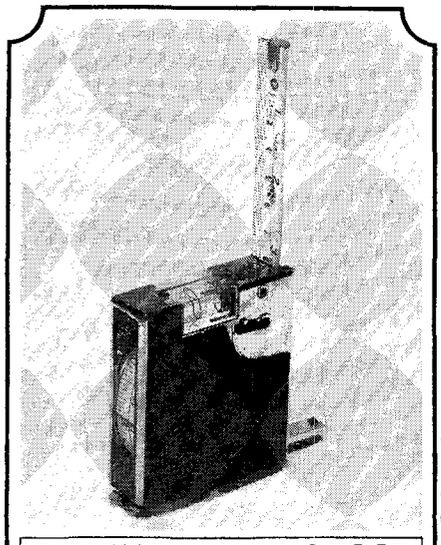

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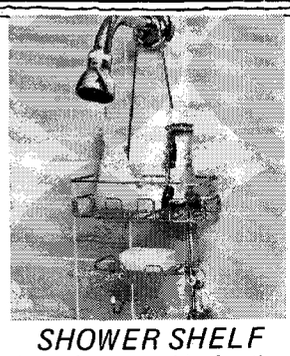

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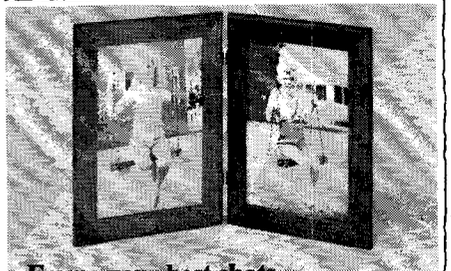

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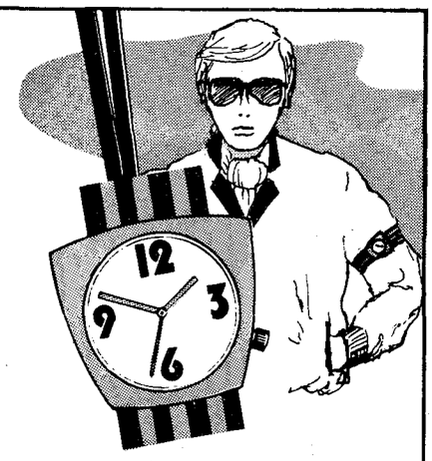
a score that is also a ground plan, became clear. One difficulty that listeners often have with "modern" music is, to put it very simply, uncertainty about the speed it is supposed to be moving at. A slow movement decked with rapid filigree may sound much like a scherzo; is that sudden skitter of darting fragments a change of tempo or merely a decorative gesture? Then there comes such a performance as this of the Double Concerto, and everything falls into place.

Speed, modulating metres, and particularly the interplay of lines that move against one another at different speeds, are things that have long fascinated Elliott Carter. In the first movement of the early Cello Sonata, he set the cello's quasi-rubato line ranging freely over a 4/4 tempo giusto from the keyboard. At the Whitney performance, Miss Oppens was a decisive pianist. Michael Rudiakov, the excellent cellist of the Composers String Quartet, was perhaps not quite bold or rhapsodical enough; maybe he was just a shade daunted by the difficulties that awaited him in the next piece, the Third String Quartet. In that work, Carter pushed rhythmic and tempo complexities to extremes. I described some of them in these pages when reviewing the first performance, by the Juilliard Quartet, last year. The four players divide into two duos—violin and cello, violin and viola—who pursue discourses rhythmically and thematically independent, yet set out (most of the time) between the same bar lines. The composer requires that "the two duos should perform as two groups as separated from each other as is conveniently possible, so that the listener can not only perceive them as two separate sound sources but also be aware of the combinations they form with each other." In the original Juilliard performance, spatial separation on the platform was not essayed; it would have added considerably to the hair-raising difficulties of first turning this score into sound. In the Juilliard recording (Columbia M 32738), however, separation was introduced by the engineers, channelling the duos left and right. The Composers String Quartet, who gave the Whitney performance, have found a way of bringing electronic aid to a live interpretation. Each player hears (though the audience cannot) a "click track," a tape recording that feeds, through a small earplug, precise information about what measure has been reached and where the beats fall. The device may sound inhibiting; in the event, it evidently gave the Quartet the



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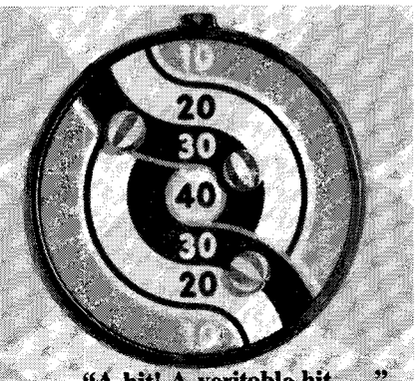

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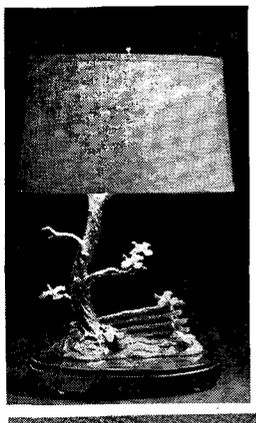

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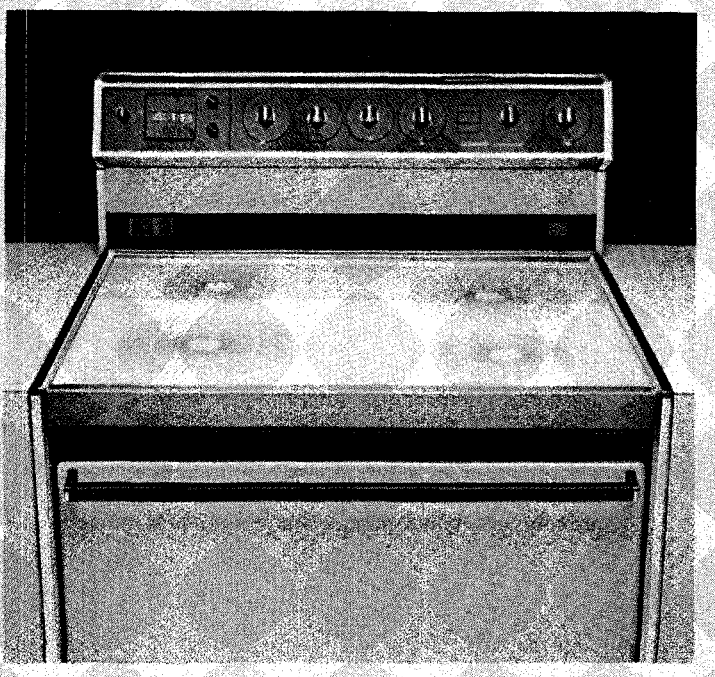

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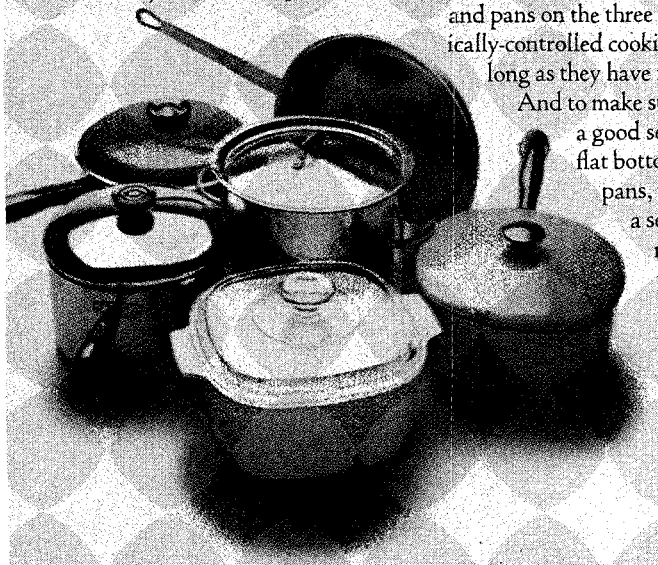

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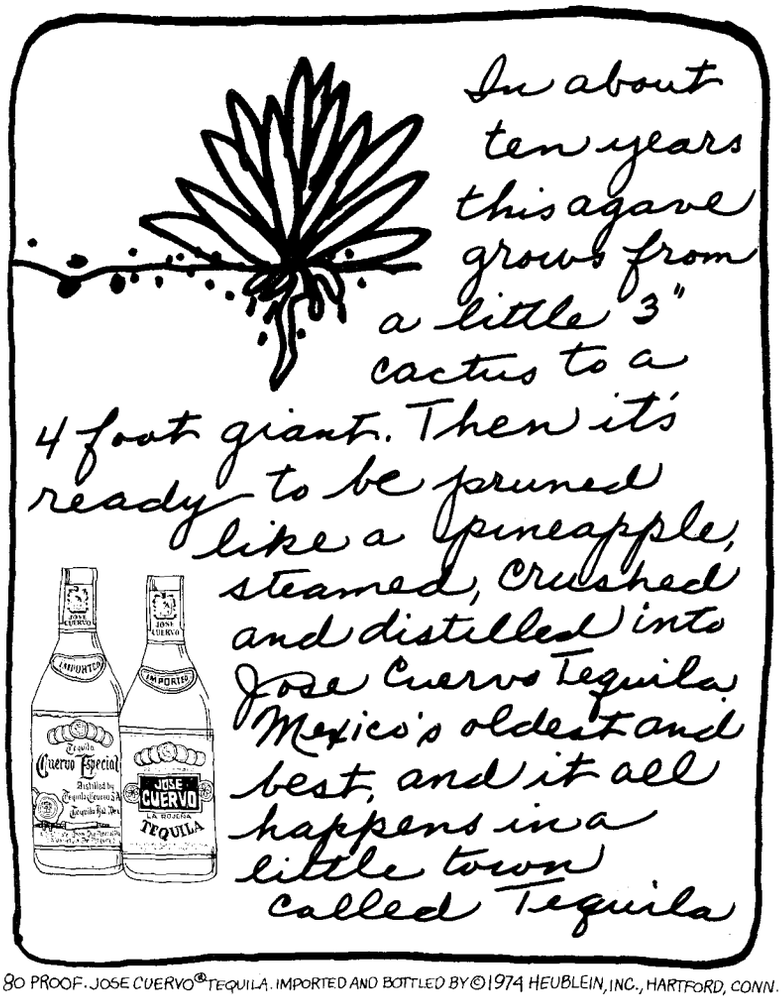
security to make possible a full, free, and uncommonly lyrical interpretation. The tape, first prepared with mathematical exactitude, was then adjusted during rehearsals until it could serve but not straitjacket the players' interpretation. Freedom is an essential part of the composition; Duo I is instructed to play quasi-rubato throughout. It is easier to move freely when there is no danger of straying too far. Moreover, with the click track as lifeline, the two duos could risk a wide platform spacing and not lose touch.

As a whole, the evening showed New York music-making at its best. Though the place was hot and uncomfortably crowded, and though a two-hour squat on the floor can be a strain, the atmosphere of communal enthusiasm was exhilarating. The performers were superb, the listeners attentive and appreciative, and the compositions among the most cogent of our time. How eagerly one awaits the local première of Carter's new Brass Quintet, given its first performance, in London, last month, broadcast on Ives' birthday. The next concert in the Showcase series, in January, will be devoted to George Crumb.

TWO days earlier, coincident flute recitals at the Carnegie Recital Hall and the Avery Fisher Hall both drew decent houses. I divided the evening between them. At the former, Doriot Anthony Dwyer, first flute of the Boston Symphony, introduced to New York Oliver Knussen's "Masks" (1969), for solo flute accompanied by an occasional pretty tinkle of glass chimes offstage. "Masks" is a dramatic, arresting, and ingenious composition in which the soloist's positions and perambulations as well as his notes are indicated; during a central episode, the monologue becomes a duologue, changes of "speaker" being marked by a swivelling of stance. But Miss Dwyer missed the wit and sharp characterization; she did not "act" the music or bring it to life; and she let go of the long notes too soon. Everything was uttered in a fat, full tone "enriched" by a slow, heavy vibrato. The same vibrato was applied, inappropriately, to a C. P. E. Bach sonata, and then to Ingolf Dahl's elegant, entertaining Variations on an Air by Couperin, for flute and piano. Karl Kraber, in Fisher Hall, was a flutist more various. Basically, his tone is light, clear, and steady; his musical manners are alert, lively, and protean—in contrast to Miss Dwyer's comfortable assurance. His program comprised Italian, American,



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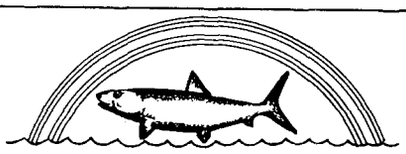

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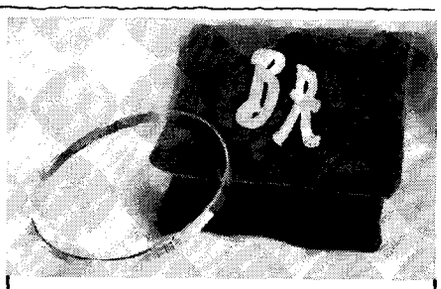

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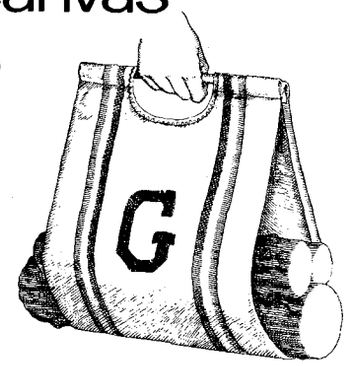

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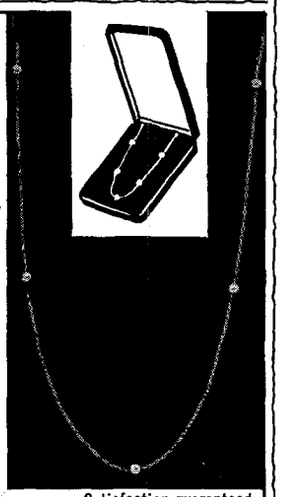

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and German groups. In the American group, Mario Davidovsky's "Synchronisms No. 1" (1961), for flute and electronic sounds, held the ear, as ever, with its imaginative inventions. Robert Moevs' "Pan" (1951) showed how hard it is to write an unattractive piece for solo flute—and also, perhaps, how hard it is to write one with the strength and distinction of Debussy's "Syrinx" or Varèse's "Density 21.5."

THE City Opera scheduled only two performances of its "Pelléas et Mélisande" this season. I attended the second—the best thing I have ever heard the company do. Richard Stilwell, the world's leading Pelléas, appears to especial advantage in this production, where Frank Corsaro has given the characters physical identity. Patricia Brooks' sensitive, delicate Mélisande is no fey waif, nor the sly, self-aware little thing of some productions, but a touching and credible young woman. Michael Devlin's Golaud, strong yet easily bruised, is no rough blusterer. All three sang well, and they declaimed the text clearly and with feeling. Though "Pelléas" is a *symboliste* drama, Debussy's setting is forceful, and feelings are passionately expressed. The City Opera version is not wispy; without crudeness, and equally without any attempt at prettifying, Mr. Corsaro presents the action and Julius Rudel presents the music "unveiled," as it were. Even if one questions details of Mr. Corsaro's staging—particularly his decision to play the first scene of Act IV in "a chapel in the castle" (Arkel's long address to Mélisande should not be a public sermon)—in sum this is probably the most gripping "Pelléas" to be seen today. Pierre Boulez, at Covent Garden, gives an uncommonly lucid account of the score, but in New York the drama as a whole is more direct, more precise, and more moving. The eloquent orchestra under Mr. Rudel was scarcely recognizable as the body that, two days earlier, provided such lacklustre, underpowered accompaniment for "Un Ballo in Maschera," conducted by Giuseppe Morelli.

This "Ballo" was newly directed, by David Hicks, in the 1971 décor. His handling is intelligent, pointed, and particularly striking in solemn, momentous passages: the drawing of lots to decide who shall be the assassin, the murderous gathering of conspirators around the king. The masked ball itself lacks gaiety, but then Eoin Sprott's scenery hampers any festive action. (The production is set not in Verdi's

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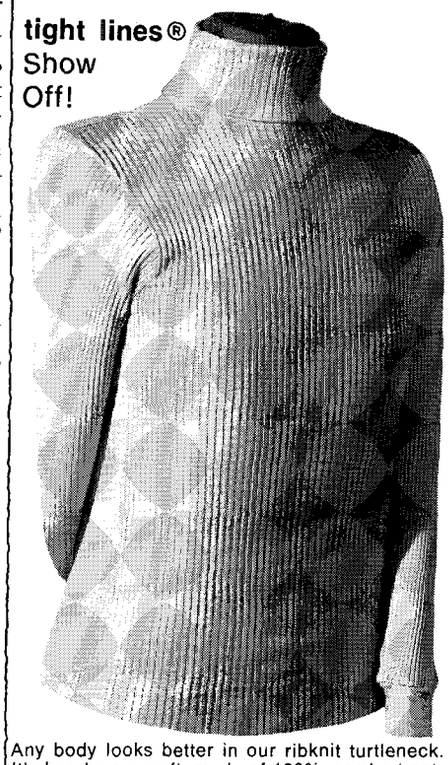

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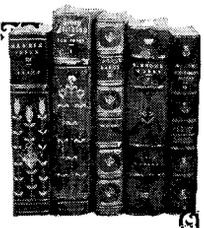

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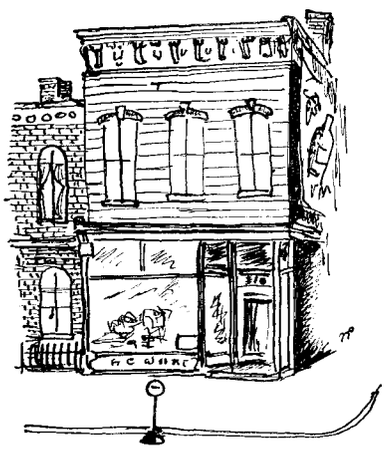
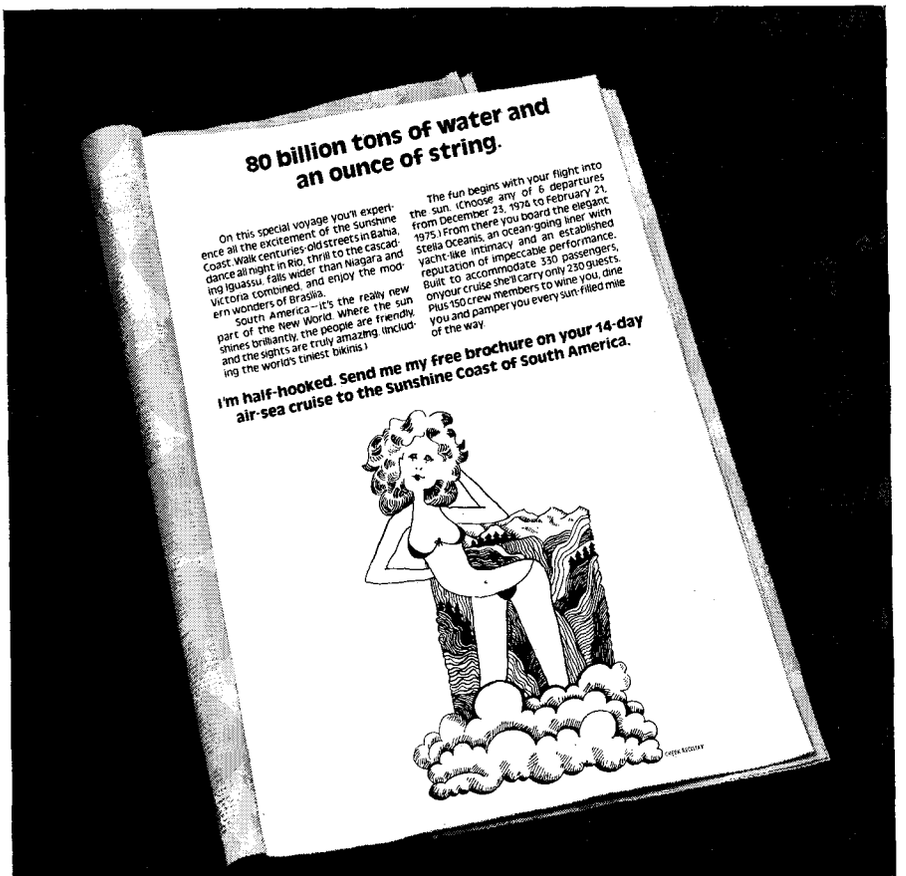
Pomerania, or in the Boston of the published score, but back in the Stockholm of Scribe's "Gustave III," the *grand-opéra* libretto that Antonio Somma translated and abridged for Verdi's use.) Michele Molese scarcely did justice to what, Othello apart, is the composer's richest tenor role; in middle ranges the lines were smoothly sung, but when they climbed he seemed to gargle them. Richard Fredricks was a passable Renato and Glenys Fowles an acceptable Oscar, though it was unenterprising of her to sing the second verse of "Saper vorreste" quite straight, without adornments. Marisa Galvany, the Amelia, might have come from another and superior league: a singer of temperament and passion, not always securely in control of her shining, powerful voice but always arresting and musical in her intentions. Her chief fault was to break long, arching phrases—"Consentimi, o Signore" in the Act I trio, "Che ti resta, perduto l'amor" in the Act II aria—into separate notes instead of linking them in seamless spans. The performance nearly foundered on Mr. Morelli's dim, undervitalized conducting. (What prompts Mr. Rudel's choice of staff conductors—when America seems to be filled with able young musicians who surely deserve a chance? Must they first make a name—as James Levine once did, as John Mauceri is doing now—with the Welsh National Opera, in Cardiff?) Both chorus and orchestra often lacked the strength to fill the theatre. Or so it seemed up in the first ring. But at Sunday's "Faust," heard from Row F of the orchestra seats, both chorus and orchestra sounded strong. Christopher Keene (a young American who *has* made an international name) conducted securely and deftly. Mr. Stilwell's Valentin provided further evidence of his vocal, artistic, and dramatic prowess. He sang phrases in a way to make one listen. So did Miss Brooks, who was a Marguerite





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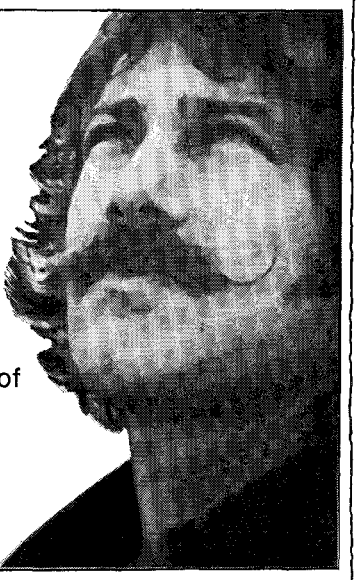

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sometimes peaky in tone, but attractive and interesting.

AT the Metropolitan Opera, Renata Scotto has taken over the role of Hélène in "Les Vêpres Siciliennes." She should not really be doing parts as heavy as this, and already they have exacted a toll on her limpid lyric soprano. But so far the voice has lasted pretty well, and she was certainly an impassioned and rousing Hélène. The patriotic cabaletta of the first air was fiery, far more so than in Cristina Deutekom's staid interpretation, and it fired a response from the chorus. The "expression" she added to the *romance* set into the Act IV duet ("Ami, le coeur d'Hélène," or, in Italian, "Arrigo! ah parli a un core") was overdone; though the number brought the house down, it arrested the dramatic motion of the duet. But generally Miss Scotto's art and instinct combined most tellingly. If Mr. Levine, who conducted, was listening to her, he may have learned much about how to mold a Verdi phrase on the breath, and on the words, so that it communicates the emotion the composer intended. There were other cast changes. Lawrence Shadur was a reliable but unremarkable Montfort. Although William Lewis tended to shout his way through Henri's music without grace of manner or charm of timbre, his intensity of delivery held the attention. In many ways, this production must be deemed an insensitive and deplorable account of "Les Vêpres"—rudely cut, directed by John Dexter with small regard for Verdi's instructions, drably clad, and brashly conducted—and yet, all the same, it is easy to enjoy it, on the simple level of stirring tunes sung with a good deal of spirit.

—ANDREW PORTER

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CORRECTION
NOTICE

The 9th Annual Boat Excursion, Thurs., Sept. 19 leaving Cassville at 3 PM is sponsored by Grant County Resource Committee and not by Grant County Race Horse committee as stated in last week's Shopping News.—*Platteville (Wis.) Shopping News.*

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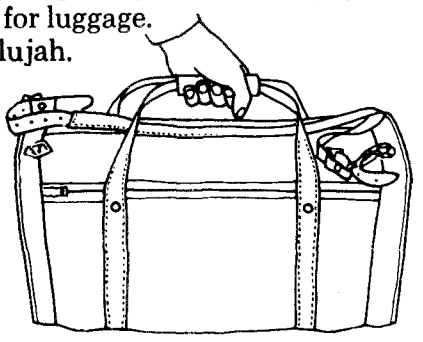

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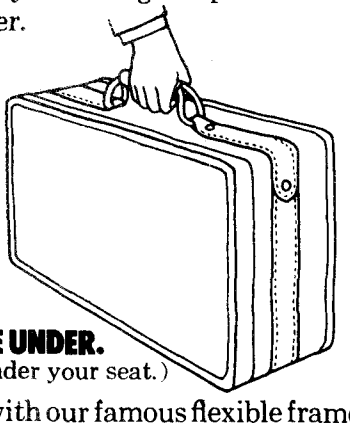

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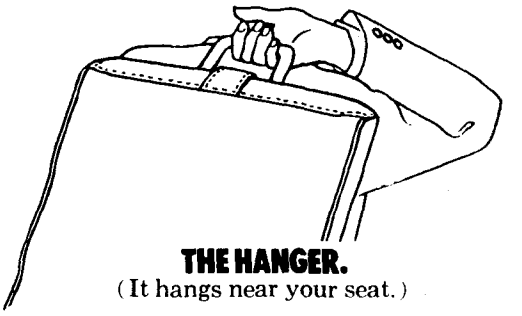

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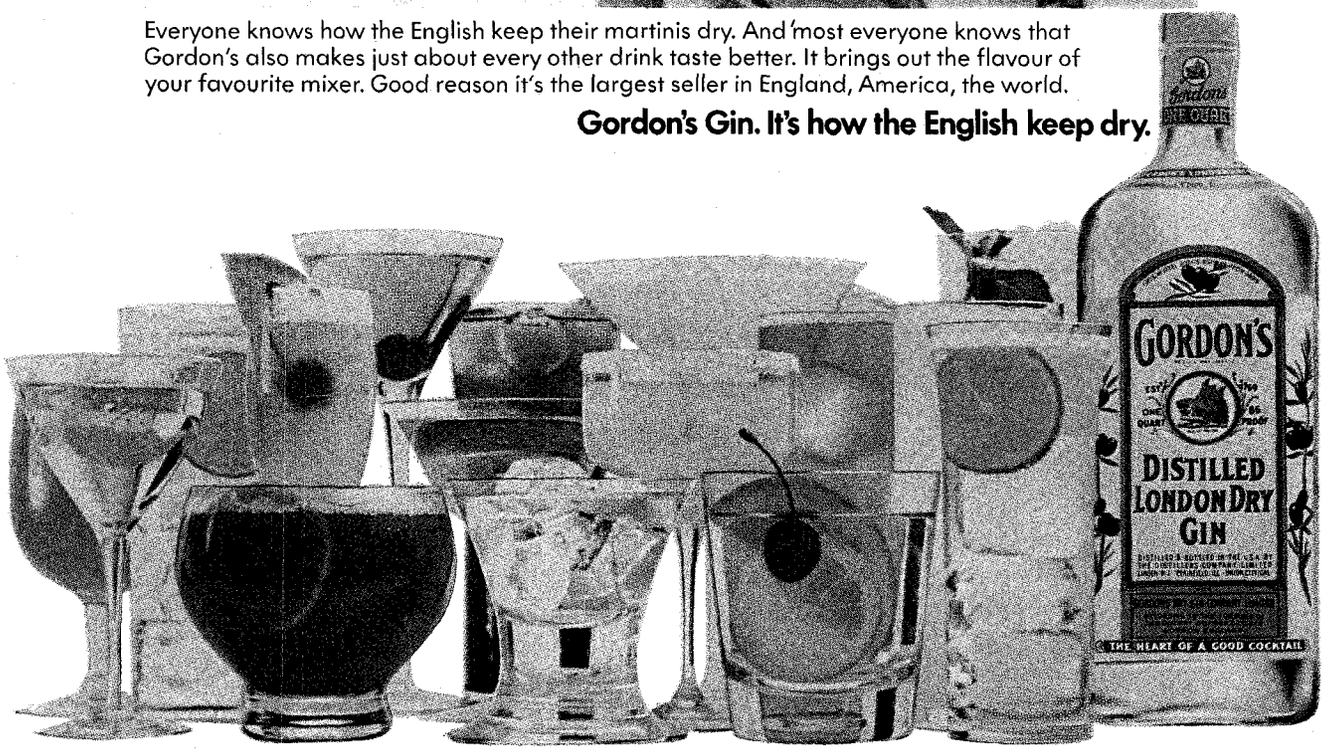

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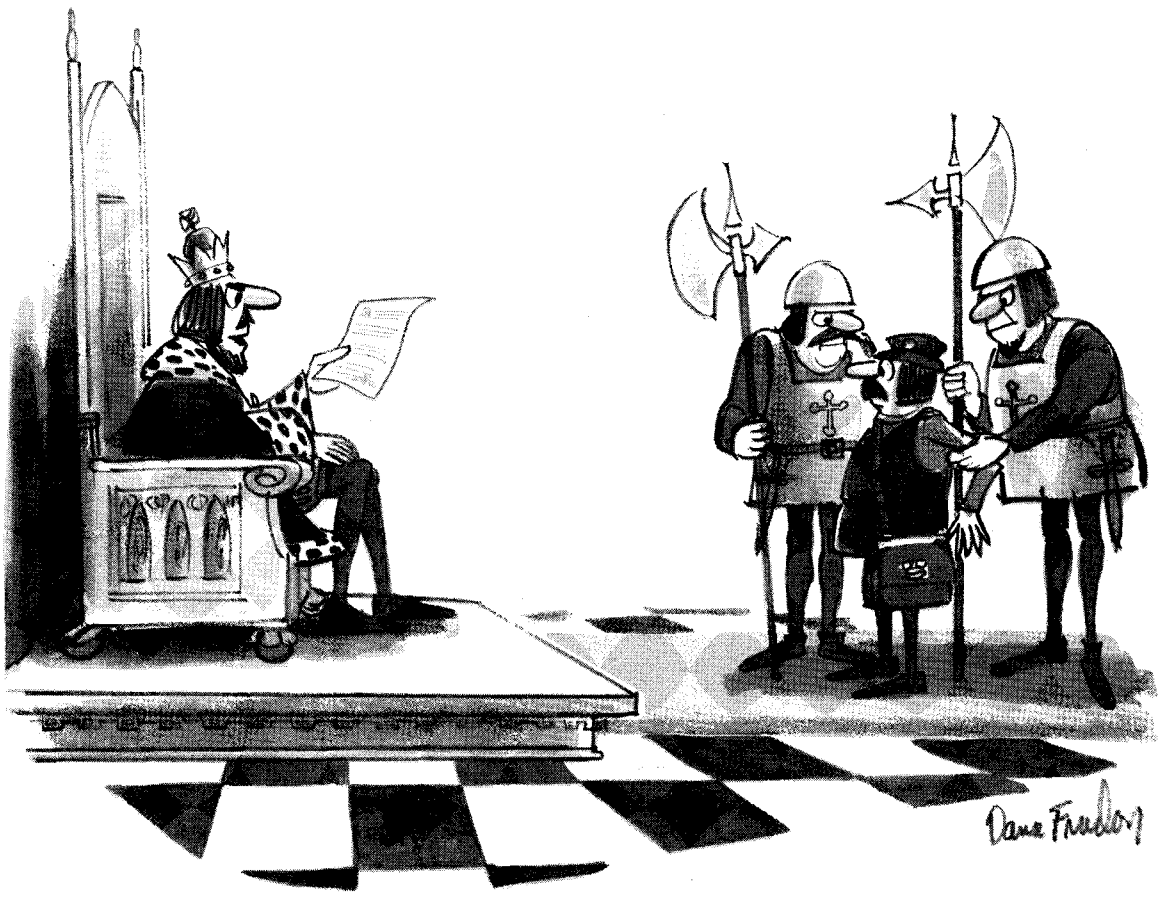
BOOKS

Motlier Than Ever

VLADIMIR NABOKOV's last three novels form, in the squinting retrospect of at least this surveyor, a trilogy of sorts: "Ada," which is remarkably long; "Transparent Things," which is remarkably short; and the newly published (by McGraw-Hill) "Look at the Harlequins!," which is, like Mama Bear's chair, comfortably middle-sized. All three books feature on the jacket back (in three different tonalities, if you line them up) the same frontal, staring, intimidatingly cranial photograph of the author; and all three, composed in the sparkling and salubrious vacuum of Switzerland, are—in the nicest possible sense—narcissistic to a degree unprecedented in his other English-language fiction, where a distinct madness differentiates the narrator (Humbert Humbert, Charles Kinbote) from the author, or where at the end Nabokov himself breaks in, as if to establish that his unfortunate heroes (Krug, Pnin) are somebody else entirely. But no such disclaimer attaches to Van Veen of "Ada" or to R. of "Transparent Things"—creations that flagrantly flirt with our knowledge of their creator. And the main movement of "Look at the Harlequins!," the core of its "combinational delight" (to quote "Pale Fire"), is the reduction to zero of the difference between the author and the apparently contrasting Russian émigré author, Vadim, whose last name we never learn, though he is nicknamed MacNab and receives by mistake press clippings about a British politician called Nabarro.

Much of the fun of "Look at the Harlequins!" arises from Nabokov's apparent invention of a contemporary and peer who is nevertheless conspicuously unlike him—oft-married where Nabokov's monogamy is declared in every book's dedication to his wife, anti-athletic where Nabokov was a soccer player and a tennis instructor, dipsomaniacal where wholesome, outdoorsy Nabokov ("My own life is fresh bread with country butter and Alpine honey"—interview with James Mossman of the B.B.C.) is satisfied with "an occasional cup of wine or a triangular gulp of canned beer" (interview with Kurt Hoffman for the Bayerischer Rundfunk). Nabokov provides this alter ego with a list of works, but even at first glance the Master's œuvre peeps through its mimotype: "Tamara" (1925) is surely "Mary" (1926); "Camera Lucida" ("Slaughter in the Sun") replicates "Laughter in the Dark" ("Camera Obscura"); "The Dare" mistranslates "The Gift" ("Dar"); "See Under Real" and "Dr. Olga Repnin" openly conceal "The Real Life of Sebastian Knight" and "Pnin;" "Ardis" (1970) is scarcely even a pseudonym for "Ada, or Ardor" (1969). The persona of Vadim, too, is thin to translucence, and rubs thinner as the book goes on. Though he advertises himself as "a complete non-athlete," he lapses into athletic imagery—"a crack player's brio and chalk-biting serve"—and likens his literary prowess in two languages to being World Champion of Lawn Tennis *and* Ski. Vadim's novels as he describes them are oneiric distortions of Nabokov's own; he signs himself Dumbert Dumbert in one nightmare episode of nymphetolatry, and his central psychological problem, an inability to imagine certain permutations of Space, transposes "Ada's" elaborate speculations on Time. Rightly, Vadim is haunted by "a dream feeling that my life was the non-identical twin, a parody, an inferior variant of another man's life, somewhere on this or another earth." When he comes to describe himself, his face is line for line the face on the back of the jacket. Even his three wives, so lovingly limned and so various—Iris, Annette, Louise—finally seem metamorphic phases of the nameless fourth mate, the "you" to whom this "autobiography" is addressed and who, when she enters Vadim's hospital room, is saluted as "Reality" : "I emitted a bellow of joy, and Reality entered."

Nabokov's long joust and love feast with reality seems notably good-humored in this novel—the best, in my view, of his last three. If "Transparent



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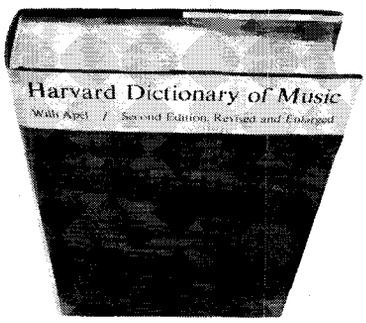

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Things" is a splintered hand mirror, and "Ada" cotton candy spun to the size of sunset cumulus, "Look at the Harlequins!" is a brown briefcase, as full of compartments as a magician's sleeve and lovingly thumbed to a scuff-colored limpness. It holds, in sometimes crumpled form, all the Nabokovian themes, from ardor to Zembla, and shares with us more frankly than any book since "The Gift" his writer's bliss, "the endless re-creation of my fluid self":

> ...I regarded Paris, with its gray-toned days and charcoal nights, merely as the chance setting for the most authentic and faithful joys of my life: the colored phrase in my mind under the drizzle, the white page under the desk lamp awaiting me in my humble home.

Describing his three wives gives Vadim a quite contagious pleasure. First, there is Iris, a petite brunette, "a suntanned beauty with a black bob and eyes like clear honey":

> The moldings of her brown back, with a patch-size beauty spot below the left shoulder blade and a long spinal hollow, which redeemed all the errors of animal evolution, distracted me painfully.... A few aquamarines of water still glistened on the underside of her brown thighs and on her strong brown calves, and a few grains of wet gravel had stuck to her rose-brown ankles.

Then there is Annette, a Russian blonde, "with very attractive though not exceptionally pretty features":

> Her graceful neck seemed even longer and thinner. An expression of mild melancholy lent a new, unwelcome beauty to her Botticellian face: its hollowed outline below the zygoma was accentuated by her increasing habit of sucking in her cheeks when hesitant or pensive.

And, thirdly, Louise, an American, "porcelain-pretty and very fast":

> She ... pulled off her wet sweater over her tumbled chestnut-brown, violet-brown curls and naked clavicles. Artistically, strictly artistically, I daresay she was the best-looking of my three major loves. She had upward-directed thin eyebrows, sapphire eyes registering (and that's the right word) constant amazement at earth's paradise (the only one she would ever know, I'm afraid), pink-flushed cheekbones, a rosebud mouth, and a lovely concave abdomen.

The manner in which these three wives (Nabokov's three languages?) travel in fictional space, enlarging from first glimpses into love objects and marriage partners and then diminishing through disenchantment into death or abandonment, is no mean feat of projection. And the hero describes other women as well—Lolita-like creatures, such as the

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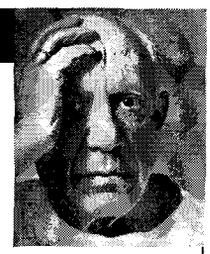

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whorish little Dolly and his elusive daughter Bel and the schoolmate of Bel's who turns out to be "you," and repulsive creatures, such as the adoring but sub-brachially pungent Lyuba and the stocky, whiskery, pro-Soviet Ninella. But then Nabokov has always loved to describe women, and the landscapes of childhood, and the student chill of Cambridge, and twins, and butterflies, and insomnia, and all the gaudy mirages of "a happy expatriation that began practically on the day of my birth" (to quote a letter to the *Times*). But toward the end of "Look at the Harlequins!" Vadim does two things never, to our imperfect knowledge, experienced by Vladimir Nabokov: he travels to the Soviet Union, and he has a stroke.

Both these episodes show an exercising of the imaginative powers that one rather wishes had not had so strenuously to vie, over Nabokov's career, with his passion for trickery and annihilation. For a rabid Soviet-hater, the imagined return is surprisingly mild and calm in tone—and (to this onetime guest of the Soviet state) surprisingly accurate, from the smells on the Aeroflot turboprop to the insolence of the hotel lift operators and the slowness of the restaurant service to the "morose, drab, oddly old-fashioned aspect that Soviet kids have." The thrilleresque details of intrigue that get Vadim there are funny, and his conversation afterward, in a Paris airport, with a Soviet spy who has shadowed him all the way, is hilarious:

"*Ekh!*" he exclaimed, "*Ekh*, Vadim Vadimovich *dorogoy* (dear), aren't you ashamed of deceiving our great warm-hearted country, our benevolent, credulous government, our overworked Intourist staff, in this nasty infantile manner! A Russian writer! Snooping! Incognito!"

The agent (himself an old émigré turned Communist) confuses, as the conversation goes on in this bumptious style, Vadim with Nabokov, and when the elderly author (whoever he is) punches him, exclaims, with timeless Russian stoicism, "*Nu, dali v mordu. Nu, tak chtozh?*" ("Well, you've given me one in the mug. Well, what does it matter?") Somehow, absurd and sketchy as it is, this episode contains a warmth, humor, and suspense that only unguarded feeling bestows, and that are too much missing from the professedly ardent filigree of Nabokov's later fiction. The stroke, a moment of near-fatal paralysis that overtakes Vadim at the turning point of a preprandial walk, is amazing in its authentication,

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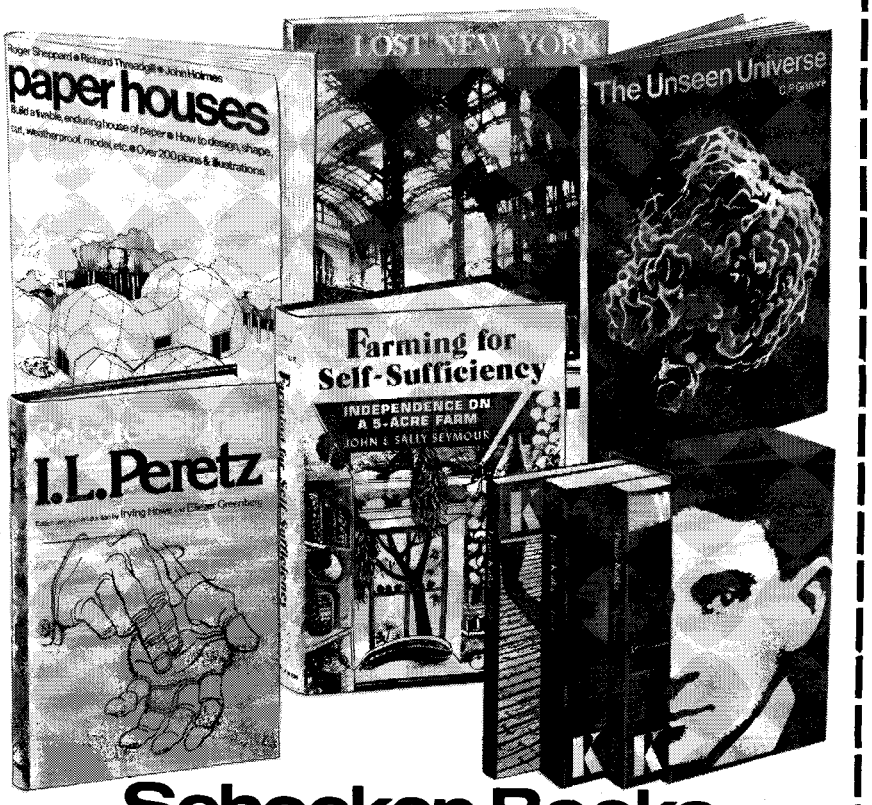

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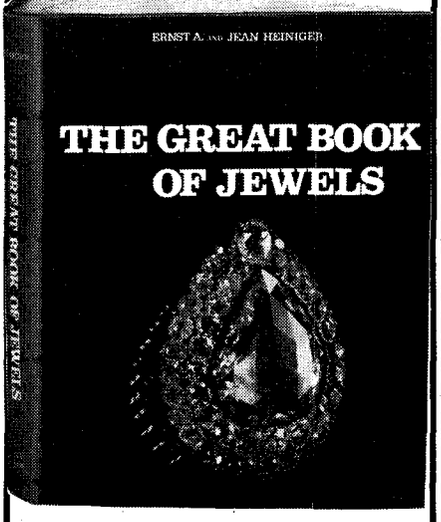

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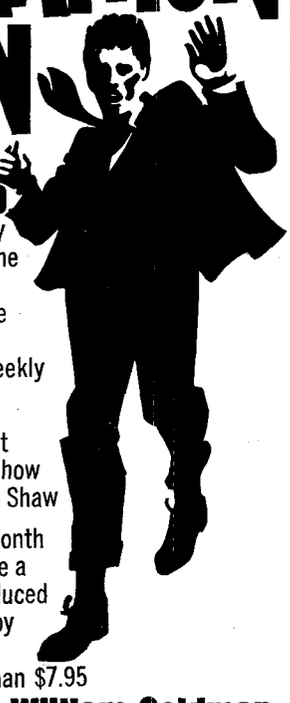

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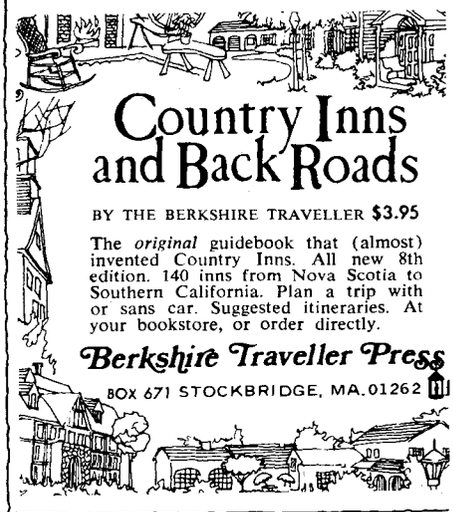

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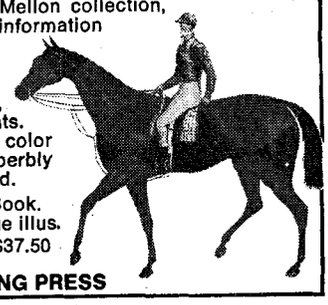

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THE EVENING STAR, by Colette, translated from the French by David Le Vay (Bobbs-Merrill). This book was first published in Switzerland in 1946, and Colette was in her seventies when she wrote it. Although she was still able to get around a bit, she was often confined to her bed (or chaise) at the Palais-Royal because of a bad case of arthritis, and she apparently thought that death was near; actually, she lived on for nine years. The book doesn't pretend to be more than it is: a collection of impressions. But what a pleasure it is. Once again, Colette draws us into a rich, tangled garden of memories: of her early girlhood days as a journalist among the eccentrics and dandies at *Le Matin*; of her mother, Sido, and various friends and acquaintances; of the difficult days of the Second World War, when her kind and much-loved third husband, Maurice Goudeket, was taken away to the internment camp at Compiègne; and of the scores of strangers, places, objects, and animals that, throughout her life, she was able to transform into glowing prose.

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the scientist who conceived experiments that helped the world understand electricity; the statesman who, as early as 1754, invented a project for an American confederacy under the British Crown; and, finally, Franklin in London, as a Colonial agent during the years when the Revolution was brewing. The work, as its author hoped, does its subject justice; the book, like the man, is astute and delightful.

ANGELA DAVIS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Bernard Geis/Random House). This is a grim book and more hostile, perhaps, than its author wholly realizes, for she reveals a spirit more rebellious, and, one might say, more racist, than her intellect admits. But there remains, even so, plenty of justification for the anger of a black child who grew up in segregated Birmingham when blacks were the targets of snubs and bombs, and for the anger of a black woman who found, in the desegregated North, that police shot blacks like big game. Miss Davis, whose legal difficulties began after she started protesting prison conditions in California, wound up in several prisons herself, awaiting trial without bail. Though nothing she lived through sounds as bad as the plight of convicted male felons, it was nasty enough, and seems worse because she was ultimately acquitted of the charges against her—kidnapping, murder, and conspiracy to commit the first two. The author, who is a Communist, was practically and emotionally supported by Communists, black and white, here and abroad, and perhaps the soberest thought for non-Communist Americans is that the struggle for equal justice under America's constitutions, state and federal, should have been left in this case to Communists, who do not believe in them.

STRICTLY SPEAKING: WILL AMERICA BE THE DEATH OF ENGLISH?, by Edwin Newman (Bobbs-Merrill). The mayor of Boston has expressed concern for "young juveniles." John Dean testified that something or other had happened "subsequent to my appearance here." Senator Jackson has warned that "we're going to be in a posture where gas rationing may well be a reality." An American general has declared that the Russians lacked "a confidence factor." Other Americans, by the thousand, have called for the "true facts," have rejoiced in a "free gift," have called their

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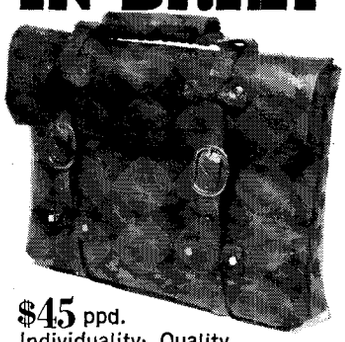

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product "one of the most unique," have spoken of this plan or that as "viable." These illiteracies—the result of ignorance compounded by pretension—are the entertaining, though depressing, subject of Mr. Newman's excellent book, and he takes us to their sources, in Washington (even unto the Oval Office), on Madison Avenue, in sports, and in the ever-obliging "media," whence simple and direct speech (and writing) has long since departed in favor of the "soft and gaseous."

NOTE: Horace Freeland Judson's "Heroin Addiction in Britain"—a perfectly descriptive title—has been published by Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. Much of the book first appeared in these pages. . . . "Supership," Noël Mostert's account of the great oil carriers and the environmental risk they pose, has been published by Knopf. Again, a large part of the contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

FERAL, by Berton Roueché (Harper & Row). A terrifying book about a New York couple who move to a charming house near Amagansett and eventually find themselves threatened by a bizarre problem whose proportions grow more ominous with every passing day. The story is rather like a feline "Lord of the Flies," and raises interesting questions about the meaning of the word "domesticated." The low-keyed narrative has the satisfying, precise pace and the regular, resounding jolts of a grandfather clock.

•

Gent, 45, 6 ft., 200 lbs., means, wishes to meet plain, honest woman, 35 to 45. Abject matrimony.—*Adv. in the Vancouver (B.C.) Sun.*

Come, now, sir! Look at the brighter side.

•

One half of the U.S. population lives within 50 miles of the East coast and within 50 miles of the West coast, according to the Maine Audubon Society. —*Damariscotta (Maine) Lincoln County News.*

Which should stick to birds.

•

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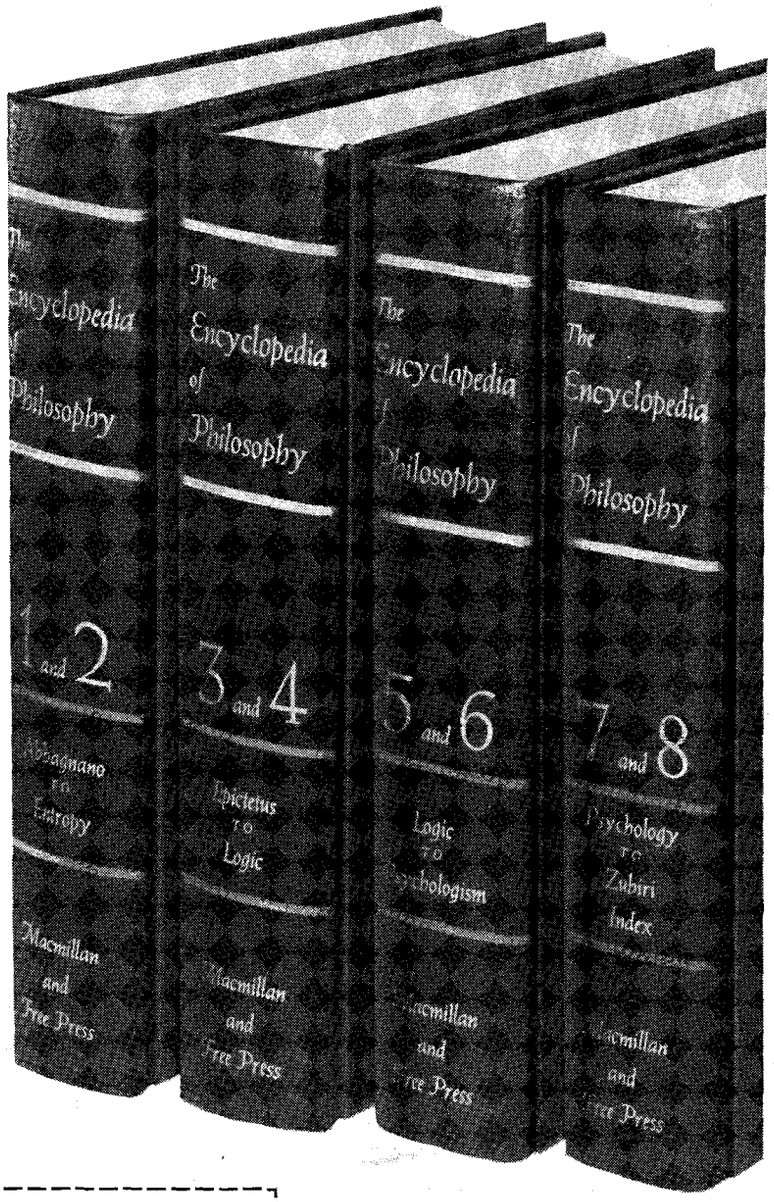

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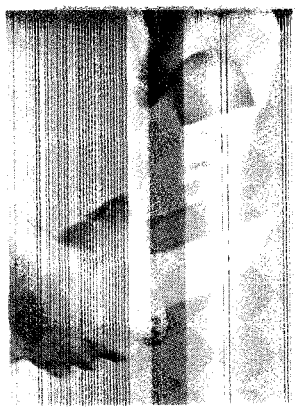

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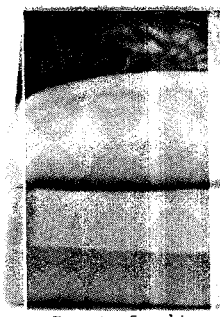

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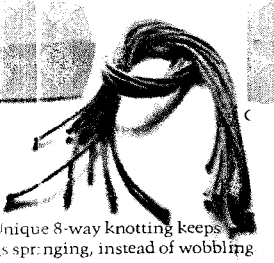

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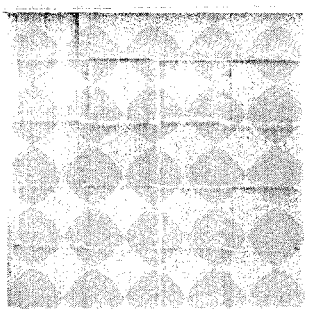

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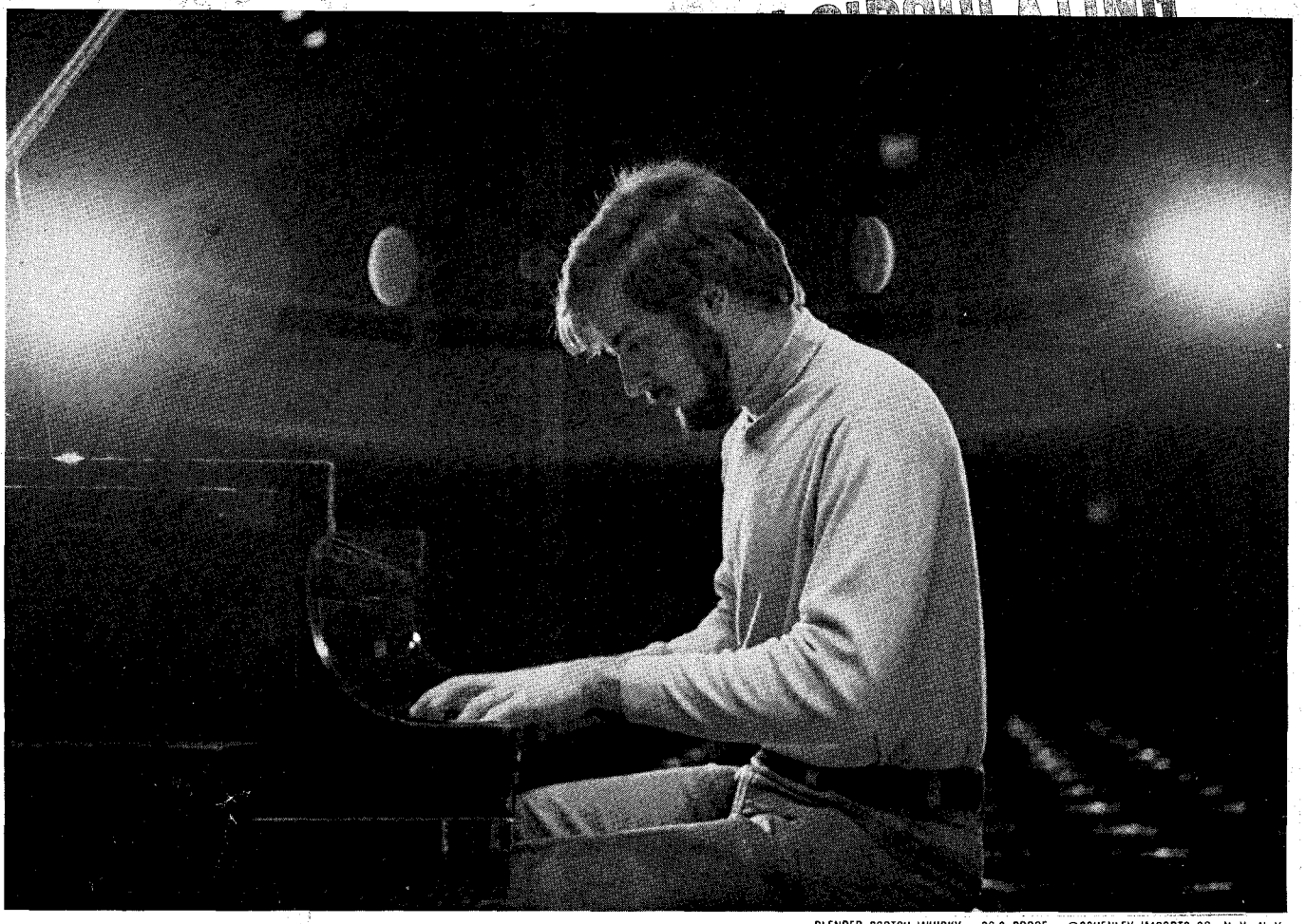

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